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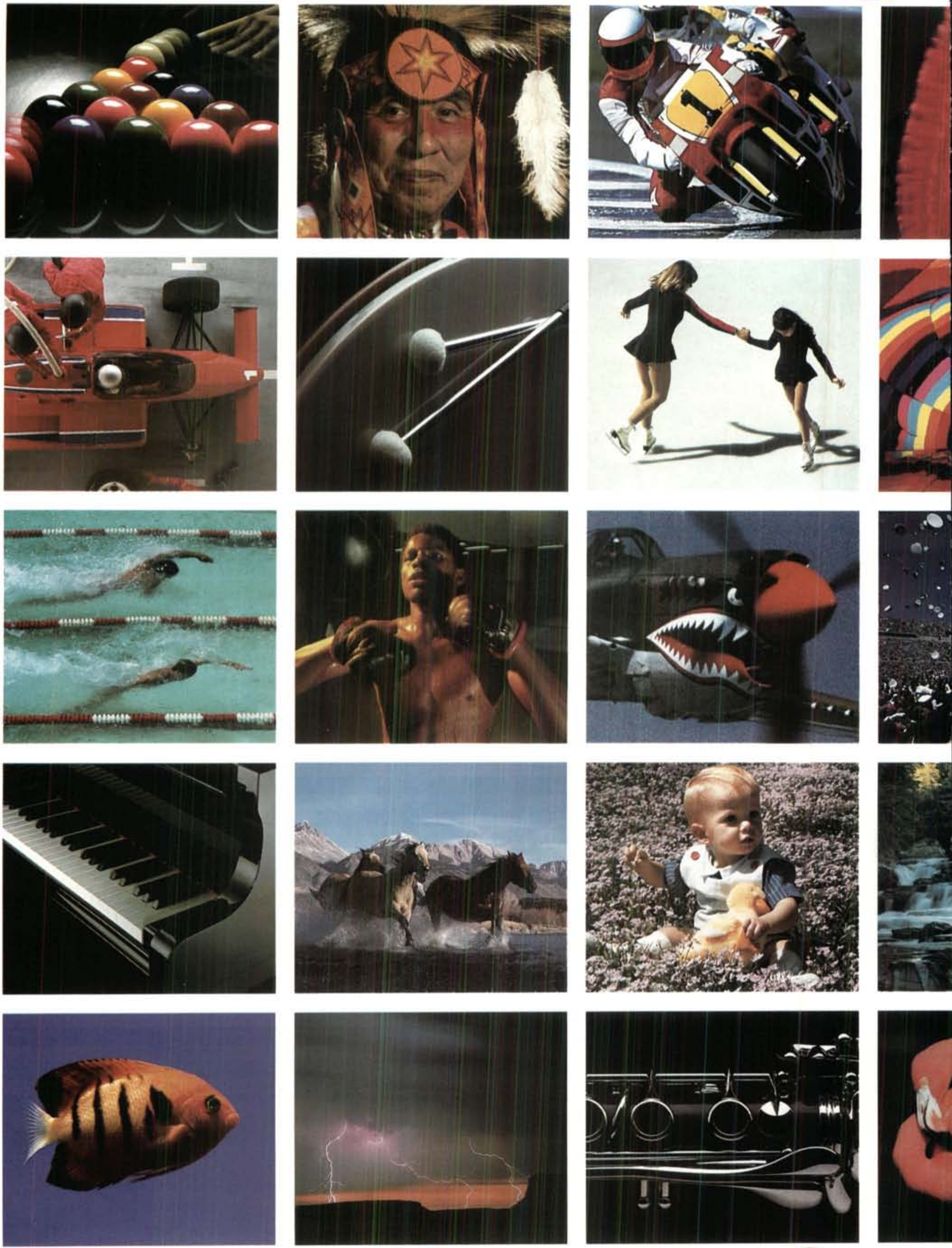

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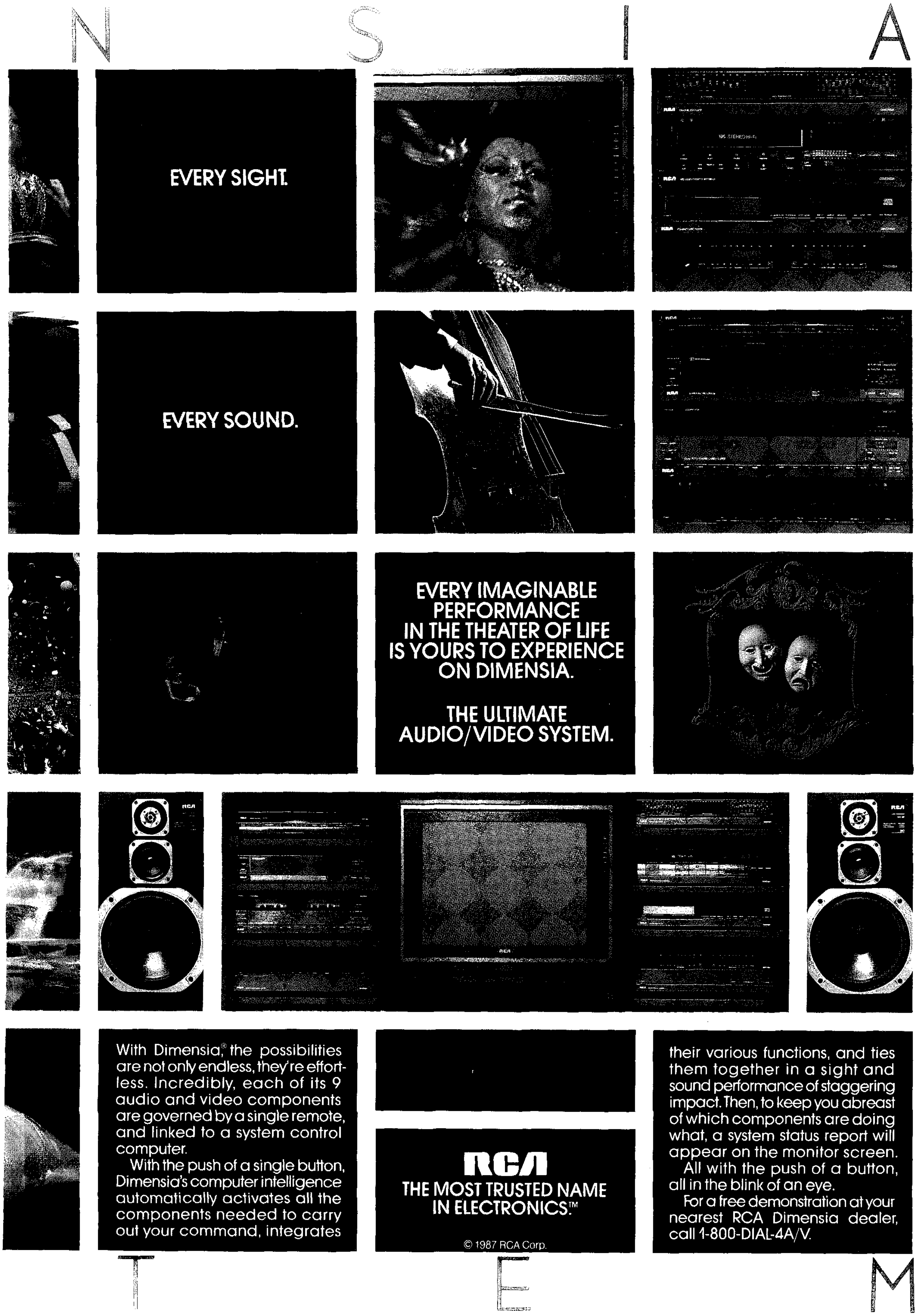

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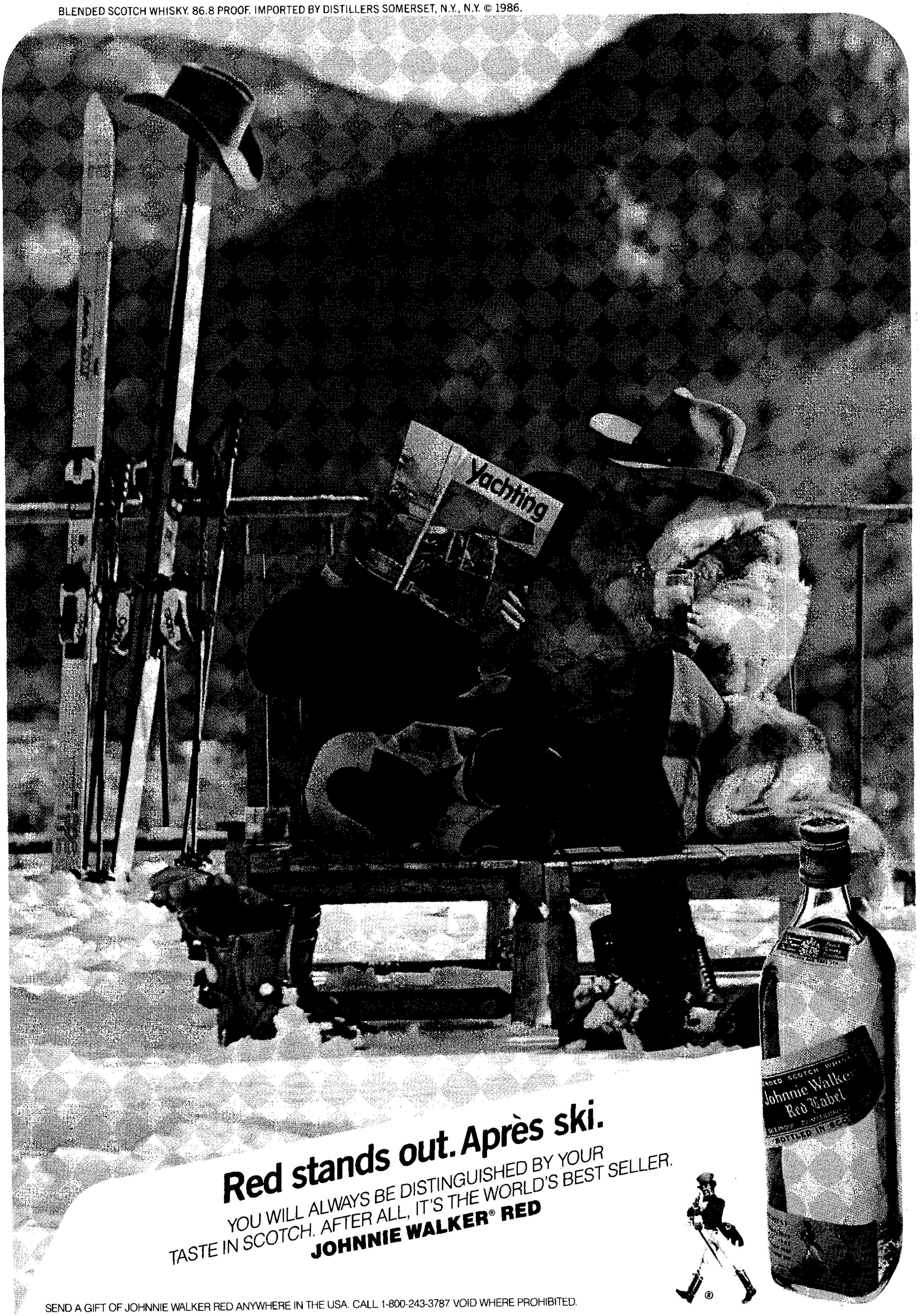
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules, because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7, and Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it: a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey recreating his role as the Emcee; and a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday and Monday, Dec. 27-28, at 8.)

Circle Repertory Company—Timothy Mason's jokey little comedy, **ONLY YOU**, about love and various distractions in this city, is entertaining more often than not. Greg Germann and Julie Boyd are the beguiling lovers, and they are distracted, to some extent, by Park Overall, Bruce McCarty, Rob Gomes, and Richard Seff. Ron Lagomarsino directed. John Lee Beatty's set is a knockout. (12/21/87) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

The Day Room—A play by Don DeLillo, with Mary Beth Hurt, Mason Adams, and Michele Shay. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Don't Get God Started—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7, and Monday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

Flora, the Red Menace—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. Reopens Monday, Dec. 28. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
"GREETINGS, FRIENDS!" (POEM) . . . . . *Roger Angell* 39
"YOUR BOOK SAVED MY LIFE, MISTER" . . . . . *Garrison Keillor* 40
"HORATIO'S TRICK" . . . . . *Ann Beattie* 42
"CHIMES" (POEM) . . . . . *Laura Jensen* 46
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS (BUG ART) . . . . . *Sue Hubbell* 79
JAZZ . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 90
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 92
LETTER FROM BEIJING . . . . . *Fred C. Shapiro* 96
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . *Andy Logan* 104
BOOKS . . . . . *John Updike* 119
BRIEFLY NOTED 123

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except Christmas Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

INTO THE WOODS—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—The fourth annual presentation of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI,** a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Eve, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

MADEMOISELLE COLOMBE—Tammy Grimes in a musical with a score by Michael Valenti, lyrics by Edwin Dulchin, and a book by Mr. Valenti, Mr. Dulchin, and Albert Harris, who also directs. Based on Jean Anouilh's 1954 play of the same name. Reopens Tuesday, Dec. 29. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE MAHABHARATA—A nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic which uses pageantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE—This Tennessee Williams play dates from the early sixties, and it is essentially a reworking of "Sweet Bird of Youth," with the spectre of Death substituted for Age as its central theme. This revival is strictly for those who feel either that Williams could do no wrong or that no wrong could be done him. (12/7/87) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 9; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

MOONCHILDREN—A delightful (though slightly anachronistic) revival of Michael Weller's 1972 comedy, beautifully cast and directed by Mary B. Robinson. The play—about a group of college students in 1965—has the grace to examine what it thinks it loves most and to do so theatrically. (12/21/87) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Final performances Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8.)

PENN & TELLER—Back for the holiday season with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Springsteen and Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 2.)

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. The production, starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem, is directed by Kenneth Elliott, and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Monday, Dec. 28, at 8; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

REAL ESTATE—A woman in her late thirties, unmarried and pregnant, returns after a twenty-year absence to her mother's house in a suburb near London. Louise Page's play, about strong, matching feelings of daughter and mother, doesn't amount to much, but it does give us the opportunity to see some excellent acting by Roberta Maxwell and Sada Thompson, as the protagonists, and by Charles Cioffi and Lewis Arlt, as their men. Brian Murray was the director. (12/14/87) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 758-8770. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30, and Monday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

SARAFINA!—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

SERIOUS MONEY—Caryl Churchill's play attempts to send up the world of high finance by having characters talk in rhyme. In fact, both the satire and the verse are rather limp. The fine cast, led by Allan Corduner, Scott Cherry, Linda Bassett, and Joanne Pearce, is directed by Max Stafford-Clark. (12/14/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, Dec. 27, no performances until Wednesday evening, Jan. 20, when the show will reopen at the Royale, 242 W. 45th St., 239-6200.)

A SHAYNA MAIDEL—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2.)

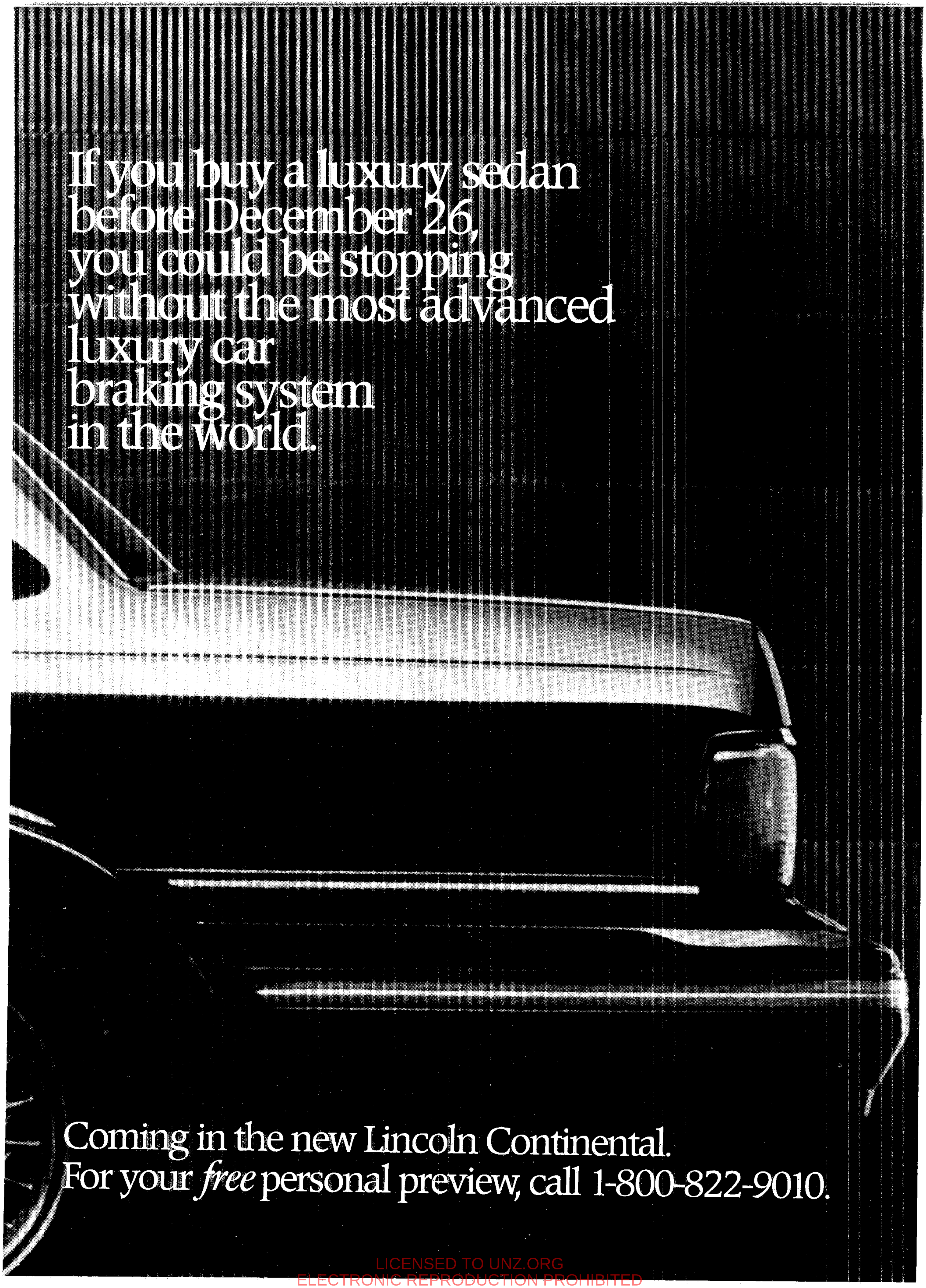
THE SIGNAL SEASON OF DUMMY HOY—A play by Allen Meyer and Michael Nowak. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TAMARA—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa (wear your sneakers). Prehappening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($85 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

TEDDY & ALICE—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday evening, Dec. 28.)

UNCLE VANYA—Austin Pendleton and Michael O'Keefe in a revised version of Chekhov's play. Adapted by Maria Irene Fornes, who also directed. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, and New Year's Eve at 8.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 7:30.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,512 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-



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3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant performance by James Earl Jones, Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday evening, Dec. 28.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little star in Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 5 and 9.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

Big Apple Circus—Paul Binder's old-fashioned one-ring circus, back for the holiday season, is the sort of circus a child could dream of running away to. An "all new" tenth anniversary edition boasts startling acts from all over the world; the best, though, are those of the resident troupe: Katja Schumann's unutterably beautiful equestrian act, the clowns Mr. Stubs and Gordoon (who remove a cloth from a table piled high with crockery and a child—leaving his parents undisturbed), the elephant dancers Marie Pierre Benac and David Dimitri, the trainer Buckles Woodcock and his daughter Dalilah, and the genteel elephants Peggy and Toto. (P.S. The tent is heated.) (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. For information about show times and tickets, call 391-0767.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3; and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Oil City Symphony—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Christmas at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 7; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 3 and 8; and New Year's Eve at 8 and 11.)

On Second Avenue—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturdays at 3 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Special performance Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Sing Hallelujah!—A gospel-music revue. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays, except Jan. 2, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Special performances Saturday, Jan. 2, at 4 and 7.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 6; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 6; and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 7. The season continues through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 23: "Divining," "Witness," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 25, and Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 26: "The Magic of Katherine Dunham." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 27: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Vespers," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 27: "Memoria," "Caverna Magica," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3.)

Eve Olitski

Joffrey Ballet—Presenting a new production of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 3; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 2 and 7:30.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre and Murray Louis Dance Company—A joint engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Bach II," "Arc en Ciel" (American première), "Blank on Blank" (première), and excerpts from the Nikolais and Louis repertories. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2: "Crucible," "Bach II," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8: "Bach II," "Arc en Ciel," "Blank on Blank," and excerpts from the Nikolais and Louis repertories. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Crucible," "Bach II," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30: "Pond," "A Stravinsky Montage," "Persons and Structures," "Eruptions and Entanglements," and "Gallery." . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Graph," "Porcelain Dialogues," and "Junk Dances." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Glyphics," "Odyssey," "Kaleidoscope," and "Bach Suite." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Imago," "Aperitif," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Graph," "Porcelain Dialogues," and "Junk Dances." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Margaret Beals—In a program of solo works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

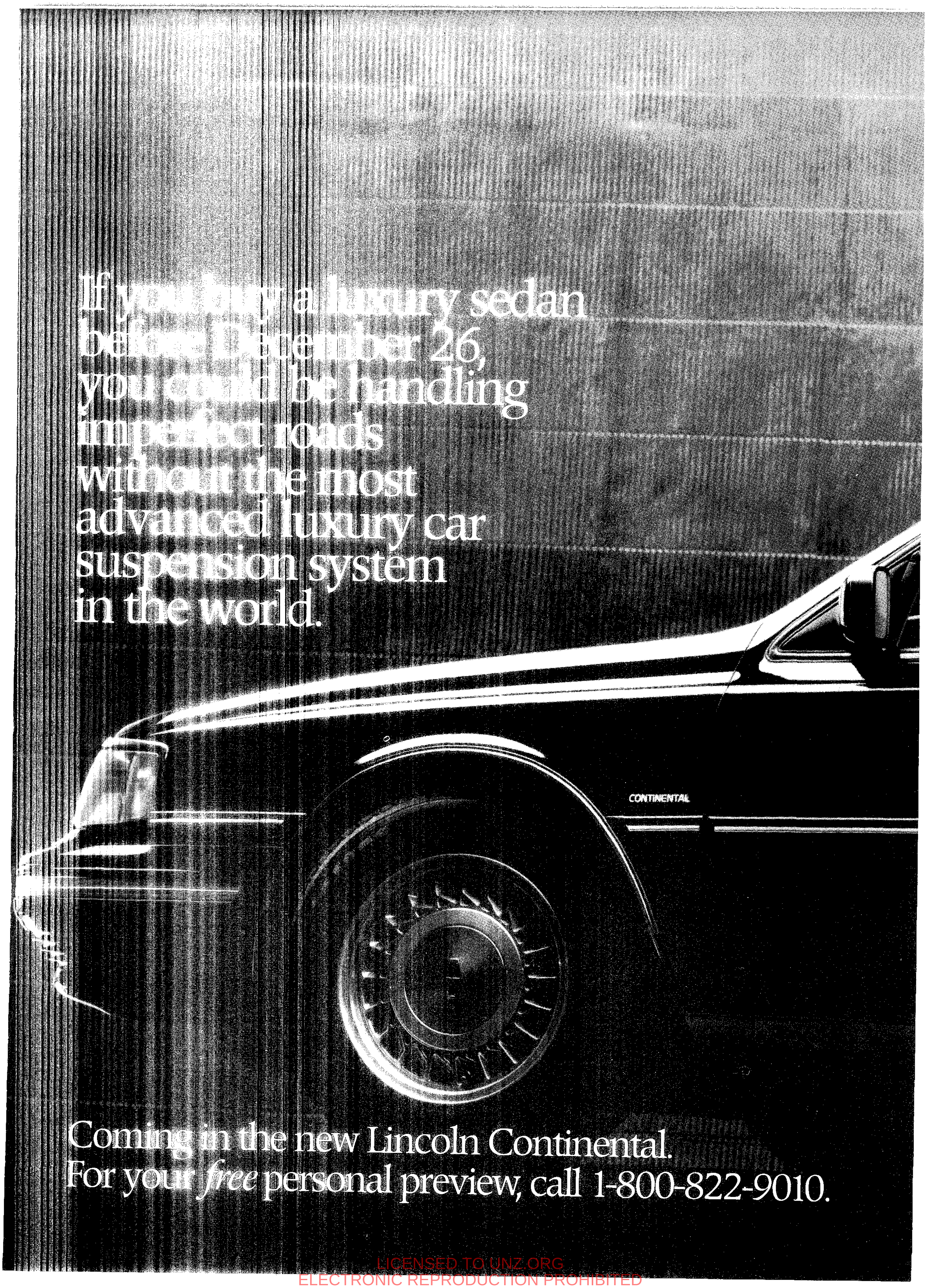
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **JULIE WILSON,** who sings here, in *the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room.* Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen, except Christmas and New Year's Day (when Miss Wilson takes holidays) and New Year's Eve (when she gives one show, at eleven).

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight, making a fine art out of her wee voice. (On New Year's Eve, she starts at seven-thirty.) Artificial Intelligence, an eighteen-member comedy troupe, performs Wednesday, Dec. 23, at nine; Saturday, Dec. 26, at nine and midnight; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, at nine. Helen Schneider sings at ten-thirty on New Year's Eve. Closed Christmas.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF** and alto saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 27; on Monday, Dec. 28, tenor saxophonist **BILL BARRON** and his younger brother, pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bring in a band. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **SUN RA,** the veteran pianist, synthe-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sizerist, and mystic, who will be here in his flowing robes and sequinned space traveller's cap on Wednesday, Dec. 23. Flo & Eddie, the rock-and-roll vocal team descended from the Turtles by way of Frank Zappa, begin a nine-night run on Friday, Dec. 25. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 26; trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** leads a trio on Sunday, Dec. 27; and on Monday, Dec. 28, the estimable **HANK JONES** enters with bassist **RUFUS REID.** First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. The septet that **HENRY THREADGILL** (a member of the avant-garde trio Air) calls his "Sextett"—it has two tat-tatting drummers, two string players, a trombonist, a trumpeter, and himself on reeds—plays the boss's new-fashioned marches, dirges, and blues through Sunday, Dec. 27. 'Tis the season to be percussive, and on Tuesday, Dec. 29, Jamaican pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** brings in his drum-laden quintet; on New Year's Eve, **BUDDY TATE** and **CLARK TERRY** will bolster it. Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his assistants. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas (when Mr. Short is off duty) and New Year's Eve (when big deals begin at nine and one). . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Two quartets—soprano saxophonist **JANE IRA BLOOM'S** and clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON'S**—trade sets through Sunday, Dec. 27; **BASS DESIRES,** a one-bass, two-guitar quartet led by bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** moves in on Tuesday, Dec. 29. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, and Saturday, Dec. 26, Tardo Hammer; Friday, Dec. 25, Lynn Bernstein; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, **PETER MALINVERNI.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar that features a jukebox stocked with Swing-era tunes, darkness to ruminate in, and a view of the traffic surging north and west. It's been here sixteen years, but it'll be gone after February; the landlord wants a tenant who can pay big Manhattan bucks. Vocalist Stan Edwards' trio will be on hand through Monday, Dec. 28; guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome holds forth on Tuesday, Dec. 29. Music from ten.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Wednesday, Dec. 23, violinist **ANDY STEIN'S** Le Jazz Hot trio; Thursdays, Dec. 24 and 31, singer-pianist-co-proprietor Judy Barnett (with her trio on New Year's Eve); Saturday, Dec. 26, clarinettist Ken Peplowski's trio; and Monday, Dec. 28, pianist Sue Maskaleris's trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. Marti Stevens will be here for five nights beginning Monday, Dec. 28. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays, and at six and eight on Sundays. Dining. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **BILL MAYS** plays it, with bassist **DENNIS IRWIN** at his side, through Saturday, Dec. 26. Sundays and Mondays, New Orleans whiz kid **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** is on duty. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Wednesday, Dec. 23, a quartet featuring drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** and violinist **BILLY BANG;** Saturday, Dec. 26, vocalist **CASSANDRA WILSON** and saxophonist **STEVE COLEMAN;** Sunday, Dec. 27, at four, eight, and eleven, harmolodic funk guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER;** Monday, Dec. 28, saxophonist **JEMEEL MOONDOC'S** quartet; and Wednesday, Dec. 30, L.A. reedman Vinny Golia's ensemble. Music after nine. Closed on Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Eve.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. **HUBERT SUMLIN,** a skinny, bespectacled blues guitarist who played with Howlin' Wolf for many years and has a spare, unlacquered style, is here on Friday, Dec. 25; **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a bright, brassy Rhode Island band that concentrates on jump blues, holds forth on Saturday, Dec. 26; and rockabilly people **ROBERT GORDON** and **KRISTI ROSE** perform on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1. Music after nine. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

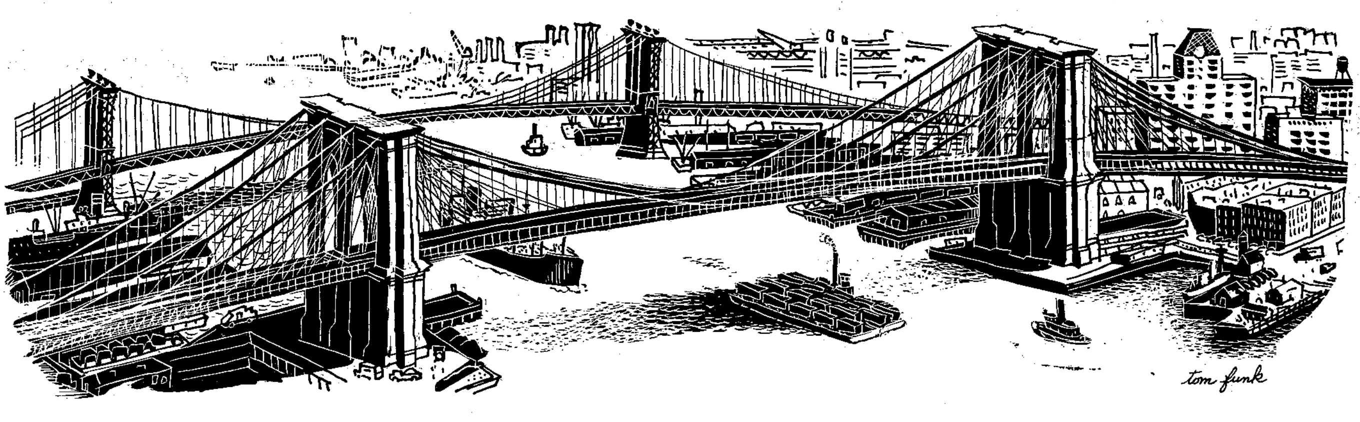
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. A big band directed by clarinettist **WALT LEVINSKY,** a hit when it was here last summer doing Benny Goodman material, is now applying itself to the works of Basie, Ellington, and others. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

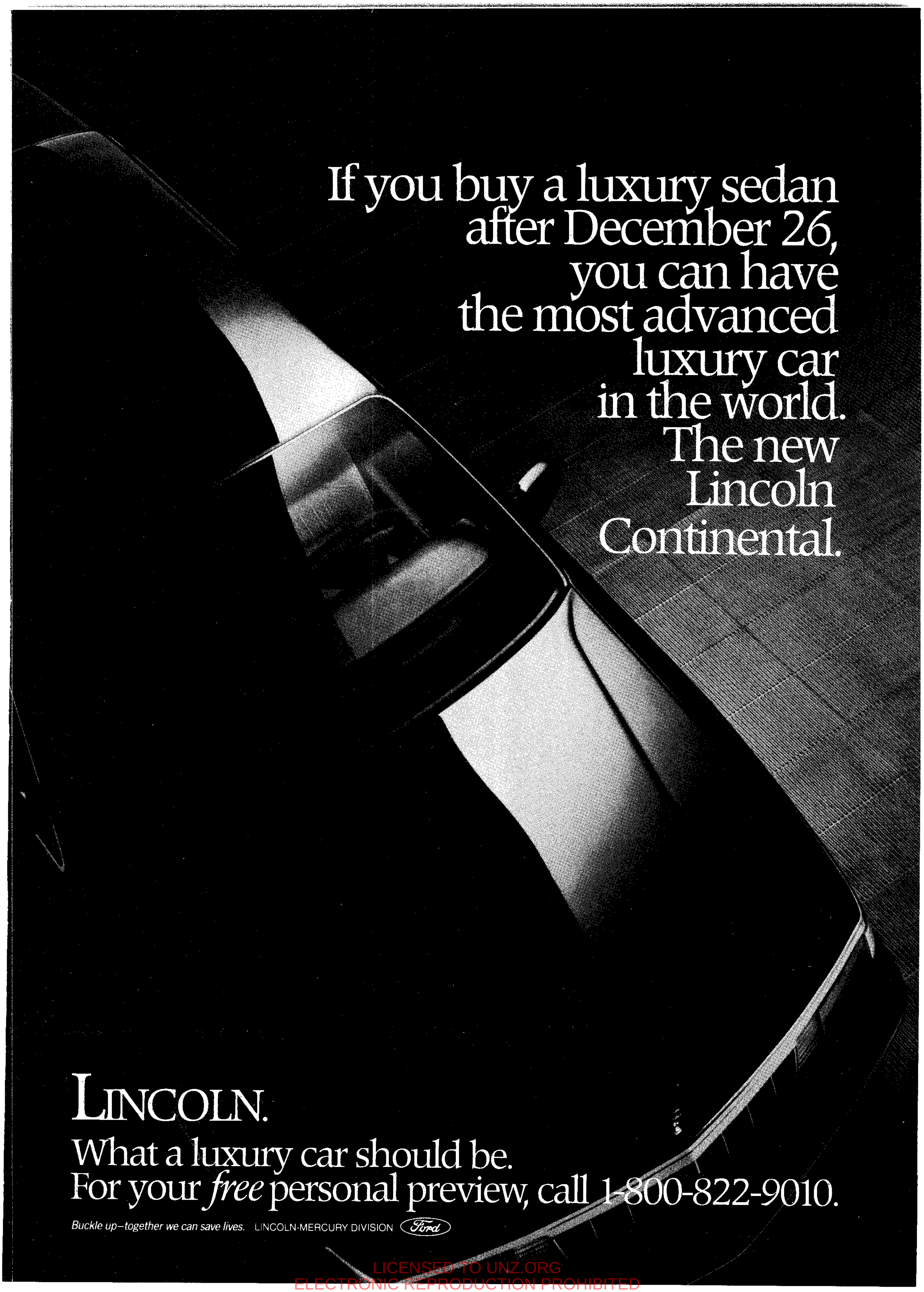
Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800) Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. Joan Jett, a hard-rock toughie but a sensitive soul underneath her leather gear, performs with her band, the Blackhearts, on New Year's Eve. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). The visiting scholars include, on Saturday, Dec. 26, John Gorka and Bermuda Triangle, and, on New Year's Eve, Aztec Two-Step. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **GIL EVANS,** the wispy, white-haired pianist and wizard arranger, directs his orchestra on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24. The band has been souped up with electronics, and it sometimes gets stuck in a funk rut, and the dreamy, cloudy Evans sound of old has thickened and become less mysterious—but the band isn't staid and it's often quite enjoyable. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his six elves, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** deliver ten nights of hard bop starting Friday, Dec. 25. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The





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New Year's Eve music will be provided by LIL QUEENIE, a red-headed rock and soul singer from New Orleans, and the SURREAL MC COYS, a local country band. Music after nine-thirty. Closed Christmas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—HERMAN FOSTER, a pianist who's played with hard-boppers (Lou Donaldson) and R. & B. men (King Curtis) and who likes to set off his powerful chordal attack with dainty, winking runs, works with bassist JAY LEONHART every night but Monday, when pianist HILTON RUIZ' trio is on duty. Music from ten. Closed Christmas Eve.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Guitarist LARRY CORYELL leads his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 27, and on Tuesday, Dec. 29, former Jazz Messengers BOBBY WATSON (alto saxophone) and CURTIS LUNDY (bass) arrive with their quintet. The MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. RAY MANTILLA, a hand drummer (congas, bongos) who plays in Max Roach's all-percussion octet, M'Boom, leads his own band, Space Station, through Sunday, Dec. 27. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. RUBY BRAFF, a pippin of a cornettist, will be buoyed by pianist JOHN BUNCH and bassist MICHAEL MOORE through Saturday, Dec. 26, and by guitarist HOWARD ALDEN and Mr. Moore starting Monday, Dec. 28. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Buster Poindexter and His Banshees of Blue—With Gilbert Gottfried. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Some will also be closed on other days during the holidays, and some are likely to close early on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

(Open Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Julian Barrow—Small cityscapes of New York, London, and Venice. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Herbert Ferber—New paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Marion Kenyon Jones—Abstract works on paper mounted on canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Chris Van Allsburg—Pencil drawings used to illustrate a children's alphabet book. Through Jan. 9. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the CDS GALLERY, 13 E. 75th St.: Drawings with texts by Dotty Attie and photographs by Sandra Schwimmer and Christine Oatman. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in which lead is used in some way—a drawing in pencil (a.k.a. black lead) by Jennifer Bartlett and a cast-lead sculpture by Roni Horn, for instance. Through Jan. 16.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Art and Language—Paintings and works on paper from a series by this pair of British artists, titled "Incident in a Museum." Through Jan. 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30.)

William Bailey—Figure drawings and still-life prints. Through Jan. 6. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. Open Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30.)

Paul Cadmus—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Abstract paintings, drawings, and photographs from throughout his career. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Paintings on canvas and on paper. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Goodnough—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings and sculptures. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ 112 Greene Street Gallery, in SoHo. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. Both galleries closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

P. S. Gordon / Anne Dunn—Watercolor still-lifes. / Portraits; landscapes of New Brunswick, Canada; and studio interiors. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Hubbard—A two-gallery exhibit of abstract paintings and drawings based on floral subjects. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26. . . . ¶ Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 16. Closed Saturdays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983) **and Mark Rothko** (1903-70)—Mural-size paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Works on paper by Miró are at the Silberberg Gallery, 16 E. 79th St. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.)

Costantino Nivola—White Carrara-marble sculptures. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

José María Sicilia / Edda Renouf—Small-scale abstract paintings. / Layered, incised oil pastel drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Jan. 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Gérard Titus-Carmel—Abstract paintings with an architectural influence. Through Jan. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947) **and Justin McCarthy** (1891-1977)—Watercolors and drawings by two naïfs. Through Jan. 16. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Sculpture—Abstract works by Richard Stankiewicz, Gabriel Kohn, and Jenny Lee. Through Jan. 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

Group Shows—At the FRENCH, 41 W. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings connected, by virtue of shared symbols, to the moralizing attitude of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Dutch vanitas paintings. Janet Fish, Jerome Witkin, Robert Birmelin, and Alice Neel are among those represented. Through Saturday, Dec. 26. . . . KENT, 41 E. 57th St., and MARCUS, 578 Broadway: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings, drawings, and photographs that vary in theme and subject but over all reflect the singular point of view of the curator, Douglas Blau. Among the eighteenth-to-twentieth-century works are oils by Joseph Wright of Derby and by Winslow Homer, a black-and-white film still by Cindy Sherman, and an ink drawing by David Deutsch. Through Thursday, Dec. 31. . . . LAMAGNA, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings that incorporate single words, sentence fragments, or even whole stories. By Nancy Spero, Valerie Hammond, Dotty Attie, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Bordo—Paintings of imaginary geographical features. Through Jan. 6. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Max Coyer—New paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Vincent Desiderio—Very large narrative paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Jasper Johns—Six lead reliefs from 1969. Through Jan. 9. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway. Closed Saturdays.)

Lisa Lawley—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969)—Drawings from the thirties, including sketches for the Hubbe House and for furniture pieces. Through Jan. 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Henry Pearson—Abstract geometric paintings from the past thirty years. Through Jan. 9. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

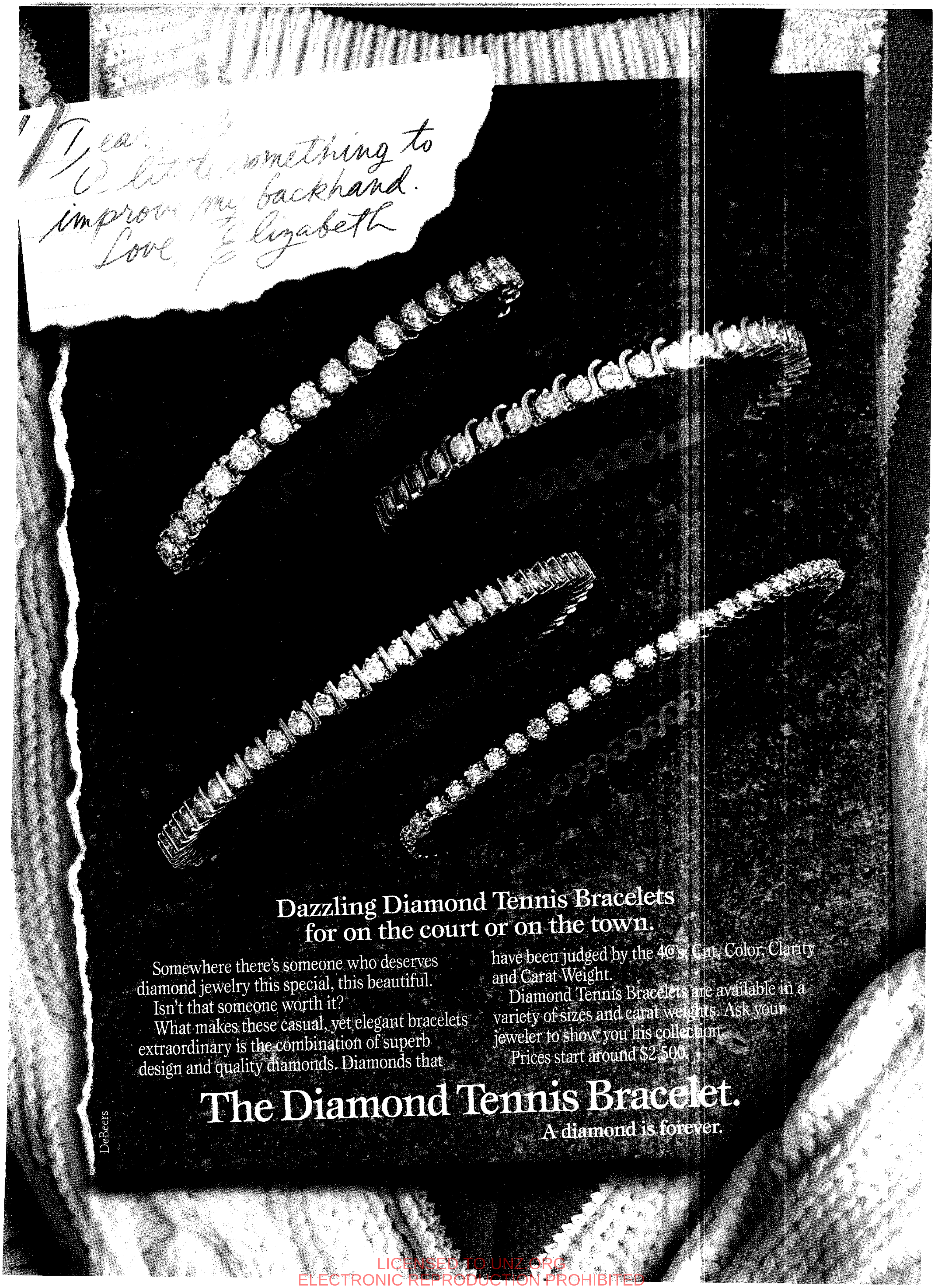
Archie Rand—Twenty-nine self-portraits related to the last twenty-nine poems in Rilke's "Sonnets to Orpheus." Also, watercolors inscribed with poems—the joint works of Mr. Rand and John Yau. Through Jan. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the NOSEI, 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by Nancy Bowen, Jannis Kounellis, and Nunzio, and panel paintings by Günter Förg. Through Jan. 12. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26, and Thursday, Dec. 31.) . . . STEPHEN ROSENBERG, 115 Wooster St: Three abstractionists (Claire Seidl, Michael Chandler, and Louis Lieberman) showing works in three different mediums. Through Jan. 30. . . . STEINBAUM, 132 Greene St.: The affinity between art and fashion is the idea behind a show pairing designer clothing with paintings, drawings, and sculptures; an American West landscape painting by Paul Brach is side by side with Ralph Lauren jeans and chambray shirt, for instance. Through Jan. 5.

OTHER GALLERIES

Dike Blair—Glass wall constructions that take a cue from the fortune-telling toy Magic 8 Ball, and include such texts as "Reply hazy try again" and "Cannot predict now." Through Jan. 3. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays; closed Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27.)

Edgar Negret—Painted metal sculptures. Through Jan. 3. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St.



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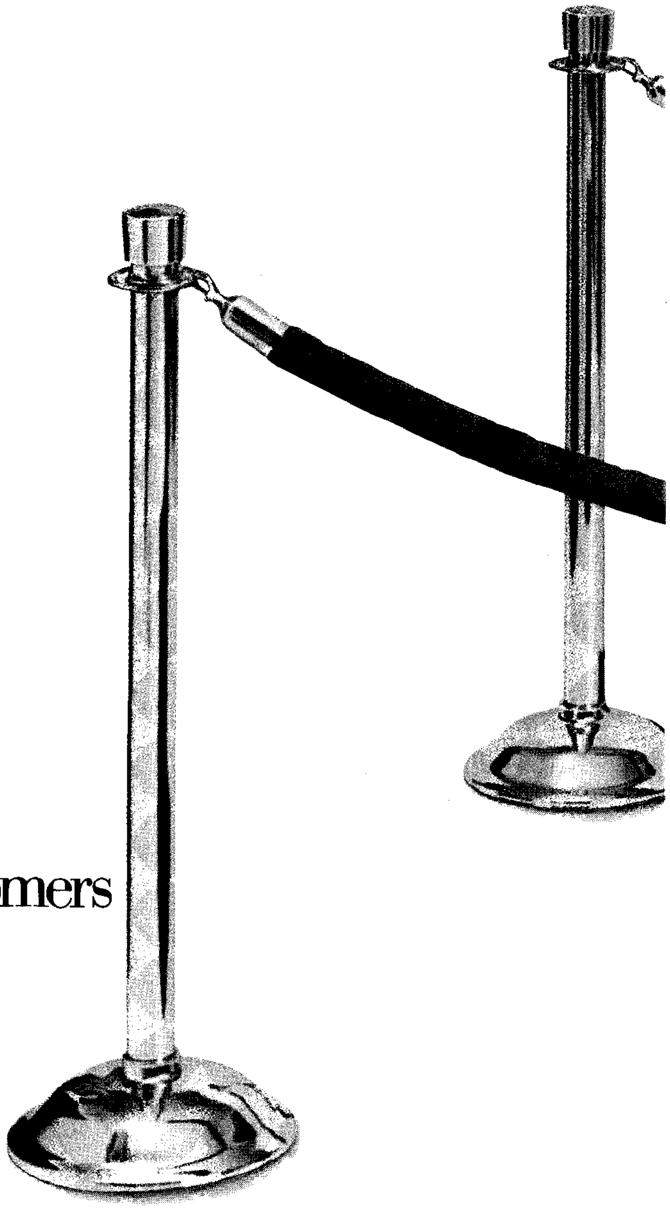

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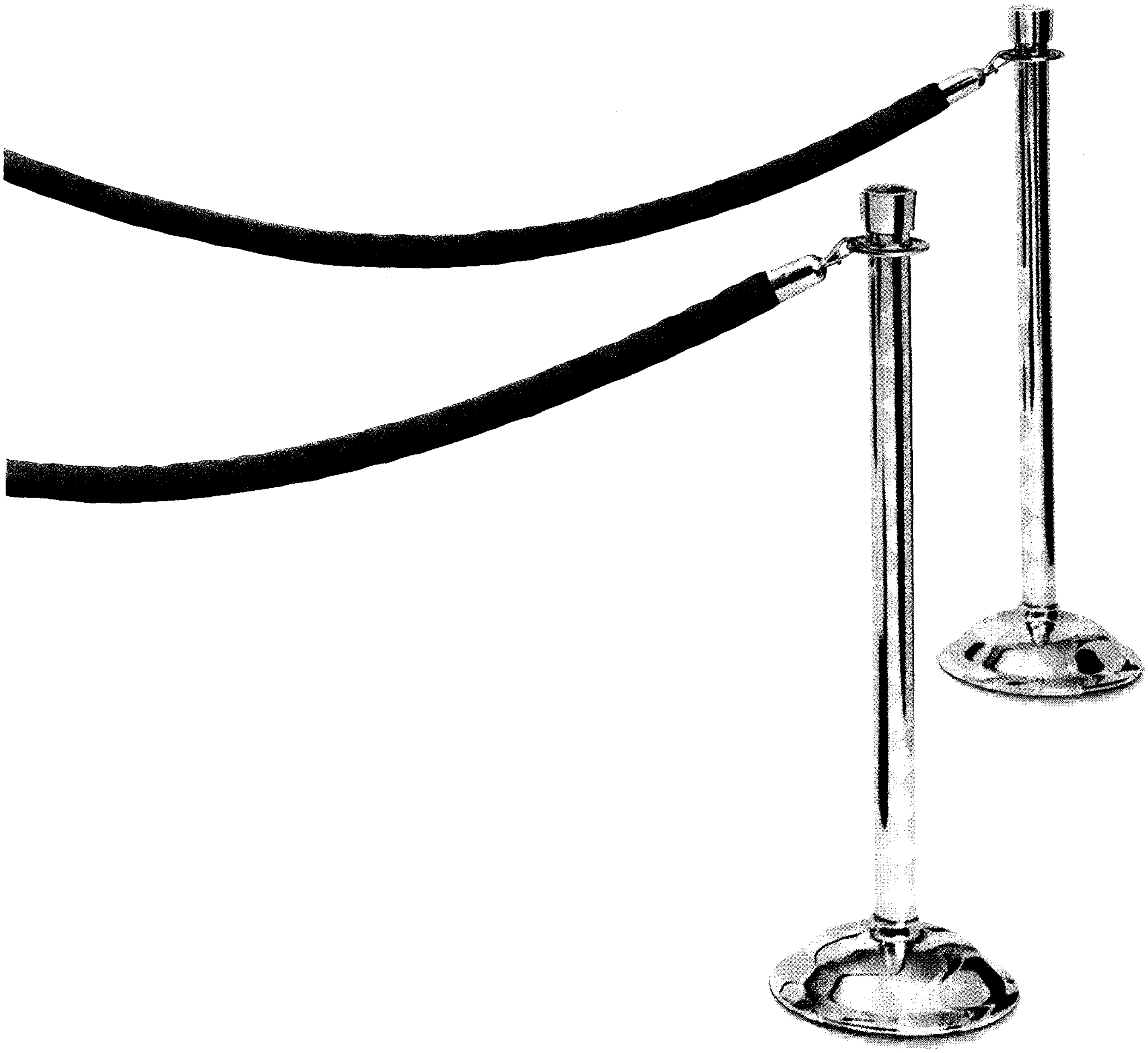

mortgages, brokerage for stocks, bonds and mutual funds, even travel service—in short, they're financial department stores.

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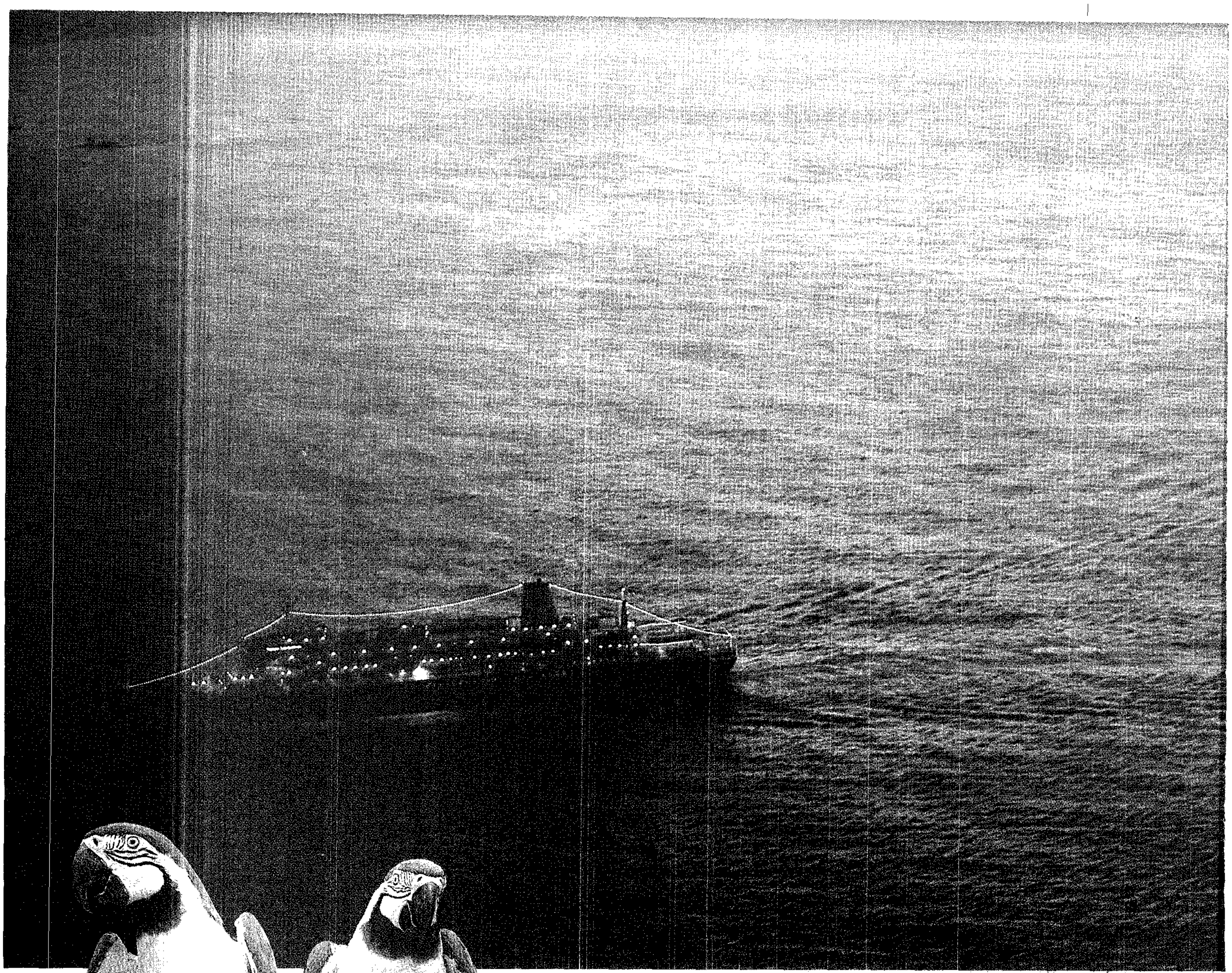
As you can see, Dollar Dry Dock's bold venture is beginning to pay off. It's also easy to see why they banked on IBM.



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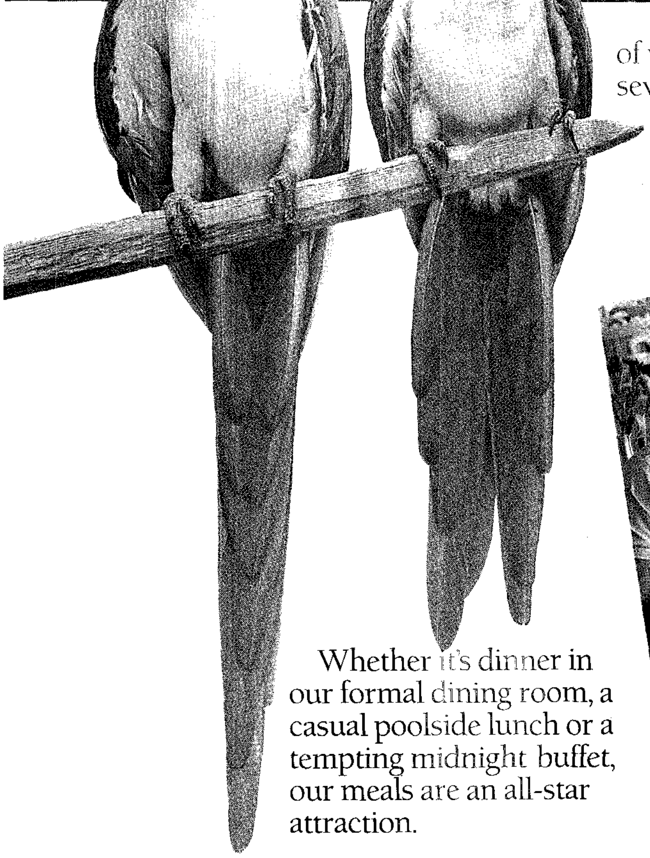

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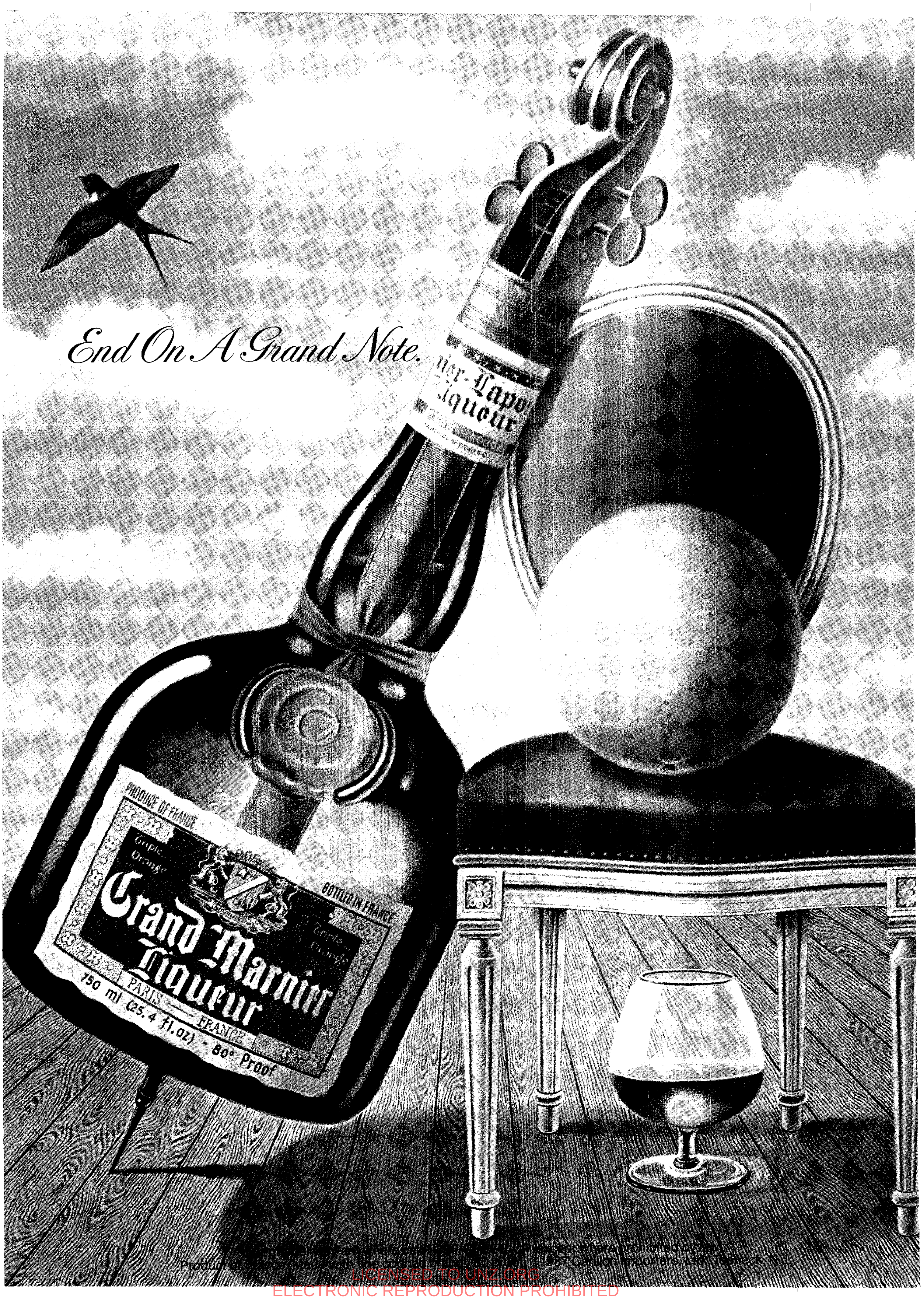
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and 37 E. 7th St. Both open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays; closed Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27.)

Group Shows—At the **ceres,** 91 Franklin St.: "Outrageous Women," a show of paintings and sculptures by nine artists, among them Petah Coyne, Carol Jacobsen, and Selina Trieff. Through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Opens at noon.) . . . **museo del barrio,** 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Sixty-two paintings by thirty-four artists constitute a survey of Puerto Rican painting since the turn of the century. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gary Brotmeyer / Michael Spano—New photo-collage portraits. / Large black-and-white candids of New Yorkers. Through Feb. 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Evelyn Hofer—Photographs of Emerson's Italy. Through Jan. 9. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Saturdays.)

Frank Majore—Large Cibachrome prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kurt Markus—Photographs of the modern American cowboy. Through Jan. 30. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Norman Parkinson—The National Academy of Design has mounted a retrospective of his works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

William Wegman / Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Color Polaroids of his dog, Fay. / Vintage surreal prints. Through Jan. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography—Polaroid prints spanning more than thirty years by about sixty artists. Through Jan. 3. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6. Closes at 5 on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Postwar Latin-American paintings have a separate installation for the next six weeks. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45. Closes at 4 on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935). Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

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American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The tradition of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustrated in an exhibition (on loan from the Shanghai Museum) focussing on two Ming-dynasty artists. Paintings, calligraphy, and such paraphernalia as ceramics, jades, inkstones, and wrist rests, some seen in a furnished studio typical of the vocation. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of an exhibit of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—In a display of bequests and loans, a predella panel of the Crucifixion by the quattrocento painter Piero della Francesca has been reunited with three other paintings, all originally part of an altarpiece in Borgo San Sepolcro, the artist's home town. (Open daily except Mondays, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24-25, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A group of contemporary book bindings by French artisans. Through Jan. 30. (Open Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, from 10 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Émile Zola by Claude Monet). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael and his circle. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes at 1 on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. . . . **photography:** Prints by Norman Parkinson. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5. Closes at 3 on Christmas Eve.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, except Christmas, and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of works by the late-nineteenth-century artist Jasper F. Cropsey which includes the American landscapes he was best known for and architectural drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes at noon on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit, in Gottesman Hall, that surveys the age of English Romanticism with paintings, drawings, manuscripts, books, and memorabilia. An autograph copy of Wordsworth's poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," Turner's painting "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley's annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein," and Wordsworth's inkstand are included. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Papers left by Truman Capote to the library have been put on display in the Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Through March 19. (Open daily, except Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 5:45; closes at 5 on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

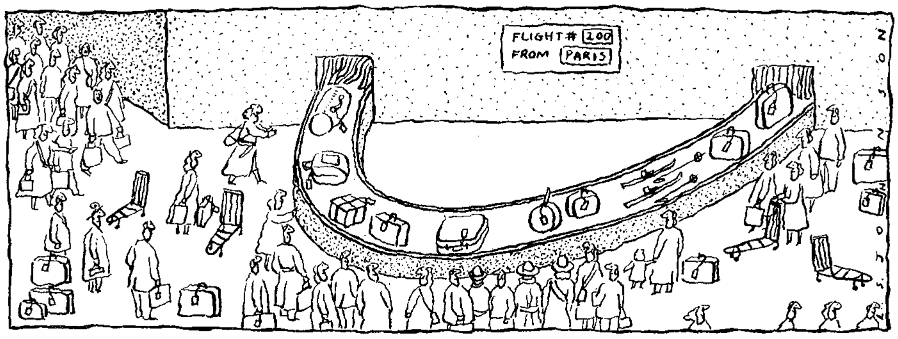
Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Two one-man shows. Emilio Cruz's recent symbolic paintings and drawings; new Abstract Expressionist paintings by Bill Hutson. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Presenting "Bohemian Rhapsody," a new cabaret by Gayle Tufts and collaborators, who promise to transform P.S. 122 into a "night club . . . somewhere between Café Cino and El Morocco." Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 3, at 9. Through Jan. 10.

Note—The ensemble First Avenue, with guest soloist Elliott Sharp. will give a concert on



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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, is 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 23: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, Vladimir Popov, and Paul *Plishka; conducted by Nello Santi.* . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 24: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Gail Dobish, Brenda Boozer, David Rendall, Vernon Hartman, and Sid Caesar in the speaking role of Frosch; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 25: "Les Contes d' Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 26: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Neil Rosenshein, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 26: "Turandot" (a nonsubscription performance), with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, Vladimir Popov, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 28: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Gail Dobish, Brenda Boozer, David Rendall, Vernon Hartman, and Sid Caesar; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 29: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, Vladimir Popov, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 30: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 31: "Die Fledermaus" (a nonsubscription performance), with Barbara Daniels, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, Claudio Nicolai, and Sid Caesar; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 1: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Allan Glassman, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 2: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, Ermanno Mauro, and Franco De Grandis; Nello Santi. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Next week, after a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume performances, and Zubin Mehta will resume his duties as conductor after a year's sabbatical. With Kathleen Battle, soprano, and the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting. Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight, with Diane Lesser, oboe; Mary Alderdice, organ; and William Sharp, baritone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8, with Pamela Frank, violin, and Peter Wiley, cello.

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting all six Brandenburg Concertos for the twelfth consecutive year. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 8.)

"Messiah" Sing-In—Directed (seriatim) by eighteen choral conductors. With Crail Conner, soprano; Michael Dash, alto; Stephen Oosting, tenor; Stephen West, bass; Kenneth Bowen, organ; and the audience itself as the chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Dec. 28, at 7:30.)

Amor Artis Chamber Choir and Orchestra—Johannes Somary conducting an all-Bach program, with guest vocal and instrumental soloists. (Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss and Michael Barrett conducting. With vocal and instrumental soloists. Leonard Bernstein will introduce the program, Odetta will close it, and Jason Robards will read a short prayer. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Thruston Johnson—Violin, with David Garvey, piano, performing music by Scandinavian composers. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

Peter Schickele—With his alter ego, P.D.Q. Bach. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 26, Monday, Dec. 28, and Wednesday, Dec. 30, all at 8. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—Christmas music, with the Philadelphia Renaissance Wind Band. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

"Haddocks' Eyes"—David Del Tredici's new composition, derived, not surprisingly, from Lewis Carroll, and staged by David Warren. Tom Hulce will portray Carroll, and Steven *Mercurio will conduct a chamber orchestra.* (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons, Friday, Dec. 25, at noon. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland Trail Blazers, Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Friday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 7:30.

Football—Giants vs. Jets. (Giants Stadium, *the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1.)*

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Monday, Dec. 28, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 7:45. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Dec. 26, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Jan. 2, at 7:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Dec. 31, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily at 12:30; starting Saturday, Dec. 26.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Thursday, Jan. 7. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; starting Saturday, Dec. 26.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—A non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred indefatigable readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8 P.M., through the evening of Saturday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie Benefit—A five-hour-long program of poetry, music, performance art, and dance with about a hundred participants, among them Allen Ginsberg, Larry Rivers and the Climax, Frank Maya, Elliott Sharp, Yoshiko Chuma, and Anne Waldman. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Friday, Jan. 1, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the festivities.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Dec. 23: At 5:30, “Boy” (1970; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); at 7:30, “Alphaville” (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and, at 9:30, “My Love Has Been Burning” (1949; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Dec. 24-25: Theatre closed.

Dec. 26-27: At 3:45, “Muddy River” (1983; Kohei Oguri; in Japanese); at 5:45, “Elevator to the Gallows” (“Frantic;” 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; at 7:30, “They Don’t Wear Black Tie” (1983; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 9:45, “Men . . . ” (1986; Doris Dörrie; in German), with Heiner Lauterbach, Ulrike Kriener, and Uwe Ochsenknecht.

Dec. 29-30: At 5:30, “Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands” (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 7:30, “Koko, a Talking Gorilla” (1979; Barbet Schroeder), a documentary; and, at 9:15, “Testament of Orpheus” (†).

Dec. 31: At 5:30, “The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith” (†); and, at 7:30, “Le Jour se Lève” (†).

From Jan. 1: At 5:30, “Story of a Love Affair” (†); at 7:30, “The Third Generation” (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla; and, at 9:30, “Variety Lights” (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: “Wall Street” (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Theatre 2: “Empire of the Sun” (†).

Theatre 3: “The Last Emperor” (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Dec. 24: “The Princess Bride” (†).

From Dec. 25: “Broadcast News” (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

“Three Men and a Baby” (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: “Planes, Trains and Automobiles” (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: “Overboard” (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 3: “Throw Momma from the Train” (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

“Empire of the Sun” (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

“Fatal Attraction” (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

“Moonstruck” (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

“Wall Street” (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

“Manon of the Spring” (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: “Three Men and a Baby” (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: “Three Men and a Baby.”

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: “Nuts” (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: “Broadcast News” (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

“Throw Momma from the Train” (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: “The Dead” (†).

Theatre 2: “Good Morning, Vietnam” (Barry Levinson), with Robin Williams.

ARTS
W. C. FIELDS FESTIVAL
H. Martin

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: “Planes, Trains and Automobiles” (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: “Overboard” (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

“Empire of the Sun” (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: “Batteries Not Included” (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Theatre 2: “September” (Woody Allen).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

“The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne” (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

“Ironweed” (Hector Babenco), with Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

“Batteries Not Included” (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: “Planes, Trains and Automobiles” (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: “Eddie Murphy Raw” (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: “Nuts” (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: “Wall Street” (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 29: “The Spirit Moves: A History of Black Social Dance on Film, Parts 1 and 2” (1986; directed by Mura Dehn) and “In a Jazz Way: A Portrait of Mura Dehn” (1986; Louise Ghertler and Pamela Katz), both documentaries. From Dec. 30: “The Rose King” (1986; Werner Schroeter; in German, Italian, Portuguese, Arabic, and English).

Theatre 2: See listings under “Revival Houses.”

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: “House of Games” (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: “Tampopo” (†). From Dec. 25: “Rendez-vous” (André Téchiné; in French).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: “Nuts” (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: “Walker” (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

“Eddie Murphy Raw” (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: “Barfly” (†).

Theatre 2: “September” (Woody Allen).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: “My Life as a Dog” (†).

Theatre 2: “Dark Eyes” (†).

Theatre 3: “Housekeeping” (†).

Theatre 4: “Hope and Glory” (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: “Three Men and a Baby” (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: “Fatal Attraction” (†).

Theatre 3: “Batteries Not Included” (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

“Throw Momma from the Train” (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

“Cry Freedom” (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

“Eddie Murphy Raw” (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

“The Last Emperor” (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

“Dirty Dancing” (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

“Housekeeping” (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

“Ludwig” (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

“Maurice” (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

“The Glass Menagerie” (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Loews Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)

“Throw Momma from the Train” (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B’way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: “Jean de Florette” (†).

Theatre 2: “My Life as a Dog” (†).

Theatre 3: “Dark Eyes” (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: “Repentance” (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian).

Theatre 2: “Sammy and Rosie Get Laid” (†).

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)

“Empire of the Sun” (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B’way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: “The Princess Bride” (†). From Dec. 25: “Broadcast News” (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

Theatre 2: “Three Men and a Baby” (Leon-

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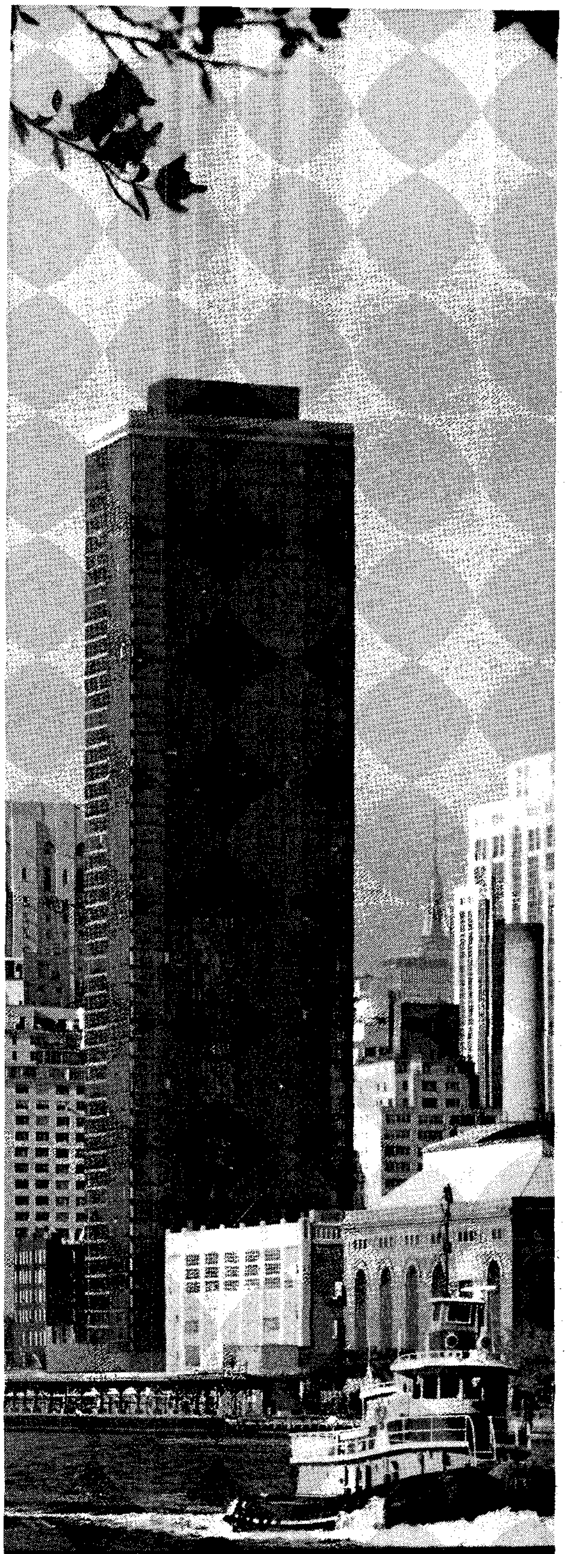

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ard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (Barry Levinson), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: "September" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 5: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
Theatre 6: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Walker" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: "The Hidden" (†).
Theatre 6: "Sign o' the Times" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Eddie Murphy Raw."
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant. From Dec. 25: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

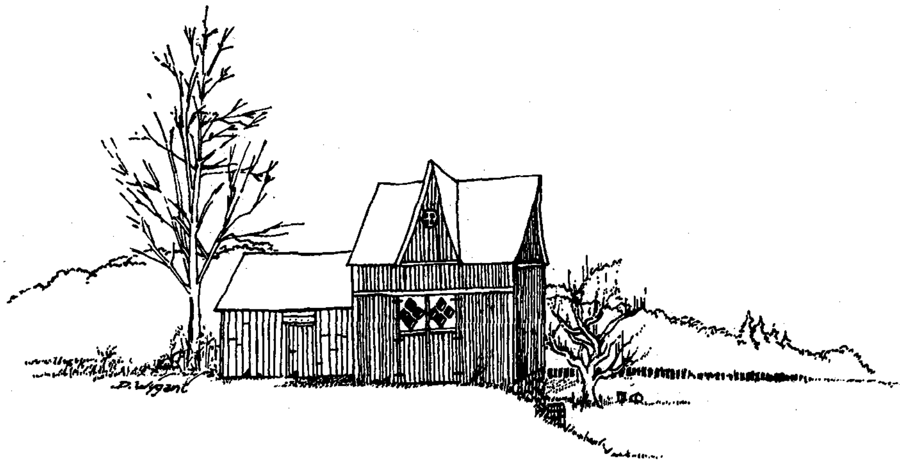
Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 24: "Molière" (1978; directed by Ariane Mnouchkine; in French).
Dec. 25-26: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood; and "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945; Leo McCarey), with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby.
Dec. 27: "The Story of Adèle H." (†) and "The Green Room" (†).
Dec. 28-29: "Subway" (1985; Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani; and "The 10th Victim" (†).
Dec. 30-31: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†).
Jan. 1-2: "The Bicycle Thief" (†) and "Marriage—Italian Style" (†).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 25: "Les Misérables" (1935; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.
From Dec. 26: "Lord of the Dance" (1987; Richard Kohn).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 23: "Bombshell" (1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan; and "Slightly French" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Dorothy Lamour and Don Ameche.
Dec. 24: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "St. Benny the Dip" (1952; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Dick Haymes, Nina Foch, Freddie Bartholomew, and Roland Young; and "Bluebeard" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker.
Dec. 25: "White Christmas" (1954; Michael Curtiz), with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen, and Dean Jagger; and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Marjorie Reynolds.
Dec. 26: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
Dec. 27: "Breathless" (1959 †); and "Time Out for Love" (1963; Jean Valere; in French), with Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, and Maurice Ronet.
Dec. 28: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "Decameron Nights" (1953; Hugo Fregonese), with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan.
Dec. 29: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961;



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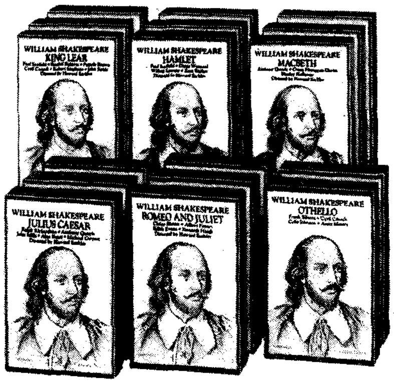

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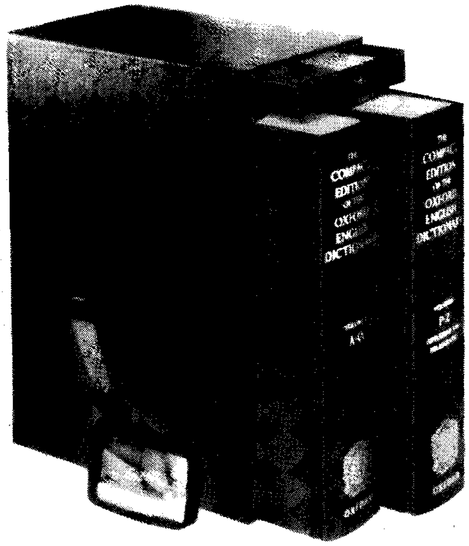

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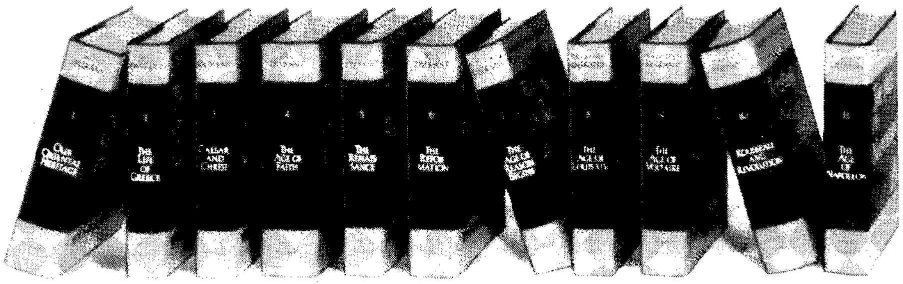

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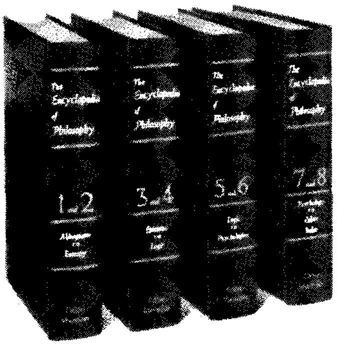

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Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "L'Immortelle" (1963; Alain Robbe-Grillet; in French).

Dec. 30: "Sullivan's Travels" (†) and "The Goddess" (†).

Dec. 31-Jan. 2: A program of surrealistic films.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25-26: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

Dec. 27: "My Favorite Wife" (†) and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948 †).

Dec. 28: "Carmen" (1983; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "El Amor Brujo" (1986; Carlos Saura; in Spanish).

Dec. 29: "The Band Wagon" (†) and "Kiss Me Kate" (†).

Dec. 30: "12 Angry Men" (†) and "Witness for the Prosecution" (†).

Dec. 31: "The Philadelphia Story" (†) and "Bringing Up Baby" (†).

Jan. 1-2: "Easy Rider" (†) and "Five Easy Pieces" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Dec. 24 at 6: "The Terrace" (1980; directed by Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Ugo Tognazzi, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2: "Contract" (1981; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Maja Komorowska. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 5: "The Terrace." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1975; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and Jean-Pierre Marielle. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 5: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1982; Ettore Scola; in French, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 3: "Le Bal" (1983; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Ways in the Night" (1979; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Spoiled Children" (1977; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Piccoli, Christine Pascal, and Michel Aumont. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "Down and Dirty" (1976; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Death of a Provincial" (1966; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles) and "Behind the Wall" (1971; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30 "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6: "The Year of the Quiet Sun" (1984; Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2: "Round Midnight" (1986; Bertrand Tavernier; in English and French, with English subtitles), with Dexter Gordon. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5: "The Structure of Crystals" (1969; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles).

THEATRE 2: Dec. 26 at 2:30: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger, and Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 5:30: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford and Kelly McGillis. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 3: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (1986; Leonard Nimoy), with Nimoy and William Shatner. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, and Diane Keaton. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6:30: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "The Godfather." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 3: "The Godfather, Part II." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5:30: "The Untouchables" (1987; Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner, Robert De Niro, and Sean Connery.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 27, a retrospective of films and videotapes by Shirley Clarke. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Christmas.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Through Jan. 2: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings daily at 12:05, 2:05, and 4:05 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Closed Sundays, Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Donald Barthelme, Penelope Gilliatt, and Terrence Rafferty.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which includes "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," and "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction. With Oscar Levant and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

BARFLY—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—The story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, encompassing much more than the realistic method leads you to expect. And the richness and the enigmas sneak up on you. This neorealist classic, directed by Vittorio De Sica and written by Cesare Zavattini, is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. It isn't a movie that warms you, though; it doesn't have the flawed poetry that De Sica's "Shoeshine" and "Miracle in Milan" have. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Jan. 1-2.)

BREATHLESS (1959; "A Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff—even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive.* In French. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 27.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles, Barry Fitzgerald, May Robson, Walter Catlett, and Fritz Feld. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31.)

THE CHANT OF JIMMIE BLACKSMITH (1978)—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century (scrabbling tightwads who got where they are by self-denial) to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society with an elaborate structure of claims. Jimmie Blacksmith is a half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister; he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man; trying to improve himself, he's like a hair-raisingly foolish cross between Jude the Obscure and Gunga Din. When he rebels, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (Public Theatre; Dec. 31, at 5:30.)

CRY FREEDOM—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (Ziegfeld.)

DARK EYES—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too

slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (New Carnegie.)

Easy Rider (1969)—A ballad about an eastbound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. A middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Hopper; his first film.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 1-2.)

Empire of the Sun—With Christian Bale, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Beekman, Regency, and National Twin.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference; she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when times give out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed.—P. G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 1-2.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of stardom centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Chayefsky is so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her stand out from all the other poor, deceived girls—what would make her a star. This is a conscientious, ambitious bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast. The intense Kim Stanley is in the central role (her compelling over-non-acting makes the bum writing rather painful). Patty Duke plays the heroine as a lonely child. With Betty Lou Holland, Steven Hill, Lloyd Bridges, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 30.)

The Green Room (1979)—Truffaut essays Henry James, specifically "The Altar of the Dead," with a bit of "The Beast in the Jungle" thrown in. The film is adequate, barely, to the occasion—one wonders whether the director really wanted to make it or whether it was some kind of contractual obligation. In any case, it's dreary and reverential, with enough flickering wax to put Georges de La Tour, the candlelight master, to shame. In French.—D.B. (Cinema Village; Dec. 27.)

The Hidden—Director Jack Sholder's cops-and-aliens urban thriller is fairly representative of the current comic-book style in violent entertainment. This one has a sluglike extraterrestrial monster that slithers from one human body to another, causing a succession of previously ordinary folks to go on nasty sprees; while inhabited by the beast, each turns into a savage, unstoppable consumer, a dangerous customer indeed. In pursuit are an L.A. cop (Michael Nouri) and a mysterious F.B.I. agent, played by Kyle MacLachlan, of "Dune" and "Blue Velvet," whose overpoweringly weird presence gives the picture a few moments of inspired deadpan comedy. Unfortunately, Bob Hunt's screenplay isn't quite inventive enough to sustain the fun all the way to the end. William Boyett is memorable as the most hilariously avid of the alien-possessed Angelenos.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, was perhaps too respectful of the internalized and estranged nature of Robinson's vision. (It's all subtext.) He doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Le Jour se Lève (1939; "Daybreak")—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques

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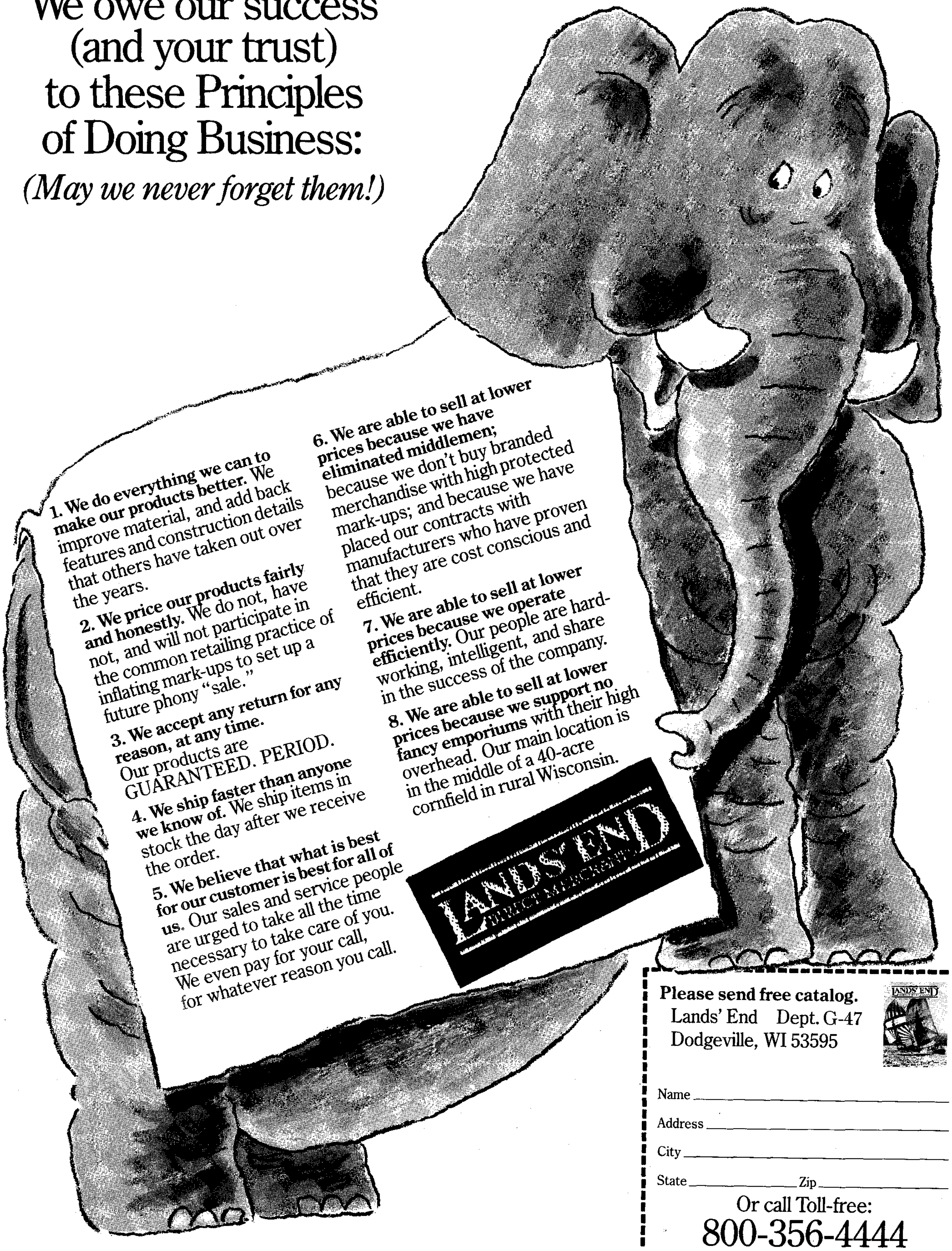

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Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills, played by Jules Berry. Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas, it's a definitive example of sensuous, atmospheric moviemaking. With Arletty and Jacqueline Laurent. In French. (Public Theatre; Dec. 31, at 7:30.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—A backstage farce set during the staging of a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Grayson's trilling is something to contend with, and so is her busy, amateurish performance, and there's a lot of badly paced rambunctious comedy from just about everybody. But there's also a marvellous Cole Porter score. And there is Howard Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual ticktock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Directed by George Sidney, with dances staged by Hermes Pan. The cast includes Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne—With Maggie Smith and Bob Hoskins, directed by Jack Clayton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing in on the much funnier and rasher "Divorce—Italian Style," this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly had annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian—P.G. (Cinema Village; Jan. 1-2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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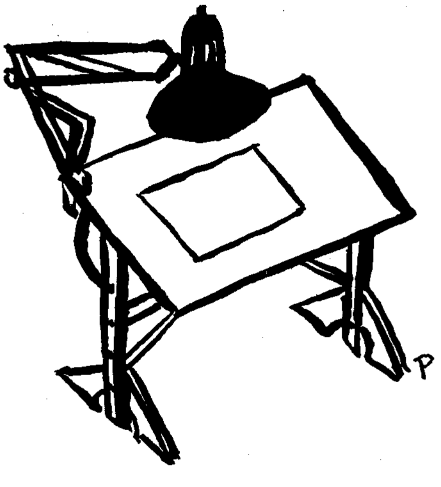
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Maurice—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. The cast also includes Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Alridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since D. W. Griffith did it in 1908. This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon, prevents the consummation of the marriage, and, like a smart kitty, purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he directed this screwball-classic hit. With Randolph Scott. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 27.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)



The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony, she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action, she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. With James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, and Roland Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31.)

The Princess Bride—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredevilry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). The cast includes Chris Sarandon, Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant, Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. (10/19/87) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 24.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Sign o' the Times—This is by far the most entertaining of Prince's movies, because it's the simplest—just Prince and his wonderful

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band, in concert, playing a dozen or so numbers and dancing as dirty as they can. There's more than enough to look at and listen to: the stage set, a riotous neon cityscape, is always teeming with strange people (even when Prince is alone on it); the costumes range from bizarre to inconceivable; and the music is mercurial rock-jazz-funk-soul-folk, a roomful of styles all rubbing provocatively against each other. So we don't much mind that the direction (by Prince) is banal—lots of fast cutting and colored smoke—or that brief "allegorical" sequences occasionally deaden the spaces between the songs. Or even that the concert, filmed on Prince's 1987 European tour, ends with the heavy, messagey "The Cross," which puts a bit of a damper on the irresponsible fun of the previous eighty minutes.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut had never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, a daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Cinema Village; Dec. 27.)

Story of a Love Affair (1950)—Michelangelo Antonioni's first film, directed by him from his own original story. A Milanese industrialist (Ferdinando Sarmi) sets out to investigate the past of his beautiful, sulky young wife, Paola (Lucia Bosè). The film is unmistakably Antonioni's in its concentration on the unknowability of an intimate's identity. The sense of mystery here tends to cling exclusively to the well-off and bored, as though riches and lassitude of spirit had a peculiar allure for the Marxist Antonioni. In Italian. —P.G. (Public Theatre; starting Jan. 1, showings at 5:30.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? Tennessee Williams adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul. With Karl Malden and Kim Hunter. (Cinema Village; Dec. 30-31.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges' comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea) who feels that his hits aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, Margaret Hayes, and many of the actors Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 30.)

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Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this sometimes witty science-fiction extravaganza about licensed killing in the twenty-first century. Inventive at the start, it gets out of hand. Directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Dec. 28-29.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish. In French.—P.G. (Public Theatre; Dec. 29-30, at 9:15.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—This ingenious melodrama set in a jury room generates more suspense than most thrillers; the battle begins with the jury eleven to one, and the spectator is keyed to watch for those points in the heat and frustration of argument when each juror will begin to seek the truth. Both Reginald Rose's script (a reworking of his teleplay) and Sidney Lumet's direction are so surefire that the movie has the crackle of a hit; it was, however, a commercial failure. With Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, Jack Warden, E. G. Marshall, Ed Begley, Martin Balsam, and Jack Klugman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor, is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. During a concert, the conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, fantasizes how he will handle the situation in three different ways, according to the style of the music on the program—Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." After the concert, he tries to carry them out, scrambling them hopelessly. There are so many great lines and situations in this movie that writers and directors have been stealing from it for years. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 27.)

Variety Lights (1949)—This first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director) has a backstage story with a theme that he returned to later in the big, trashy phantasmagoria "Juliet of the Spirits." Giulietta Masina plays the aging mistress of the head of a touring company; he goes off with a younger woman, then returns to her. It's a very simple and, in some ways, tawdry film, but Fellini shows his extraordinary talent for the dejected setting, the shabby performer, the fat old chorine, the singer who will never hit the high note. His specialty is revealing the shoddiness of theatrical life and the forlorn hopes of the performers; for him the magic of show business is in self-delusion. With Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio, Folco Lulli, and John Kitzmiller. In Italian. (Public Theatre; starting Jan. 1, showings at 9:30.)

Walker—Alex Cox's attempt at a black comedy about U.S. imperialism in Central America is a total disaster. Telling the story of the nineteenth-century adventurer William Walker, who led a band of mercenaries down to Nicaragua and installed himself as President, Cox adopts a style that's sort of spaghetti-Western Brecht: great gobs of blood and didacticism. The movie is full of alienation effects, but they're hardly what Brecht had in mind: instead of forcing us to think, they make us want to flee the theatre. What's most offensive about the movie is its smugness, its absolute assurance that its feeble head-comix humor and its B-movie air of crumminess and callousness somehow guarantee its value. Cox's raggedness is so schematic, so self-satisfied, that we can't detect even a trace of genuine outrage in his satire. It's all attitude, as if he's institutionalized the life-and-art-are-cheap aesthetic of his earlier "Repo Man" and "Sid and Nancy": he's betrayed the punk spirit. And he's managed to make a political movie that's actually more infuriating if you *agree* with its politics. Imperialism stinks, and so does "Walker." Ed Harris plays the title role, glumly, and there are cameos by Marlee Matlin and Peter Boyle. The screenplay is credited to Rudy Wurlitzer. Filmed in Nicaragua, but so what?—T.R. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema. Evenings only.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's inane yet moderately entertaining version of an Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. Script by Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

Performance Today

"Performance Today," a stellar feature from National Public Radio, celebrates the Arts in America. Theatre, Dance, Literature, Film. And, of course, Music, from premier concert performances to the latest commercial releases, with incisive commentary by expert reviewers.

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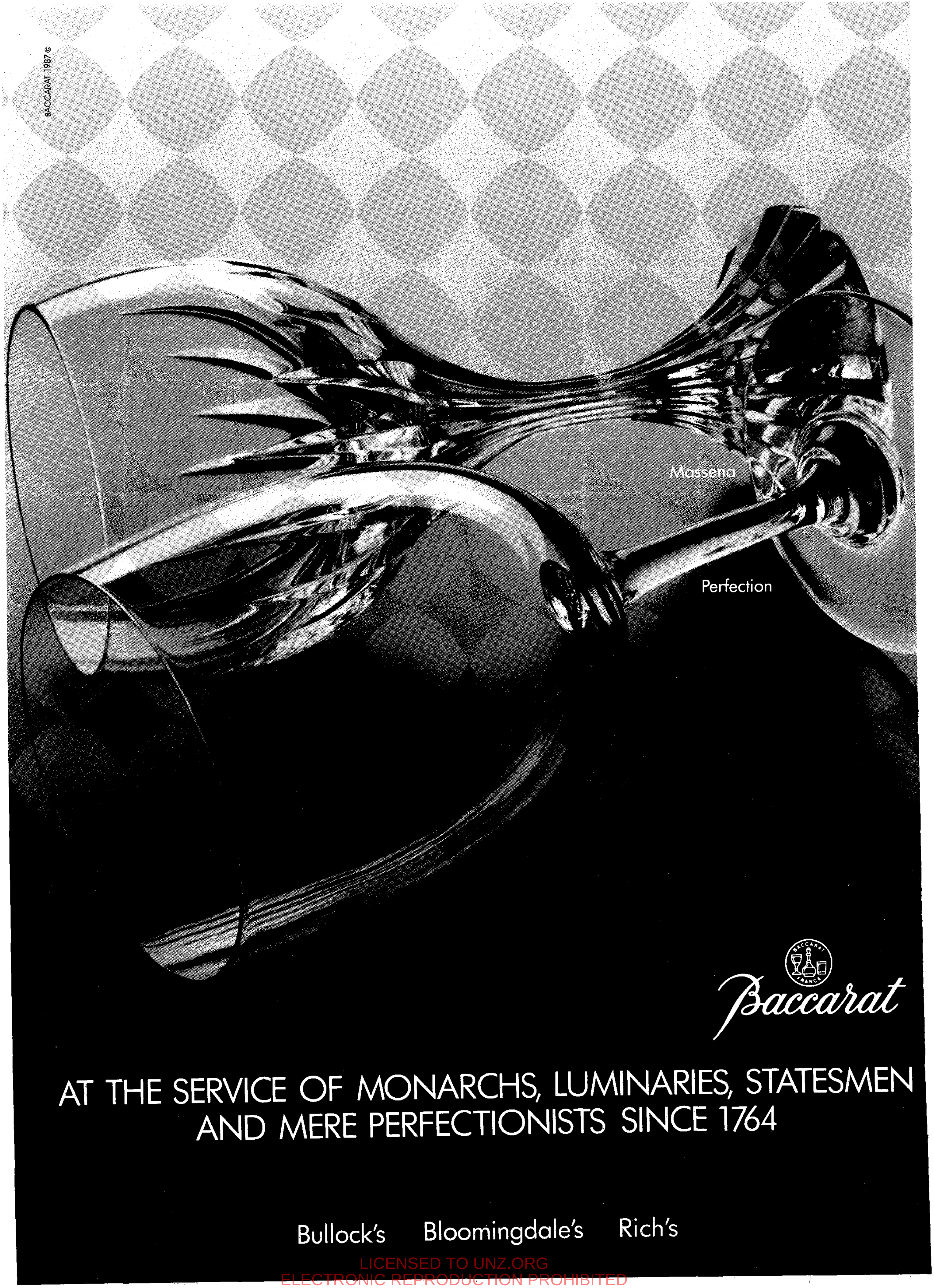
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A USUALLY apolitical friend writes:

" 'He's the front-runner this week,' said John Deardourff, a Republican television consultant. . . .

" 'He looks Western,' said Lance Tarrance, a Republican polltaker in Houston.

" 'He can walk in and take over,' said Harrison Hickman, a Democratic polltaker in the capital. 'He's new news, and Reagan is old news.' "

So reported the *Times* the other day, in the process ventilating a thought that had already begun to percolate in my mind—that the moment had arrived to examine Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev's suitability as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. In the spirit of *glasnost*, then, an open exploration of the possibility—neither an endorsement nor a wet blanket:

1. "Hey, this guy's a goddam Communist!" A point to be conceded. But why, necessarily, a liability? Once the man has been called a goddam Commie, what would be the purpose of trying to dig up more dirt—that, say, while attending a wedding in Privolnoye in 1952, and, O.K., *one* other time, after finishing final exams at Moscow State University, in 1955, he drank a little more slivovitz than was prudent and toyed with the idea of hooliganism? What else? That's it? Hey, wouldn't it be refreshing to at last indulge ourselves in a *clean* campaign, one in which the candidates and the press could concentrate on the *issues*?

2. "Wait a minute. The man's not even a United States citizen. He's not even qualified to vote, much less run for national office." Picky, picky. Next question.

3. "Gorbachev in the White House would upset the delicate global balance of power." A Gorbachev candidacy would indeed cause short-term confusion but would also put a lot of smoke-blowing Sovietologists out of business. Does the Soviet Union genuinely have expansionist designs in Central America and other hot spots? Imagine how much easier things would be if the national-security adviser were able to say to his colleagues, "Hell, we've got a guy in the next room who knows the answer to *that*. Let's *ask* him." The triggermen at the Strategic Air Command weren't exactly sitting on pins and needles while the General Secretary was in Washington for the summit—now, were they? Ultimately, a Gorbachev Presidency makes fiscal sense: we don't waste money arming ourselves against the Russians, they don't waste money arming themselves against us. Everybody just *relaxes*.

4. "Gorbachev's a public-relations genius, but you *know* he can't be trusted." Probably. But would you rather have him over in Moscow, where he can hide behind the traditional Soviet veil of secrecy, or right here, where he would be subjected to the insatiable scrutiny of the American media and would also be forced to reveal his income-tax returns?

5. "Any political party that nominated Gorbachev would be committing suicide." This typifies *old* thinking. Mikhail S. Gorbachev, however, noted author of the international best-seller "Perestroika," is the champion of *new* thinking. Which party should nominate him? Whichever one can get him. He would make the most telegenic candidate since John F. Kennedy, the most cerebral since Adlai Stevenson, the most exotically appealing since Eldridge Cleaver. His En-

Anne Burgess

glish isn't all that great, he's long-winded at times, and—let's face it—he's a little short on Errol Flynn anecdotes, but he has an excellent smile. Coming up with a campaign slogan will offer an entertaining challenge. "I Like Mike," despite its concise poetry and historical resonance, is probably too obvious. "Mickey's Not All That Tricky" seems wordy and has a slightly negative spin on it. Perhaps something bold and forthright, like the candidate himself, a fastball right across the letters: "Gorby. Get Him While He's Hot."

It was a Republican Administration, of course, that opened up relations with China. And now a Republican Administration has got the ball seriously rolling toward ending the nuclear-arms race. Therefore, the Republicans are the logical party to seize this idiosyncratic opportunity. As it is, the polls show that Gorbachev's personal popularity exceeds that of all the announced candidates. Ronald Reagan recently described George Bush as "the finest vice-president *in my memory*"—a political epitaph if ever there was one. Wake up and smell the coffee, G.O.P.!

This entire discussion presupposes that Mr. Gorbachev would be willing to accept a draft. What argues in favor of that prospect is simple, everyday greed. The base salary—two hundred thousand dollars—is, one would imagine, several multiples better than what he's pulling down over in Moscow at the moment. Those boxy Zil limousines he now rides around in are no doubt comfortable and, it seems, can stop on a dime if a candidate impulsively decides to jump out and start pressing the flesh with pedestrians. But instead of the usual dacha near the Black Sea we can offer him Camp David and, as a bonus, a nice condominium right alongside a fairway in Fort Lauderdale. In the summer, he could rent a very big bungalow in Brighton Beach, where there are already plenty of Soviet émigrés to make him feel at home. (He would also be close enough to Manhattan to organize a quick motorcade into the city in case he and Raisa got a sudden urge to take in dinner and a show.)

Comrade Mikhail Sergeyevich, an adventurous, fun-loving, egalitarian nation—the same fair-minded democracy that has acknowledged Gary Hart's right to reënter the race—eagerly awaits your decision.

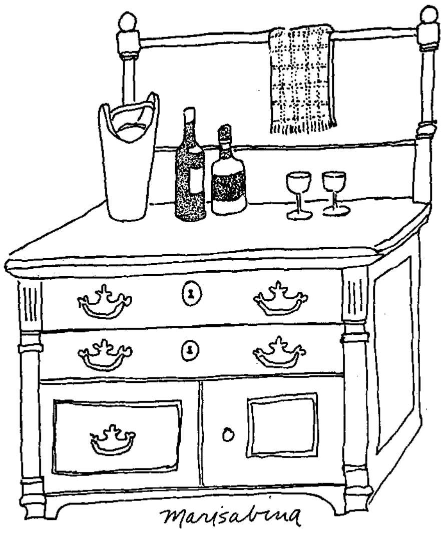
•

NOTE from another friend:

I'm writing to remind you that December 26th is the fortieth anniversary of the great snow of 1947—sometimes called the Blizzard of '47, although it wasn't a blizzard, because it wasn't accompanied by high enough winds. It began before dawn the day after Christmas, lasted fifteen and a half hours, and deposited 25.8 inches of snow, which is still a record.

Nobody expected the storm, which came in unobserved off the Atlantic—least of all my family, visiting the city from our home upstate. It was the first trip we'd taken since before the war, and my sister and I were thrilled. (I was thirteen, and she was sixteen.) Snow didn't bother us, but we were sorry that it was obscuring the skyline and muting the rushing traffic that we knew were the essence of New York City. Everything moved very slowly. By noon, more than ten inches had fallen.

Our parents had arranged for my sister and me to attend a holiday matinée of "Hansel and Gretel," so at about a quarter of two we went down to the old Met, at Thirty-ninth and Broadway. The snow was fourteen inches deep by then. Risë Stevens and Nadine Conner sang Hansel and Gretel. Thelma Votipka was the Witch. The opera was good, but didn't have the urban sophistication we'd been looking forward to from listening to the "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" and "Grand Central Station" radio programs. By four, when "Hansel and Gretel" ended, the snow was nineteen inches deep and there was chaos everywhere. All the firemen and policemen were being held on duty. Many other city employees, and department-store and office workers as well, had been dismissed early. The Henry Hudson Parkway and the F.D.R. Drive were hopelessly tied up. LaGuardia was closed. Theoretically, the Long Island Railroad was still running, but trains were stranded between stations, in some cases without heat. Thousands of New Jersey commuters were walking across the George Washington Bridge. The Queen Mary's sailing had been postponed. City streets were becoming impassable because of abandoned cars, taxis, and delivery trucks. Buses were giving up.

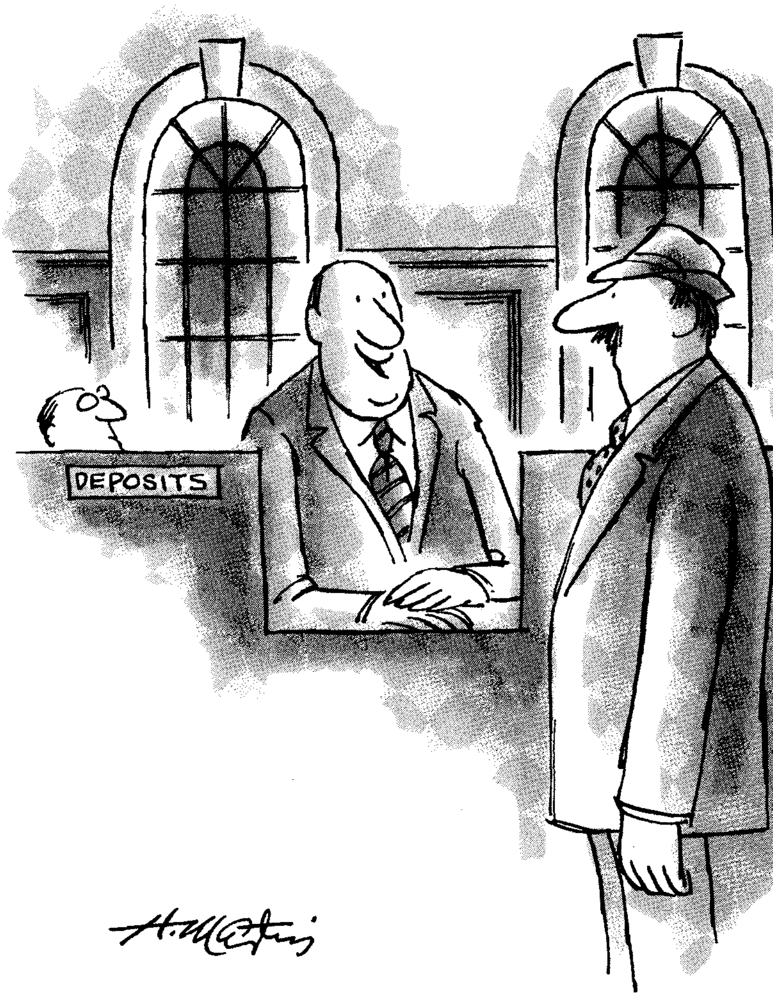


Finally, just as the guards were getting ready to lock the doors of the Met, our father arrived. He led us over to Grand Central, where we hoped to catch a subway uptown to our grandmother's apartment, on East Seventy-ninth Street. The crowds in the subway station were overwhelming. We saw a blind man and his dog descending toward the packed platform, and we were sure they were going to be crushed or knocked to the tracks. We abandoned the subway and went out onto Forty-second Street, where hundreds of figures were plodding through the opaque whiteness, and tried the Third Avenue "L." The "L" wasn't running. We turned around and headed west, passing the Chrysler Building, the Automat, Grand Central—all invisible. The temperature was in the twenties and dropping. Under our coats my sister and I were wearing New Look outfits bought for the trip—long, full black skirts and white blouses with black ribbons crossed at the throat—and we were cold. At five-thirty, the snow topped the old record of 20.9 inches, set by the Blizzard of '88. We wandered back and forth. Then a bus pulled around from Park Avenue and stopped to pick us up. It lumbered up Madison and let us out at Seventy-ninth Street. We walked to No. 325, between First and Second Avenues. There, in our grandmother's apartment, was our anxious, tearful mother. Grandmother had made a pot roast.

The Fire Commissioner went on the radio. Extinguish Christmas-tree lights, he exhorted. Exercise extreme caution. Fire hydrants were blocked. Horse-drawn vehicles were being sought for use as ambulances. We heard reports of freak accidents (a man was pinned by one leg for over an hour when a snow-laden theatre marquee fell on him), of deaths attributed to the exertion of shovelling snow, of babies being delivered at home by policemen. (I read recently, in a newspaper account of the day, that young men skied down Fifth Avenue to attend a coming-out party at the St. Regis, that opera lovers filled the house for "Tosca," and that fifteen thousand tennis fans made it to the Garden to watch Bobby Riggs beat Jack Kramer.)

At nine, the snow stopped. Forty minutes later, it began again, but very gently. Our parents set out for a friend's apartment in Murray Hill. They walked down Park Avenue. Street lights glowed like dandelion heads ready to blow. Traffic lights loomed for miles, changing from red to green. There was no traffic. There were no sounds. Trees were outlined down to the twig in diamonds. Buildings rose on either side with hundreds of lighted windows. This was New York as it can be seen once in a decade, maybe once in a lifetime, but we missed it, my sister and I. Grandmother had sent us to bed.

In the morning, our father bought a shovel, but winds off the river had already blown our car clear. We headed home. The next time I came to New York, a couple of years later, I saw what it really looked like. Wonderful city!



"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in addition to having a nice day."

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D.T.H.

At a recent luncheon at La Famille, in Harlem, anticipating NBC's telecast of the Dance Theatre of Harlem's ballet "Creole Giselle" on December 27th, we were delighted to find ourself across a table from Bill Cosby—onscreen obstetrician, offscreen doctor of education. He was seated among a flock of dance people: Arthur Mitchell, the D.T.H. founder and artistic director; Virginia Johnson, the Giselle; Lorraine Graves, the formidable Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis; and Eddie J. Shellman, Giselle's repentant deceiver, the aristocratic Albert Monet-Cloutier. An American whose TV has been broken for the last ten years might wonder how we could tell Mr. Cosby from a member of D.T.H. Well, not by his fantastical sweaters—Mr. Mitchell turned up clad in one from the same designer. It's more that a D.T.H. dancer can't walk into a room without looking luminous and heroic, and Cosby can't open his mouth without getting a laugh.

Mr. C. appears on camera as host for the special ("I'm Bill Cosby: I play the voice" is how he puts it), and it turned out that he had also played a leading role behind the scenes. "Arthur and I were having dinner in my home," he told us, "and he felt that in 'Creole Giselle' he had something entertaining. I've always enjoyed the Dance Theatre's work, and I did what I thought I could do—called my boss at NBC about it. It was wonderful to hear my boss say that his wife was in love with D.T.H. That made it easier—he wanted to make her happy and show that he had a little class." Mr. Cosby went on to say that NBC estimates an audience of ten million viewers for the telecast—about two and a half times the number likely to tune in at that hour to PBS, widely regarded as *the* conduit of culture on TV—and he added, "If you look at PBS, you see a lot of English people acting. I don't know what culture that is. Culture, if it's America, ought to be American people."

"And why can't culture be entertaining?" Mr. Mitchell said.

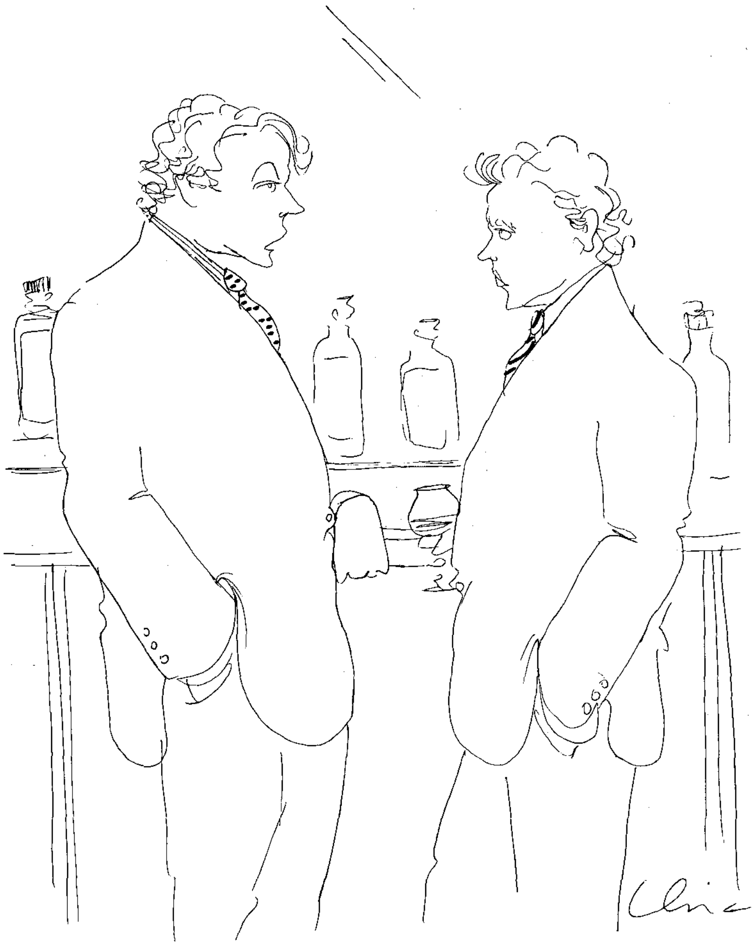
Mr. Cosby was in complete agreement, and cited Mr. Mitchell as a classic example of culture that was entertaining. "First of all, Arthur is in his fifties—if you'll look closely," he said. "Arthur looks like what most fifty-year-old people would like to look like. His weight, his cholesterol level, his triglyceride level are excellent. He has the physique, the boyish look. He has all his teeth. It's pitiful to stand beside him, to sit at the same table. Arthur just looks too damn healthy. He represents exercise, dance, fitness, and an intellect that I think puts everyone to shame. Shakespeare would love to look like this."

We asked Mr. Mitchell to tell us something about the ballet.

"It takes place in Louisiana," he said. "The choreography and the music we use are from the traditional 'Giselle.' But what had happened over the years was that 'Giselle' had become a vehicle for the ballerina; you didn't get a sense of the theatricality of the piece. What I wanted was to bring back the feeling that the whole piece had initially: that you are actually in a village—that it's something that could actually take place. Originally, it took place in the Rhineland, but I thought it would be silly for my dancers to try to play Germans. Then, when we were in Louisiana on tour, during honeysuckle time—full moon, Spanish moss—I said, 'This is an ideal locale for "Giselle."' We started doing research, and we found that during slavery days there was a free society of blacks that had plantations and lived just as well as white plantation owners. Their children were raised in Europe. Carl Michel, who designed the set and the costumes, and I were the co-authors of the scenario, and we worked together with several Louisiana historical organizations. We dug up more and more and more. Every character in this 'Giselle' is built on the life of a real person. There was something for the dancers to relate to, to make their own."

He paused, and then went on, "We are American classicists. I'm not negating the French, the Italians, the Russians. They're great. At D.T.H., we've taken their art form. We're an extension of the classical vocabulary, giving it an American way of dancing—an openness, a guilelessness, a freedom, an execution of movement, a versatility that could only happen here. There was a fallacy that blacks couldn't do classical ballet—that the bodies were incorrect. But then you talked to Balanchine, who was the greatest master of them all and changed the look of ballet in the world today. He described his ideal ballerina as having a short torso, long arms, long legs, and a small head. If that's the ideal, then we're perfect. Now we're working to develop a technique. Many of these young people in the street are very talented. But I tell them, 'What happens when you get in a hit show and you have eight performances a week fifty-two weeks a year? There are many mornings you wake up and your soul is not there. You better have some technique.'"

"On your way back downtown, take a look at this particular area—these streets, some of the playgrounds," Mr. Cosby said to us. "Take a look at some of the people standing on the corners and along the blocks. I think you can get an idea of what this man saw when he left the New York City Ballet, back in 1969, to found D.T.H. You can get an idea of his vision. It was equal to Marco Polo's asking for money for his explorations. And now, after nearly twenty years, he has this shot on national television—it was a long, long time in coming."

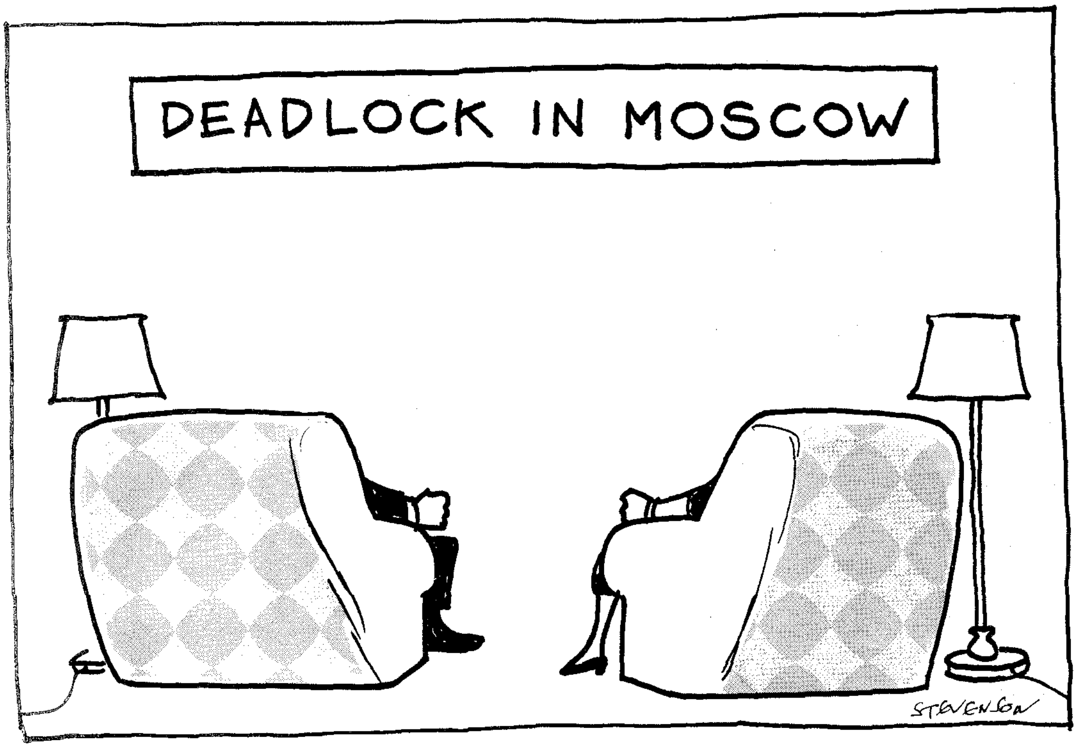


"I threw myself at her. She gave me her work number."

Made in New York

ON a number of weekends lately, we've driven past the Made-in-New York Store, in Ithaca, New York, and wondered what, exactly, was inside. The other day, we finally parked the car and investigated. Here is a partial list of what we found:

Bags of grapevine cuttings from the Knapp Vineyards, in nearby Romulus; six-packs of Manhattan Special coffee soda; vegetarian baby soap and folding oak chairs from the Adirondacks; Southampton green and white peppercorns; Saratoga Springs sparkling mineral water; ginger and birch beer made in Syracuse; a tin box in the shape of a forties diner and containing Buffalo chicken-wing sauce, an apron that says "Wingin' it in Buffalo," and a pamphlet on "Downtown Buffalo & Vicinity;" St. Hildegarde jam, cooked at the Transfiguration Monastery, in Windsor; Brooklyn's U-Bet chocolate syrup; Catskill hiking staffs carved of white ash; a mechanical meat tenderizer constructed in Orchard Park; viNYard wine jelly, from Ithaca; and



The General Secretary Insists That Mrs. Gorbachev Write a Nice Thank-You Note to Mrs. Reagan.

• •

the original kazoo, which was (and is) designed, patented, and manufactured by the Kazoo Company, of Eden, New York.

The Made-in-New York Store belongs to Michael Turback, who also owns the Great State Wine Shop, right next door. (State law mandates the separation of the two stores; the back offices adjoin, though.) Mr. Turback owns a restaurant, too—Turback's of Ithaca—currently undergoing reconstruction after a fire this fall. The restaurant is a few miles away, on Route 13—a rambling tan house trimmed in red and green. Not surprisingly, Turback's of Ithaca specializes in New York State food, and for the past ten years it has offered no wines except New York ones—an act of partisanship that some have called lunatic, others courageous.

Mr. Turback calls himself "a dreamer." He is a thin, bouncing forty-two-year-old man with a mild expression and thoughtful blue eyes. We met Mr. Turback when he bounded into his wineshop to oversee that day's wine-tasting (Glenora Wine Cellars, Dundee) and to chat with customers. He was dressed conservatively except for huge leather huaraches.

"I've been a voice in the wilderness," he said. "I hitched my wagon to the New York State premium wineries ten or twelve years ago. That led to the whole notion of regionalism. It was very unpopular in those days. People at the restaurant would say, 'You've got to be kidding—there's no French wines here, or even California.' I'd drive to the local wineries and load cases into the back seat of my car. I didn't *like* them all, but I could tell that something was going to happen. People in the restaurant business are a conservative bunch, mostly. They hate to make changes. They sit back and watch each other. I was brought up in the business—my parents had a place in South Amboy, New Jersey—and I always wanted to go into it, too. My parents tried to dissuade me. They thought I should do something a little easier—maybe be a doctor or a lawyer. But from the time I was a kid I was always busing tables, scooping ice cream. I was too stupid to do anything else."

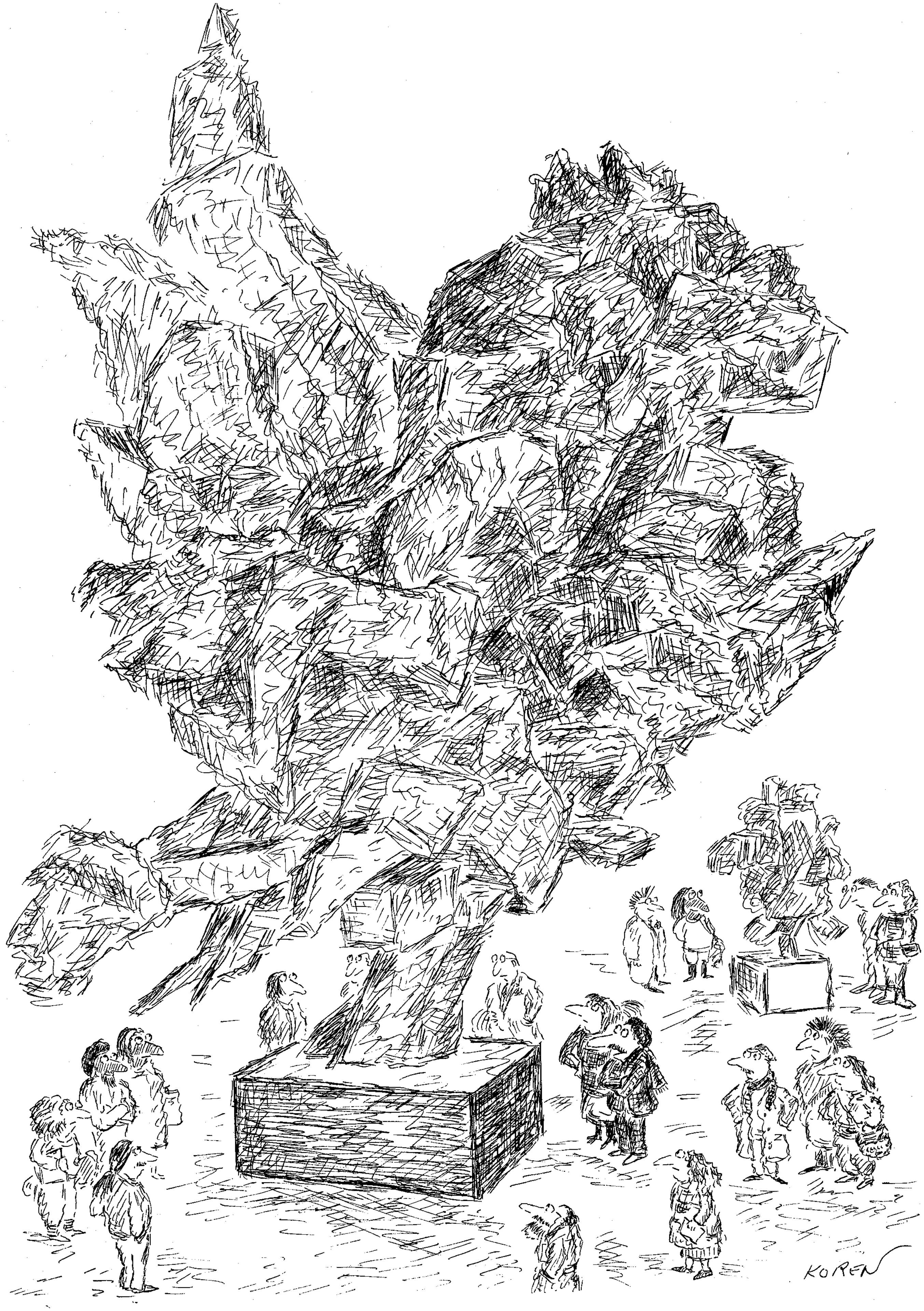
As he spoke, the store began filling up. People tasted wine from small paper cups. "It's a convivial little wine," one woman said to her husband.

Mr. Turback excused himself and started an animated conversation with a man who'd come to inquire about a New York State ice wine—one step beyond a late-harvest wine—that had recently won a New York Wine Classic platinum medal and Governor's Cup. Mr. Turback had been one of the judges of this competition. "I love this wine," we heard him say as we wandered out. "It's twenty-six per cent residual sugar. I'll tell you, it's the most *unusual* thing I've ever had on my palate."

A few minutes later, Mr. Turback rejoined us next door, in the Made-in-New York Store, and said, "I opened the stores about two years ago. The idea came from the restaurant. People didn't want to just eat and walk away—they wanted to walk away *with something*. We're still chasing down new products. We just introduced a new maple syrup, with a picture of President Millard Fillmore on the tin—he used to tap maple syrup on his father's farm up in Cayuga County. People came in here asking for popping corn. We couldn't find any good enough, so we decided to package our own. We buy organic popcorn from Clyde, in Wayne County, and sell the kernels in wine bottles. We did a blind taste-test—we popped a lot of brands, we did the blindfolds, the whole bit—and ours tasted the best! There's a great interest in regionalism now. The mail-order aspect of our business is booming. We can feel the momentum. Our only limit"—he traced the shape of a map in the air—"is the outline of New York State."

Was there anything in the store, we asked, that was *not* made in New York?

At a nod from Mr. Turback, Candi Duke, the manager, looking slightly sheepish, led us to a display of tin boxes shaped like the Plaza Hotel. There were coffee-cordial candies inside. The candies were made in New York, she explained, but the box was made in England. And Ms. Duke herself is from Indiana.



"He's not one of my favorites."

GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Good friends, God bless! You've found your way
Twelve months right 'round to Christmas Day
And stand before these ancient cols
That we've rewreathed to start your hols
And stage our rhymy pantomime
In honor of the Christmastime.
Here to hautboy and kazoo
We'll sound the dulcet ballyhoo
Of Santa, shepherds, gay apparel,
Kings and tree and poignant carol,
And call forth players, unawares,
All dactyl-draped, in awkward pairs,
To wish them and you readers well
On the occasion of Noël.
Good tidings, dears, this minstrel says;
Joy to you each and Pierre Boulez!
At this sweet time may blessings find
Jihan Sadat and Chrissie Hynde,
Cokie Roberts, Robert Coles,
David Cale, and both the Doles.
Let Yuley bliss enfold Paul Taylor,
Irving Howe, d.h. Don Baylor,
Susan Butcher, Nika Tucci,
Tina Chow, and Frank Carlucci.
Peace to nations, peace to neighbors:
Godspeed Ron and Mikhail's labors.
To *perestroika* . . . There's a rhyme
I'll think about some other time,
And for the present, at no cost,
Let's try a little Yule *glasnost*.
Kent Hrbek, God rest you mrry,
And Reynolds Price 'n' Lincoln Perry!
Pax vobiscum, brave James Brady!
Yo, Raisa, rave first lady!
Hosanna, Hannahs (Daryl, Barry),
Seamus Heaney, Richard Scarry,
Armand Hammer, Arthur Liman,
Donald Cram, and (twice) Paul Simon!
Now, feathered seraphim, deploy
And warble hymns for Myrna Loy,
And make the well-known welkin ring
For P. D. James and Larry King.
Jessye Norman! Erie Mills!
Adeste, dears, and lay some trills
On Zina Garrison, Oliver Sacks,
Jackie Mason, and Jerry Zaks.
Yule's the time to say we're partial
To fellow-persons Thurgood Marshall,
Martha Duffy, Stephen Sprouse,
Peter Fimrite, and Lindsay Crouse,
And let warm thoughts come to rest on
Mickey Rourke and Michelle Preston.
Let's plan a joyful '88
For Toni Darling and her mate,
Hunter Thompson, Carrie Fisher,
Charlie Sheen, and Furman Bisher.
Hey, Chuck Berry—what's the good word?
Say hi, guy, to C. Vann Woodward
(And now, see, C. Vann says hello
To Pierre LeTan and Dario Fo).
So, gang, it's *hey*, let's deck the halls
With Mary Kay and Everson Walls,
And light our flambeaux 'gainst the gloom
Of Arthur Miller and Allan Bloom,
And count within these jocund revels
Jami Gertz, the Jersey Devils,
Whitey Herzog, Joel Grey,
Pat Schroeder, and Satyajit Ray!
To kitchen all! Come grab a spoon
And baste the bird with Warren Moon,
While Iman's mince inspires remembrance
Of the pies of past Decembrance;
Or join the jolly stuffing crew
With Annette and Claude Lemieux,
While Shelley Long hands round the trays
Of Dabney Coleman's canapés,
And willing hands ignite the lunch
With Joseph Brodsky's piping punch.
We'll hasten to the festive board
With Steve Jay Gould and Eileen Ford,
Faith Sale, John Sayles, Frank Viola,
Pina Bausch, and Franco Bolla.
Bon appétit, Lazar Berman,
There twixt Cher and Pee-wee Herman!
Let's pass these steaming platters down
To Muggsy Bogues and Bobby Brown,
And gravied goose to the environs
Of Danielle Steel and Jeremy Irons,
And viands heaped to pop the orbs
Of Meryl Sheep and Malcolm Forbes.
We'll sip a fragrant cabernet
With Jacques Chirac and Jack Macrae—
And pause, I think, to hoist a glass
To President Oscar Arias.
Alight with joy and social graces,
We'll laugh and chat and feed our faces;
Along with chums and friendly kith,
We'll share the joys of Christmas with
Kitty Dukakis, Dave Righetti,
Yakov Smirnoff, Elias Canetti,
The Twins, the Fendis, LeRoy Neiman,
U2, Teela, Spuds, and He-Man!

This Hallmark tale entails a tree
We'd set to trim *en* family.
"Oh, *look!*" our boy called out, and then
We looked there where some Bauhaus wren
Or Le Corbusier sparrow'd left
For us a perfect nest-in-cleft:
A pleasing project to occur
Upon a branch of store-bought fir.
Odd how that weightless ball, I find,
Stays nested somewhere in my mind.
Pray something small, friends, comes your way
To lift and light your Christmas Day!

—Roger Angell

YOUR BOOK SAVED MY LIFE, MISTER

ALL of my books, including *Wagons Westward!!! Hiiiii-YAW!* and *Ck-ck Giddup Beauty! C'mon Big Girl, Awaaaaayy!* and *Pa! Look Out! It's—Aiiiiieee!*, have been difficult for my readers, I guess, judging from their reactions when they see me shopping at Val-Mar or sitting in the Quad County Library & Media Center. After a rough morning at the keyboard, I sort of like to slip into my black leather vest, big white hat, and red kerchief, same as in the book-jacket photos, and saunter up and down the aisle by the fruit and other perishable items and let my fans have the thrill of running into me, and if nobody does I park myself at a table dead smack in front of the Western-adventure shelf in Quad County's fiction department, lean back, plant my big boots on the table, and prepare to endure the terrible price of celebrity, but it's not uncommon for a reader to come by, glance down, and say, "Aren't you Dusty Pages, the author of *Ck-ck Giddup Beauty! C'mon Big Girl, Awaaaaayy!*" and when I look down and blush and say, "Well, yes, Ma'am, I reckon I am him," she says, "I thought so. You look just like him." Then an awful silence while she studies the shelf and selects Ray A. James, Jr., or Chuck Young or another of my rivals. It's a painful moment for an author, the reader two feet away and moments passing during which she does not say, "Your books have meant so much to me," or "I can't tell you how much I admire your work." She just reaches past the author like he was a sack of potatoes and chooses a book by somebody else. Same thing happens with men. They say, "You're an author, aren'tcha? I read a book of yours once, what was the name of it?"

I try to be helpful. "Could it have been *Wagons Westward!!! Hiiiii-YAW!*"

"No, it had someone's name in the title."

"Well, I wrote a book entitled *Pa! Look Out! It's—Aiiiiieee!*"

"No, I think it had the name of a horse."

"Could it have been *Ck-ck Giddup Beauty! C'mon Big Girl, Awaaaaayy!*"

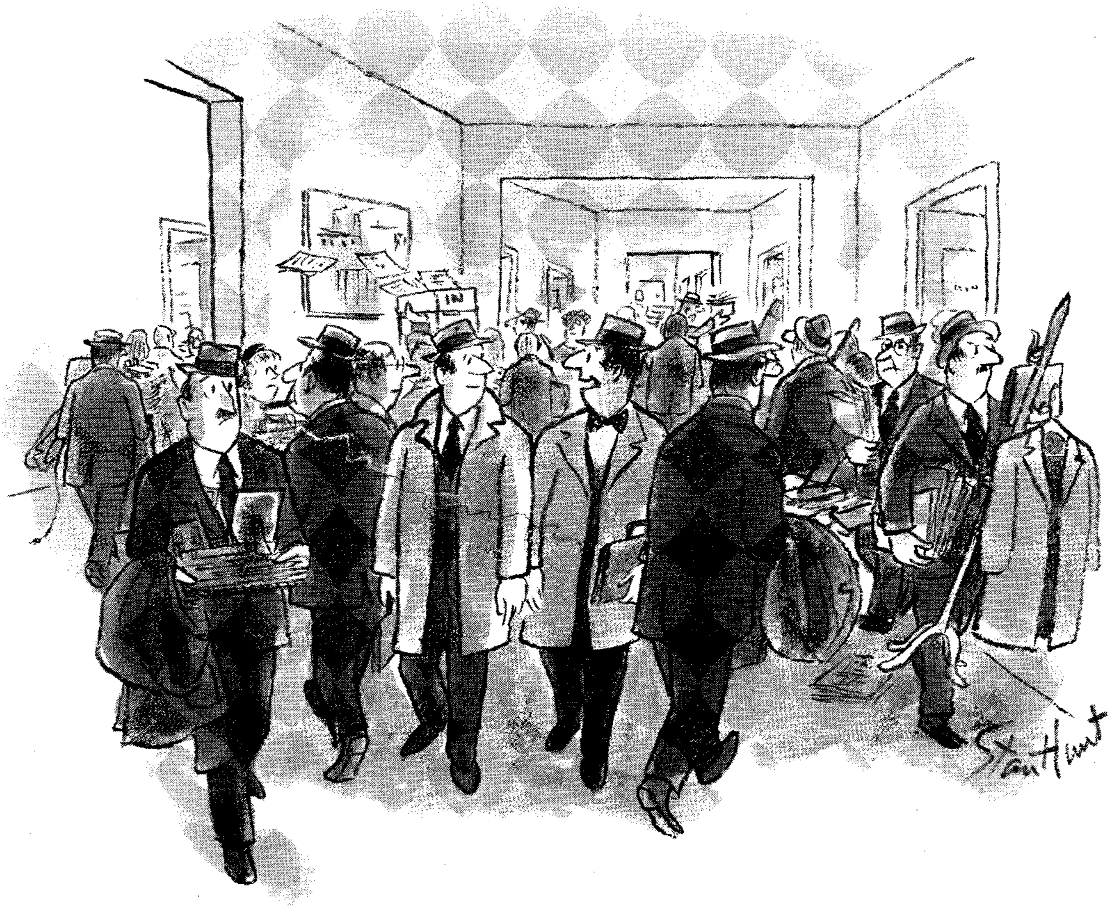
"That's the one. Did you write that?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Huh. I thought so."

And right there you brace yourself for him to say, "Y'know, I never was one for books and then my brother gave me yours for Christmas and I said, 'Naw, I don't read books, Craig, you know that,' and he said, 'But this is different, Jim Earl, read this, this isn't the girls' literature they stuffed down our throats in high school, this is the real potatoes,' so I read it and by George I couldn't put the sucker down, I ran out and did the chores and tore out and back in the pickup to check on those dogies and I read for two days and two nights without a minute of shuteye. Your book changed my life, Mister. I'm glad I got a chance to tell you that. You cleared up a bunch of stuff that has bothered me for years—you took something that had been inside me and you put it into words so I could feel, I donno, not so weird, feel sorta like *understood*, y'might say. That was me you put in that book of yours, Mister. That was my life you wrote about there, and I want to say thanks. Just remember, anytime you're ever in Big Junction, Wyoming, you got a friend there name o' Jim Earl Wilcox"—but instead he says, "You wouldn' know where the little boys' room is, wouldja?," as if I were a library employee and not a book author. So it's clear to me that when people read my books they like me a little less at the end than at the beginning. My fourth book, *Company A, Chaaaaaaarge!*, is evidently the worst. Nobody bought it at all.

I know what it's like to be disappointed by a hero. You think I don't know? Believe me, I know. I met my idol, Smokey W. Kaiser, when I was twelve. I'd read every one of his books twice—the Curly Bob and Lefty Slim series, the Lazy A Gang series, the Powder River Hank series—and I had waited outside the Y.M.C.A. in Des Moines for three hours while he regaled the Rotary with humorous anecdote, and when he emerged at the side door, a fat man in tight



"I guess Mallory & Company are having one of their top-echelon shuffles."

green pants tucked into silver-studded boots, he looked down and growled, "I don't sign pieces of paper, kid. I sign books. No paper. You want my autograph, you can buy a book. That's a rule of mine. Don't waste my time and I won't waste yours."

Smokey's problem was that he was a jerk, but mine is that I get halfway through a story and everything goes to pieces. In *Wagons Westward!!! Hiiiii-YAW!* the pioneers reach Council Bluffs, having endured two hundred solid pages of Indian attacks, smallpox, cattle stampedes, thirst, terror, bitter backbiting, scattered atheism, and adulterous inclinations, and then they sit on the bluffs and have a meeting to decide whether they really want to forge onward to Oregon or whether maybe they should head southeast toward St. Louis or Quincy instead. Buck Bradley, the tall, taciturn, sandy-haired, God-fearing man who led them through the rough stuff, stands up and says, "Well, it's up to the rest of you. Makes no nevermind to yours truly, I could go either way and be happy—west, south, you name it. I don't *need* to go west or anything. You choose. I'll go along with whatever."

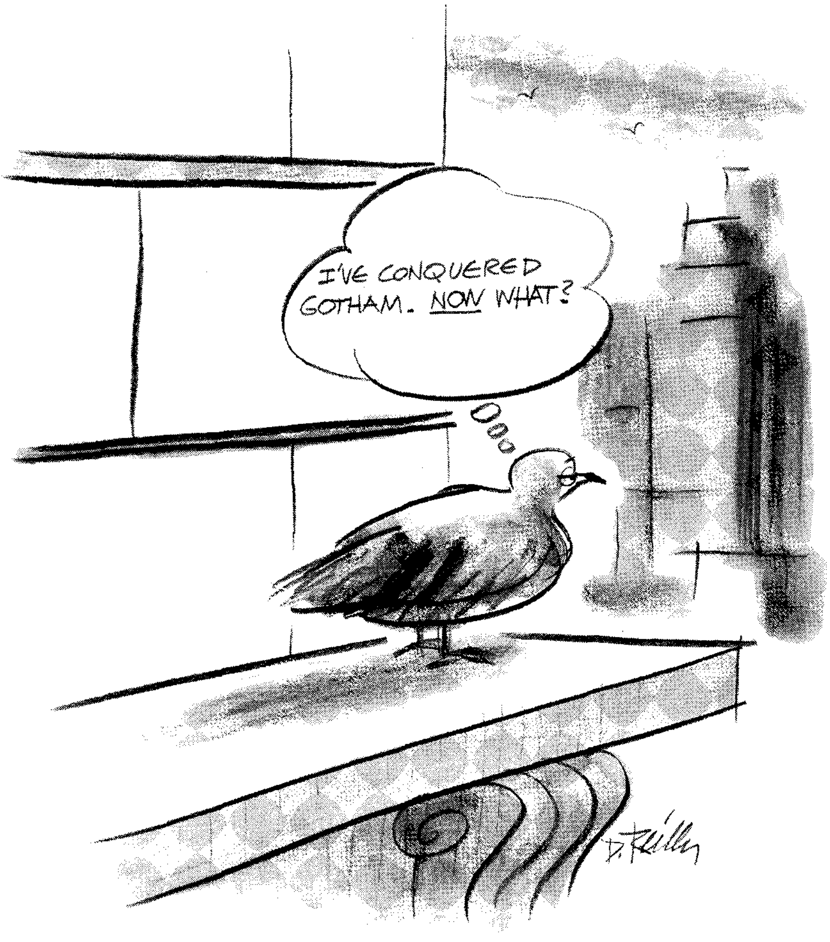
I don't know. I wrote that scene the way I heard it in my head but now I see it in print, it looks dumb. I can certainly see why it would throw a reader, same as in *Giddup Beauty! C'mon Big Girl, Awaaaaayy!*, when Buck rides two thousand miles across blazing deserts searching for Julie Ann and finally, after killing twenty men and wearing out three mounts and surviving two avalanches, a prairie fire, a blizzard, and a passel of varmints, he finds her held captive by the bloodthirsty Arapaho. "So, how are you doing?" he asks her. "Oh, all right, I guess," she says, gazing up at him, wiping the sweat from her brow. "You want to come in for a cup of coffee?" "Naw, I just wanted to make sure you were O.K. You *look* O.K." "Yeah, I lost some weight, about twenty pounds." "Oh, really. How?" "Eating toads and grasshoppers." "Uh-huh. Well, now that I look at you, you *do* look lighter." "Sure you won't have coffee?" "Naw, I gotta ride. Be seein' ya, now." "O.K., bye!" To me it seemed more realistic that way, but maybe to the guy reader it sounded sort of unfocussed or something. I don't know. Guys have always been a tough audience for me. The other day a guy grabbed my arm in the Quad County and said, "Hey, Dusty! Dusty Pages! That right? Am I right or am I right?"

"Both," I said.

"Mister," he said, "your book saved my life. My brother gave it to me and said, 'Buck, read this sometime when you're sober,' and I put it in my pocket and didn't think about it until, October, I was elk hunting up in the Big Coulee country, other side of the Little Crazy River, and suddenly *wham* it felt like somebody swung a bat and hit me in the chest. I fell over and lay there and, doggone it, I felt around and didn't find blood—I go 'Huh????????' Well, it was your book in my jacket pocket saved my life—bullet tore through the first half of it, stopping at page 143. So, by Jim, I thought, 'This is too crazy, I got to *read* this,' and I started to read and I couldn't believe it. That was me in the book—my life, my thoughts, it was weird. Names, dates, places—it was my life down to the last detail, except for the beer. I don't drink Coors. The rest you got right. Here." And he slipped an envelope into my hand. "This is for you," he said.

It was a subpoena to appear in U.S. District Court the twenty-seventh of November to defend myself in a civil suit. I appeared and I tried to defend, but I lost. My attorney, a very, very nice man named Howard Furst, was simply outgunned by three tall ferret-faced men in black pinstripes who flew in from Houston and tore him limb from limb in two and a half hours of legal bushwhacking. They and their client, Buck Bradley, toted away three saddlebags full of my bank account, leaving me with nothing except this latest book. It's the first in a new series, the Lonesome Bud series, called *The Case of the Black Mesa*, and it begins with a snake biting Bud in the wrist as he hangs from a cliff while Navajo shoot flaming arrows at him from below and a torrent of sharp gravel showers down on his old bald head. From there to the end, it never lets up, except maybe in Chapter 4, where he and the boys shop for bunk beds. I don't know what I had in mind there at all.

—Garrison Keillor


I'VE CONQUERED GOTHAM. NOW WHAT?

• •

•

North Easton—Contemporary Colonial with reproductive features, silo styled chimney, many unique amenities.—*Adv. in the Milton (Mass.) Suburban Shopper.*

To say the least.

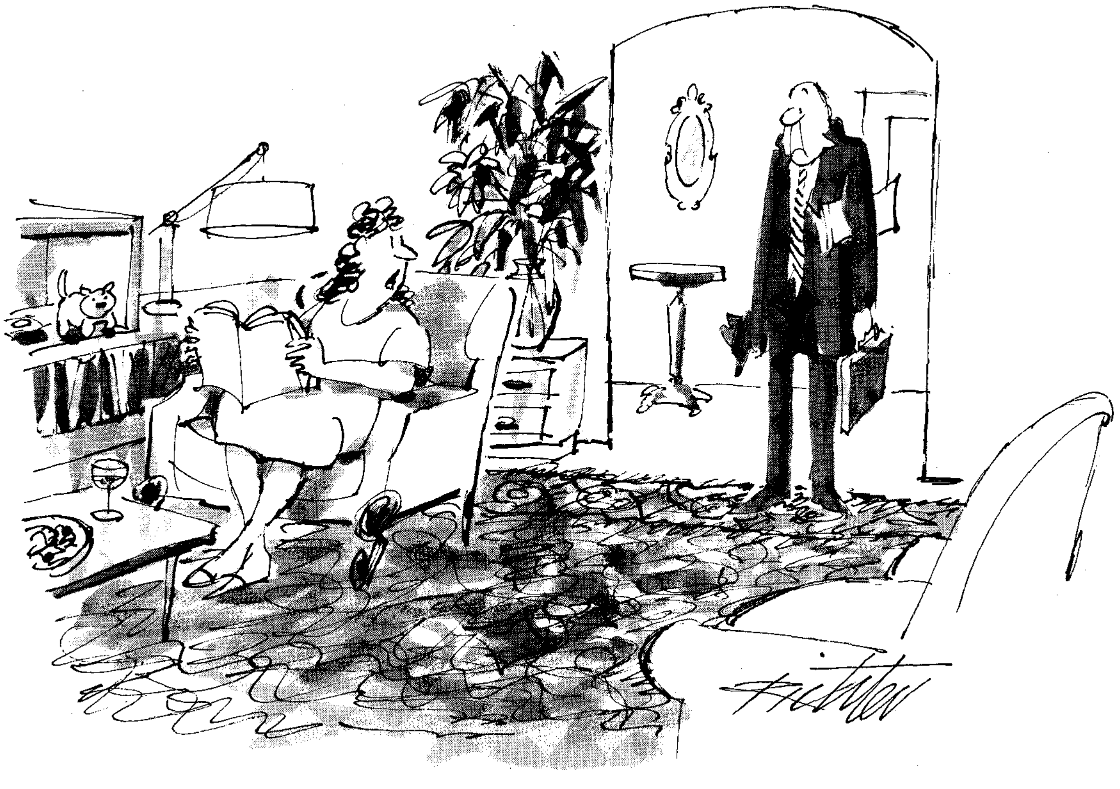
HORATIO'S TRICK

A FEW days before Christmas, the U.P.S. truck stopped in front of Charlotte's house. Charlotte's ex-husband, Edward, had sent a package to her and a larger package to their son, Nicholas, who was nineteen. She opened hers immediately. It was the same present she had been sent the year before: a pound of chocolate-covered macadamia nuts, wrapped in silver striped paper, with a card that read, "Merry Christmas from Edward Anderson and family." This time, Edward's wife had written the card; it wasn't his handwriting. Charlotte dumped the contents out onto the kitchen floor and played a game of marbles, pinging one nut into another and watching them roll in different directions. She'd had a few bourbons, not too many, while Nicholas was off at the gas station getting an oil change. Before she began the game of chocolate marbles, she pulled the kitchen door closed; otherwise, Horatio, the dog, would come running in at full tilt, as he always did when he heard any sound in the kitchen. Horatio was new to the house—a holiday visitor. He belonged to Nicholas's girlfriend, Andrea, who had flown to Florida for a Christmas visit with her parents, and since Nicholas was going to drive here for *his* Christmas, he had brought Horatio along, too.

Nicholas was a junior at Notre Dame. He had his father's wavy hair—Edward hated that kind of hair, which he called kinky—but not his blue eyes. Charlotte had always been sad about that. Nicholas had her eyes: ordinary brown eyes that she loved to look at, although she could not say why she found them so interesting. She had to remember not to look at him too long. Only that morning, he had said at breakfast, "Charlotte, it's a little unnerving to roll out of bed and be stared at." He often called her Charlotte now. She had moved to Charlottesville six years ago, and although it was a very sociable town and she had met quite a few people (she had finally reached the point with most of them where they had stopped making jokes about a Charlotte coming to live in Charlottesville), she did not know anyone with a son Nicholas's age. Oddly enough, she knew two women about her age who were having babies. One of them seemed slightly abashed; the other was ecstatic. It was a scandal (people parodied themselves in Charlottesville by calling scandals—which they did not believe in—"*scandales*") that the ecstatic forty-one-year-old mother-to-be, a recent graduate of the University of Virginia Law School, was not married. Other gossip had it that she was forty-three.

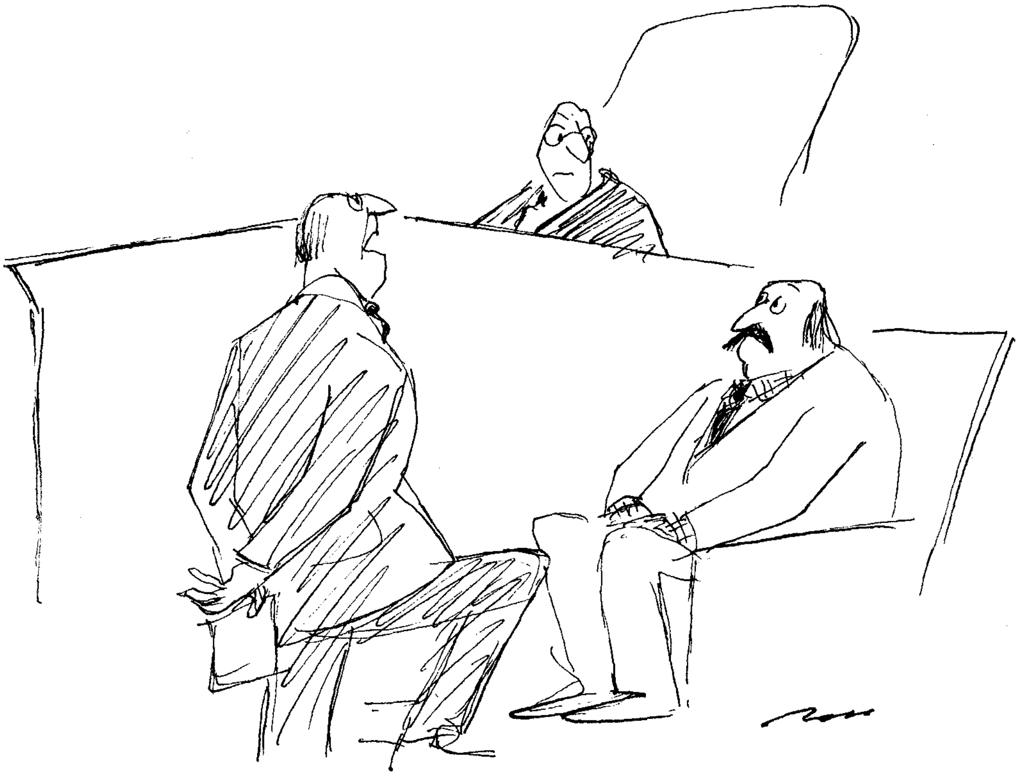
Charlotte worked as a legal secretary for an old and prestigious law firm in town. She had left New York after she and Edward separated a dozen years ago, and had moved to Washington, where she enrolled in American University to resume her B.A. studies in preparation for entering law school. Nicholas went to Lafayette School, and was taken care of on the weekends by her parents, who lived in the Cleveland-Park area, while Charlotte sequestered herself and studied almost around the clock. But there were problems: Nicholas had a hard time making friends in his new school; also, the bitterness between Charlotte and Edward seemed to escalate when there was actual distance between them, so that Charlotte was constantly distracted by Edward's accusatory phone calls and his total lack of faith in her ability to get a degree. It had all been too much, and finally she decided to abandon her plans of becoming a lawyer and became a legal secretary instead. Edward began to make visits, taking the Metroliner from New York to Washington; one day he turned up with a dark-haired, dark-eyed young woman who wore a bit too much jewelry. Soon after that they were married. The "and family" part of the gift card referred to her daughter from a previous marriage. Charlotte had never met the child.

Charlotte looked out the back window. Horatio was in the yard, sniffing the wind. Nicholas had stopped on the way south and bought a stake and a chain to keep Horatio under control during the visit. Actually, the dog seemed happy enough, and wasn't very interested in the birds or the occasional cat that turned up in Charlotte's yard. Right now, Nicholas was upstairs,



"*Is that you again?*"

talking to Andrea on the phone. Someone throwing a life ring to a drowning child could not have been more energetic and dedicated than Nicholas was to the girl.



"Your Honor, please ask the defendant to stop using the word 'fries' where 'French-fried potatoes' is implied."

Charlotte poured another bourbon, into which she plopped three ice cubes, and sat on the stool facing the counter, where she kept the telephone and pads of paper and bills to be paid and whatever odd button needed to be sewn. There were also two or three batteries there that were either dead or unused (she couldn't remember anymore) and paper clips (although she could not remember the last time she had used a paper clip at home), a few corks, a little bottle of Visine, some loose aspirins, and a broken bracelet. There was a little implement called a lemon zester that she had bought from a door-to-door salesman. She suddenly picked it up and pretended to be conducting. Some Handel had just begun upstairs. Nicholas had always played music to drown out his phone conversations.

"The Lord God om-ni-po-tent . . . " She had forgotten to get back to the Tazewells about Father Curnan's birthday party. She had promised that she would find out whether Nicholas would come and then call back. She had meant to ask Nicholas at breakfast but had forgotten. Now she suddenly saw that Horatio might be her salvation. Whenever he came indoors he ran through the house in an excited fashion, and if that happened to get Nicholas off the phone, who would blame her? She went outdoors and, shivering, quickly unhitched the dog and led him in. His fur was soft and cold. He was glad to see her, as usual. The minute they were inside, he bounded up the stairs. She stood at the bottom, listening to Horatio's panting outside Nicholas's door, and then, sure enough, the door banged open. Nicholas was at the top of the stairs, staring down. He looked as if he had been rescuing that drowning child: dishevelled, with not an extra second to spare. "What's he doing inside?" he asked.

"It's cold out," she said. "Nicky, the Tazewells are having a dinner for Father Curnan's birthday tonight. Will you go with me?"

The sopranos soared in unison. She must have looked alarmed—surely he noticed that she had suddenly put both hands on the bannister railing—and perhaps that was why he quickly nodded yes and turned away.

BACK in the kitchen, with her boots off, Charlotte stroked the dog with one stockinged foot, and in response he shot up and went into his little routine, his famous trick. Almost complacently, he sat and extended his right paw. Then he rubbed his snout down that leg, put the paw back on the floor, and lifted and rubbed the left paw in the same fashion. He sneezed, turned twice in a circle to his left, and then came over to be patted. The trick meant nothing, of course, but it never failed as a crowd pleaser. Sometimes Charlotte had even come into a room and found him doing it all by himself. "O.K., you're wonderful," she whispered to Horatio now, scratching his ears.

She heard Nicholas's footsteps on the stairs and called, "Where are you going?" It dismayed her that he kept to himself so much. He stayed upstairs most of the day studying, or he talked on the telephone. He already had on his coat and scarf. Instead of hanging them in the hall closet, he kept them up in his room. He kept everything there, as if he were forever on the point of packing up for some quick journey.

"Back to the garage," he said. "Don't get upset. It's no big thing. I asked them yesterday if they had time to line the rear brakes, and they said they could fit me in this afternoon."

"Why would that upset me?" she said.

"Because you'd think the car was unsafe. You've always got your images of disaster."

"What are you talking about?" she said. She was addressing Christmas cards, trying to convince herself that there might be some truth to better late than never.

"When I had that broken thumb, you carried on as if I was a quadriplegic."

He was talking about the year before—a bicycling injury, when he'd skidded on some icy pavement. She shouldn't have flown out to Indiana, but she missed him and she hated the idea of his being hurt. College was the first time he had ever lived away from her. She hadn't made a scene—she had just gone there and called from a motel. (It was in the back of her mind, she had to admit now, that the trip might also be a chance for her to meet Andrea, the off-campus student who had begun to turn up in Nicholas's letters.) Nicholas was horrified that she'd come all that distance. He was fine, of course—he had a cast on his left hand was all—and he had said almost angrily that he couldn't tell her anything without eliciting a huge overreaction.

"You didn't forget the dinner, did you?" she said now.

He turned and looked at her. "We already talked about that," he said. "Seven o'clock—is that right?"

"Right," she said. She began to address another envelope, trying to pass it off.

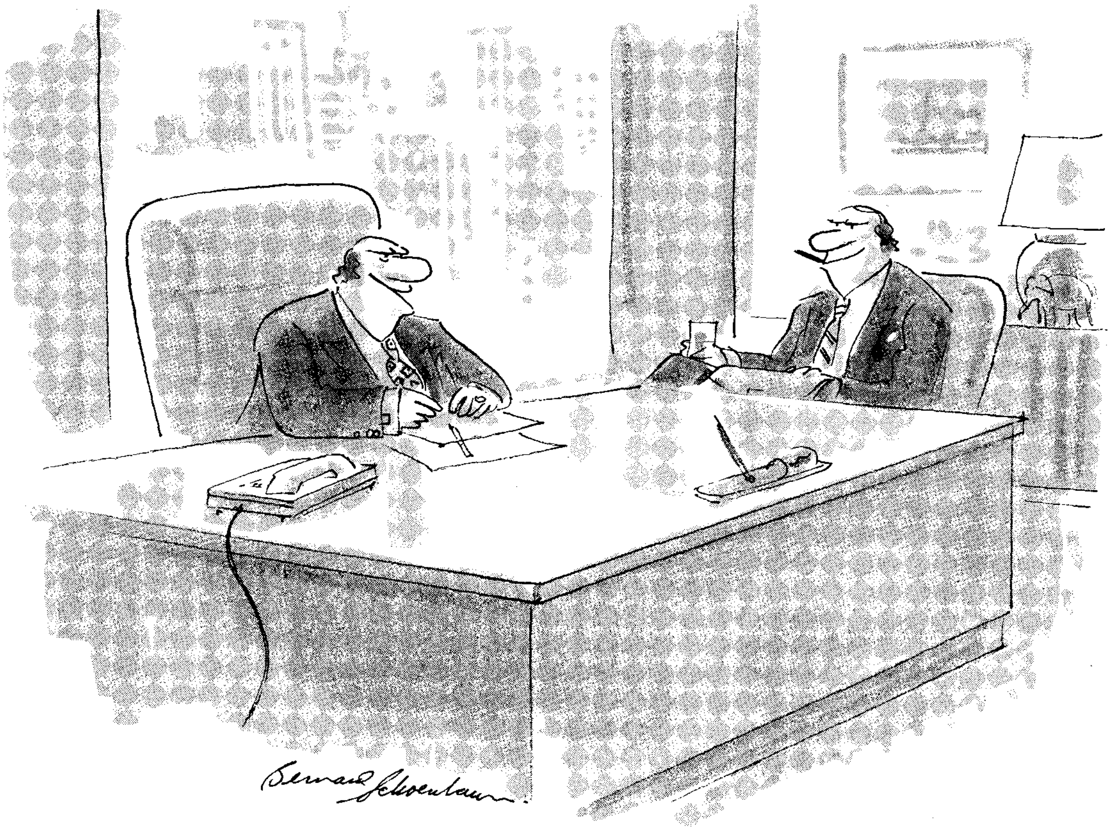
"It will take approximately one hour at the garage," he said.

Then he left—the way his father so often had left—without saying goodbye.

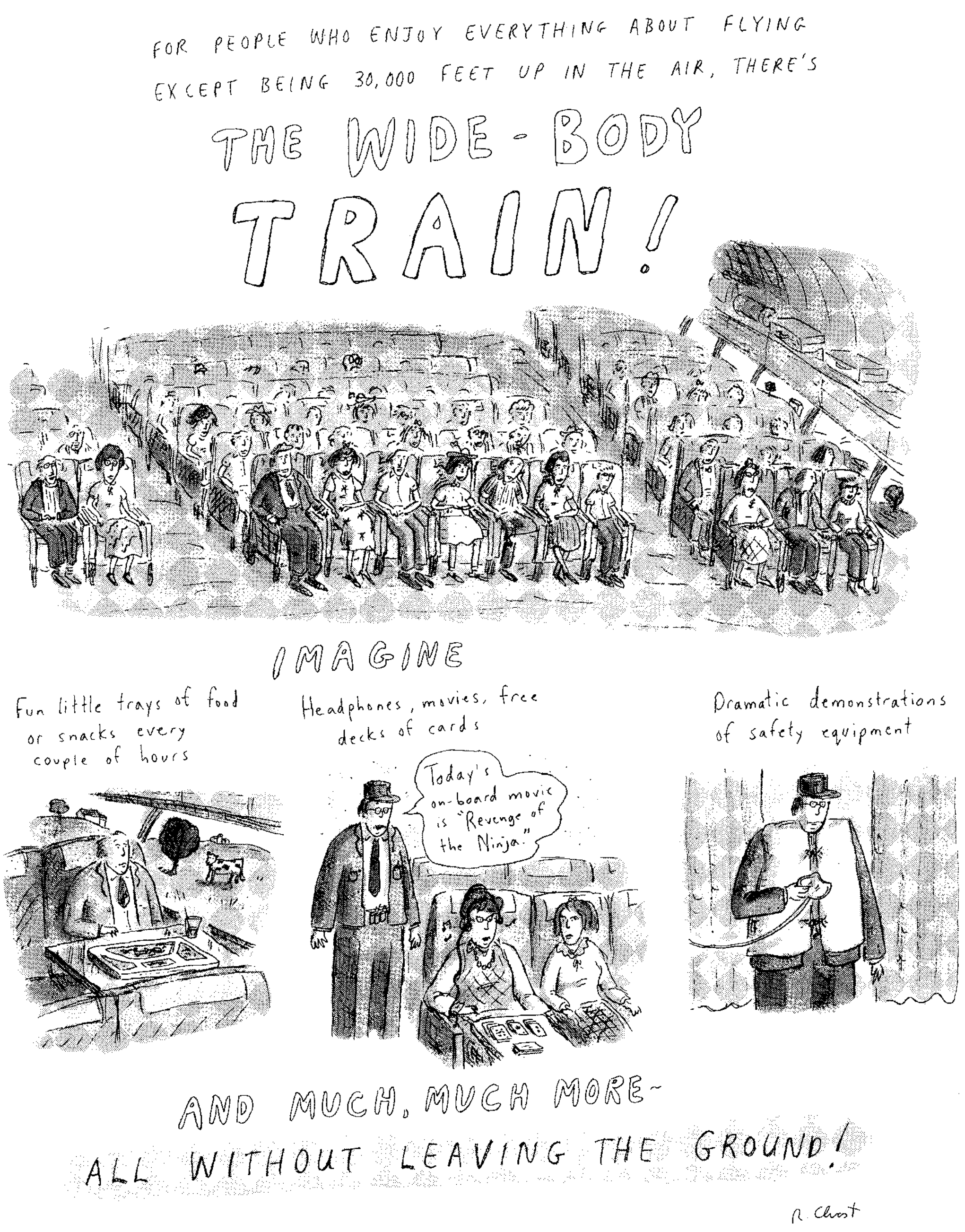
She wrote a few more cards, then called the florist's to see whether they had been able to locate bird-of-paradise flowers in New York. She wanted to send them to Martine, her oldest friend, who had just returned from a vacation in Key West to the cold winds of the upper East Side. Charlotte was happy to hear that someone had them, and that a dozen had gone out. "I thought we'd have good luck," the woman at the florist's said. "If we couldn't locate some paradise in New York, I don't know where paradise *could* be tracked down." She had a young voice—and after Charlotte hung up it occurred to her that she might have been the VanZells' daughter, who had just been hired by a florist in town after having been suspended from college because of some trouble with drugs. Charlotte clasped her hands and touched them to her lips, in one of her silent prayers to the Virgin: No drugs for Nicholas, ever. Protect my Nicholas from harm.

THE Tazewells' sunken dining room was done in Chinese red, and against the far wall there was an enormous glass china press edged in brass, illuminated from within in a way that flooded the cut glass with light. The shelves were also glass, and their edges sparkled and gleamed with a prism-bright clarity. Charlotte was pleased to see that Martin Smith, who ran the Jefferson Dreams catering service, was there himself to oversee things. People in Charlottesville followed through—even fun wasn't left totally to chance—and Charlotte liked that. Edith Stanton, the host's cousin, almost Charlotte's first friend when she had moved here to Charlottesville (she could remember their first lunch together, and Edith's considering gaze above the seafood salad: was this nice-looking new single woman who was working down at Burwell, McKee going to *fit in?*), was talking with Father Curnan. Charlotte looked hard at his face—the round, open face of an adolescent, except that there were deep lines around his eyes—and saw on it the look she called Bemused Monsignor. He could nod and smile and murmur his "not to be *believed*" as Edith went on in her breathless way (surely she was telling him again about her sessions in a bodybuilding shop for women out in Santa Barbara last summer), but his interest was feigned. Edith was not a Catholic, and she could not know the sort of complicated, surprising man Philip Curnan really was. He had told Charlotte once that after working his way through Cornell (his father had an auto-repair garage in upstate New York somewhere) he had ridden across the country on a Harley-Davidson, while searching his soul about his desire to enter the priesthood. Charlotte smiled now, remembering the confidence. Just last week he had told her that there were still times when he longed to get back on a motorcycle; his helmet was still on the top shelf in his bedroom closet.

A server passed by, and Charlotte finally got a drink. Surveying the room, she was pleased to see that



"What say, Al, we liven up the conversation and toss some numbers around?"


FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY EVERYTHING ABOUT FLYING EXCEPT BEING 30,000 FEET UP IN THE AIR, THERE'S
THE WIDE-BODY TRAIN!
IMAGINE
Fun little trays of food or snacks every couple of hours
Headphones, movies, free decks of cards
Today's on-board movie is "Revenge of the Ninja."
Dramatic demonstrations of safety equipment
AND MUCH, MUCH MORE—
ALL WITHOUT LEAVING THE GROUND!
R. Chast

Nicholas was talking to the McKays' daughter, Angela, home from Choate for Christmas. Charlotte thought of the day, a month before, when Angela's mother, Janet, had consulted with the head of Burwell, McKee about filing for legal separation from Chaz, her husband. Chaz, a lawyer himself, stood with his arm around his wife's waist, talking to a couple Charlotte didn't know. Perhaps Chaz still did not know that she had made inquiries about getting a divorce. M.L., the hostess, passed in her peach-colored gown, and Charlotte touched her shoulder and whispered, "It's wonderful. Thank you for having us." M.L. gave her a hug and said, "I must be somewhere *else* if I didn't even say hello." As she moved away, Charlotte smelled her perfume—at night, M.L. always wore Joy—and heard the rustle of silk.

Martin VanZell came up to Charlotte and began talking to her about his arthritic knee. He tapped a bottle in his breast pocket. "All doctors dote on Advil," he said. "Ask any of them. Their eyes light up. You'd think it was Lourdes in a bottle. Pull off the top, take out the cotton, and worship. I'm not kidding you." He noticed that he seemed to have caught Father Curnan's attention. "Meaning no disrespect," he said.

"Who was being slighted?" Father Curnan said. "The pharmaceutical company?" His eyes met Charlotte's for a second, and he winked before he looked away. He speared a shrimp and ate it, waving away the napkin a server extended in her other hand.

Frankie Melkins suddenly swooped in front of Charlotte, kissing the air above her cheek. Frankie had been in a bad car accident last New Year's, and had returned to the Church after Father Curnan's hospital visits. That had been much talked about, as well as the fact that the case was settled out of court, which led people to believe that Frankie had got a lot of money. As Frankie and Martin began to compare painkiller stories, Charlotte drifted away, and went to the side door, where someone had been knocking for quite some time. Oren and Billy! Oren could be such a devil. He gave drums to his nephews for Christmas and once threw rice during a party that wasn't at all like a wedding. The minute she opened the door, he gave her a bear hug.

"What on earth!" M.L. said, staring out the door after the two men had come in. "Why, I'll bet Frankie has left the cabdriver out there waiting." She began to wave her arms wildly, whistling to him. She turned to Charlotte. "Can you believe it?" she said. She looked beyond Charlotte to Frankie. "Frankie!" she called. "Were you going to leave your cabdriver out in the driveway all night? There's plenty of food. Tell him to come in and have something to eat."

Father Curnan stood talking to the host, Dan Tazewell. They were looking at the mantel, discussing a small drawing of a nude that was framed and propped there. She overheard Father Curnan lamenting the fact that the artist had recently left the art department at the university and gone back to New York to live. Charlotte accepted another drink from a server, then looked back at Father Curnan. He was scrutinizing the drawing. On her way to the bathroom, Charlotte heard Nicholas telling Angela McKay details about hand surgery, spreading his thumb and first finger wide. Angela looked at the space between his fingers as though staring at some fascinating thing squirming beneath a microscope. His hand? Had Nicholas had hand surgery?

One of the servers was coming out of the bathroom as Charlotte got to the door. She was glad it was empty, because she had had two drinks before she left the house and another at the party. She put her glass on the back of the sink before she used the toilet. What if she left the drink there? Would anyone notice and think things?

The bathroom was tiny, and the little casement window had been flipped open. Still, Charlotte could smell cigarette smoke. She reached up and pulled the window closed, hooked it, and rubbed her hand down her new black skirt. "*Wheet*," she said, imitating the sound the silk made. "Someone's in there," she heard a voice say. She took a sip of her drink, then unhooked the window and pushed it out again. The sky was black—no stars visible across the small part of the sky she could see. There was a huge wind out there, like an animal loose in the trees. She turned and began to wash her hands. The spigot reminded her of a fountain she had seen years ago in Rome, when she was first married. It had bothered her that so many things there were exaggerated but not full-form: massive marble heads—lions and gargoyles, rippling manes, mythic beasts spewing water—but whole bodies were usually to be found only on the angels and cherubs. She dried her hands. That couldn't be true—that couldn't have been what all the fountains looked like. What am I doing thinking about fountains in Rome, she thought.

When she opened the door, she saw Martin VanZell in the dim hallway, his white face a ghostly contrast to his dark pin-striped suit. "Great party, huh?" he said. She had stopped outside the door, dead center. It took her a minute to realize that she was staring, and blocking his way. "It is every year," she heard herself saying, and then he passed by and she turned toward the noise of the party. A man whose wife ran one of the nurseries on Route 29 came over as she walked down the two steps into the room. "Charlotte, you just missed my wife here, losing track again. She was telling Father Curnan—hey, he's gone off again—she thought Chernobyl was this year. It was *last* year. It happened in the spring."

"Well, I believe you," his wife said, with a false smile. "Why were you bringing it up, Arthur?"

Nicholas came up to Charlotte just as the host rang a bell and everyone fell silent.

"It's not Santa. It's the annual ringing out of one year for Father Curnan and a ringing in of the new," the host said cheerfully. He rang the bell again. "Because today he's our birthday boy again, and if he's going to keep getting older we're going to keep noticing it."

Father Curnan raised his glass, blushing. "Thank you all—" he began, but the host clanged the bell again, drowning him out. "Oh, no you don't. You don't make us take time out from the party to hear a speech," the host said. "Time for that on Sunday, Philip, when you've got your captive audience. But happy birthday, Father Phil, and on with the ball!" People laughed and cheered.

Charlotte saw that someone's glass had made a white ring on the tabletop between two mats that had been put there. Janet's husband came up and started to talk about the cost of malpractice insurance, and then Charlotte felt Nicholas's hand on her elbow. "It's late," he said. "We should go." She started to introduce him to Janet's husband, but Nicholas steered them away and into a bedroom where two temporary clothes racks stood bulging with coats and furs. More coats made a great mound on the bed. Then suddenly she and Nicholas were standing with M.L. at the courtyard door, saying goodbye as they struggled into their coats and scarves. It was not until the door closed that Charlotte realized that she had not said a single word to Father Curnan. She turned and looked back at the house.

"Come on," Nicholas said. "He didn't even notice."

"Did you speak to him?" Charlotte said.

"No," Nicholas said. "I have nothing to say to him." He was walking toward their car, at the foot of the drive. She looked up.

"I only asked," she said.

He was too far ahead of her to hear. He held open the car door, and she got inside. He crossed in front of the car, and she realized that for some reason he was upset.

"All right," he said, getting in and slamming his door. "You're wronged. You're always wronged. Would you like it if I left the engine running and we both went back in and said good night to Father Curnan? Because that would be entirely proper. I could bow and you could curtsy."

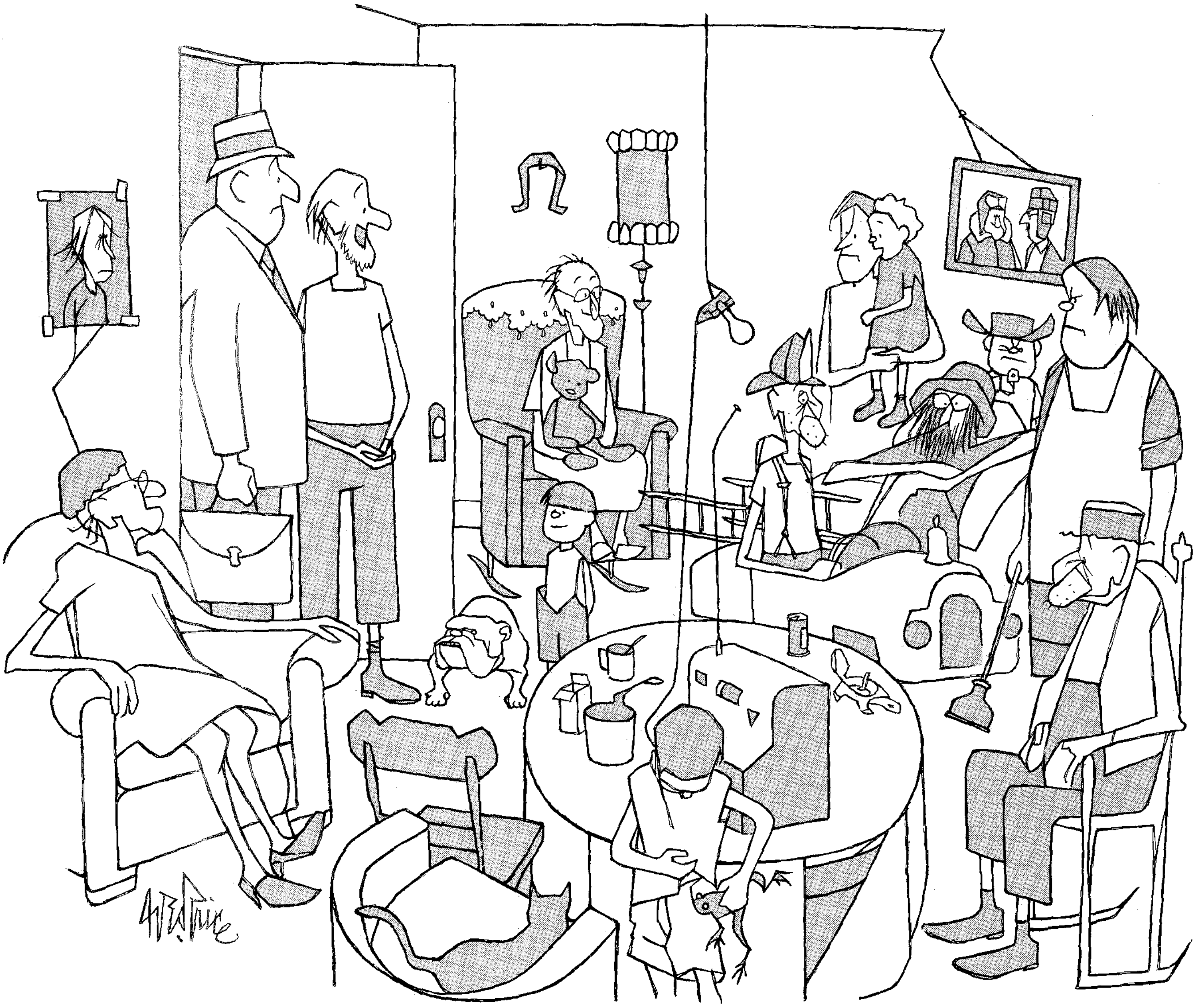
Charlotte wouldn't have thought that at that moment there was an emotion she could feel stronger than frus-

CHIMES

But the vines are alien in leaf,
tulips wax down the path
to the lake where water balances wood canoes
in silence. Time passes. All she may touch—
cloth hat, wooden spoon, china angel—
chimes the hour that passes
while the self fills with time. Time
has a law-abiding surface, exquisite
consciousness of gravity. Assignation—
yellow sky of glass in the greenhouse,
the intervals between the trees
the eye of Pan, the musk of his lovers steams
through the hothouse pipes. To be touched
by the sense of flowers. To stand at the cliff's
edge, to know to plummet but believe
to spirit through the air to the horizon
where far and blue are hazy at the edges.

—LAURA JENSEN

* * *



"Are we all ready for an energy survey by Con Ed?"

• •

tration. Wouldn't have thought it until she realized that what was smothering her was sadness. "No," she said quietly. "You're entirely right. He didn't even notice that we left."

THE telephone rang twice, interrupting their Christmas Eve ceremony of tea and presents. Nicholas had been nice to her all day—even taking her out to lunch and trying to make her laugh by telling her stories about a professor of his who delivered all his lectures in the interrogative—because he knew he had jumped on her the night before, leaving the party. Each time the phone rang, Charlotte hoped it wasn't Andrea, because then he would drift away and be gone for ages. The first call was from Martine in New York, overjoyed by the flowers; the next was from M.L., to wish them a good Christmas and to say that she was sorry she had not really got to talk to them amid the confusion of the party.

Nicholas gave her a cashmere scarf and light-blue leather gloves. She gave him subscriptions to *Granta* and *Manhattan, inc.*, a heavy sweater with a hood, and a hundred-dollar check to get whatever else he wanted. His father gave him a paperweight that had belonged to his grandfather, and a wristwatch that would apparently function even when launched from a rocket pad. When Nicholas went into the kitchen to boil up more water, she slid over on the couch and glanced at the gift card. It said, "Love, Dad," in Edward's nearly illegible script. Nicholas returned and opened his last present, which was from Melissa, his stepsister. It was a cheap ballpoint pen with a picture of a woman inside. When you turned the pen upside down her clothes disappeared.

"How old is Melissa?" Charlotte asked.

"Twelve or thirteen," he said.

"Does she look like her mother?"

"Not much," Nicholas said. "But she's really her sister's kid, and I never saw her sister."

"Her sister's child?" Charlotte took a sip of her tea, which was laced with bourbon. She held it in her mouth a second before swallowing.

"Melissa's mother killed herself when Melissa was just a baby. I guess her father didn't want her. Anyway, he gave her up."

"Her sister killed herself?" Charlotte said. She could feel her eyes widening. Suddenly she remembered the night before, the open window in the bathroom, the black sky, wind smacking her in the face.

"Awful, huh?" Nicholas said, lifting the tea bag out of the mug and lowering it to the saucer. “Hey, did I shock you? How come you didn’t know that? I thought you were the one with a sense for disaster.”

“What do you mean? I don’t expect disaster. I didn’t know anything at all about Melissa. Naturally—”

“I know you don’t know anything about her,” he said, cutting her off. “Look—don’t get mad at me, but I’m going to say this, because I think you aren’t aware of what you do. You don’t ask anything, because you’re afraid of what every answer might be. It makes people reluctant to talk to you. Nobody wants to tell you things.”

She took another sip of tea, which had gone tepid. Specks of loose tea leaves had floated to the top. “People talk to me,” she said.

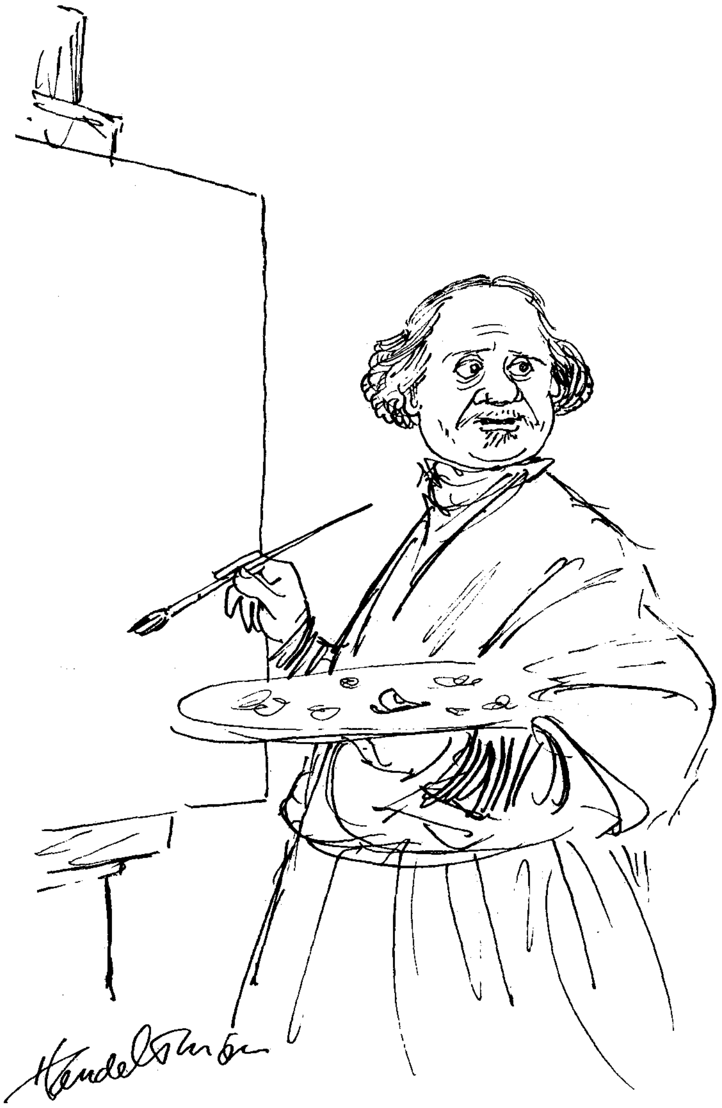
“I know they do,” he said. “I’m not criticizing you. I’m just telling you that if you give off those vibes people are going to back off.”

“Who backs off?” she said.

“Charlotte, I don’t know everything about your life. I’m just telling you that you’ve never asked one thing about Dad’s family in—what is it? Eleven years. You don’t even mention my stepmother by name, ever. Her name is Joan. You don’t want to know things, that’s all.”

He kicked a ball of wrapping paper away from his foot. “Let’s drop it,” he said. “What I’m saying is that you’re always worried. You always think something’s going to happen.”

She started to speak, but took another drink instead. Maybe all mothers seemed oppressive when their children were teen-agers. Didn’t everyone say that parents could hardly do anything right during those years? That was what Father Curnan said—that although we may always try to do our best, we can’t always expect to succeed. She wished Father Curnan were here right now. The whole evening would be different.



“Hendrickje, I feel another self-portrait coming on. Bring in the funny hats.”

“Don’t start sulking,” Nicholas said. “You’ve been pissed off at me since last night, because I wouldn’t go over and glad-hand Father Curnan. I hardly know him. I went to the party with you because you wanted me to. I don’t practice anymore. I’m not a Catholic anymore. I don’t believe what Father Curnan believes. Just because twenty years ago he had some doubt in his life and sorted it out, you think he’s a hero. I don’t think he’s a hero. I don’t care what he decided. That’s fine for him, but it doesn’t have anything to do with me.”

“I never mention your loss of faith,” she said. “Never. We don’t discuss it.”

“You don’t have to say anything. What’s awful is that you let me know that I’ve scared you. It’s like I deliberately did something to you.”

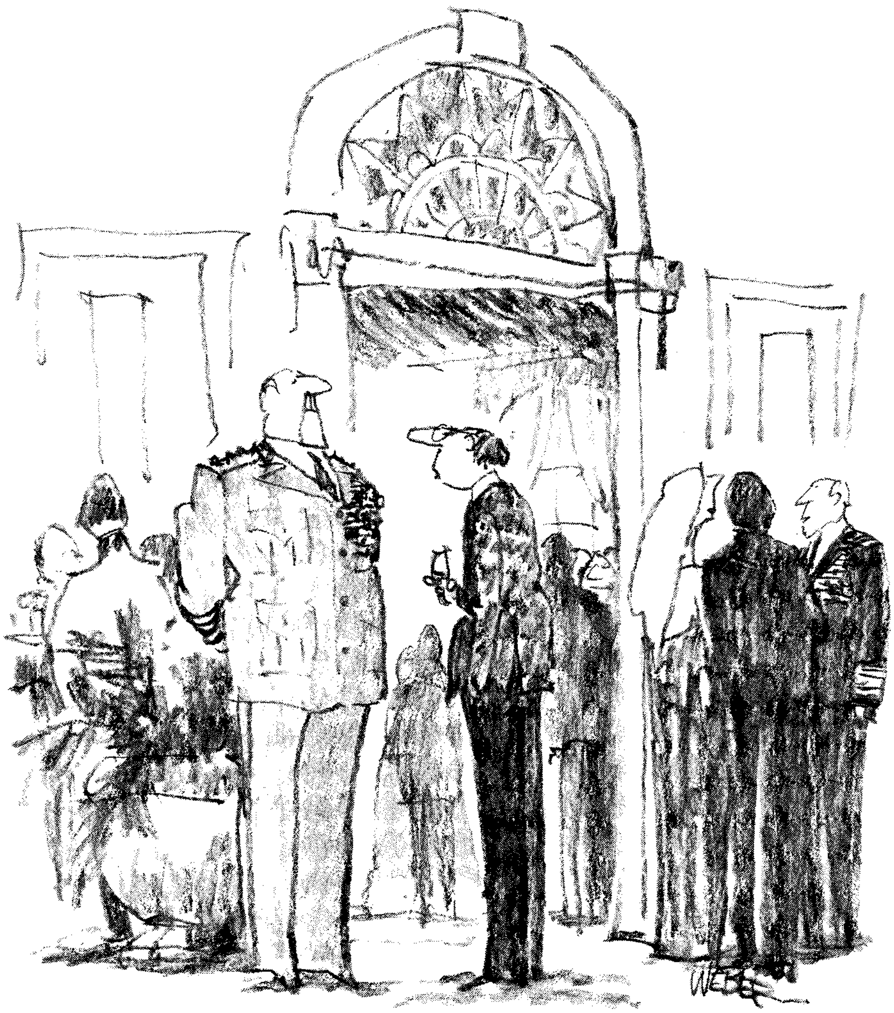
“What would you have me do?” she said. “How good an actress do you think I can be? I *do* worry. You don’t give me credit for trying.”

“You don’t give *me* credit,” he said. “I don’t get credit for putting up with Dad’s crap because I came to Virginia to be with you instead of going to his house. If I go to a stupid party for some priest who condescends to me by letter and says he’ll pray for my soul, I don’t get credit from you for going because you wanted me there. It never occurs to you. Instead I get told that I didn’t shake his hand on the way out. If I had told you that the car was driving funny before I got it fixed, you would have bitten your nails some more and refused to ride in it. I wish you’d stop being scared. I wish you’d just stop.”

She put the mug on the table and looked at him. He’s a grown man, she thought. Taller than his father. Nicholas shook his head and walked out of the room. She heard him stomp upstairs. In a few minutes, the music began. He was playing rock, not Christmas music, and her heart seemed to pick up the relentless beat of the bass. Nicholas had scored his point. She was just sitting there, scared to death.

THE sound jolted through her dream: once, twice, again. And then it awakened her. When she opened her eyes, it took her a minute to realize that she was in the living room—in a chair, not in bed—and that she had been dreaming. The loud music had become part of her dream. She was squinting. Light flooded part of the living room—a painful brightness as constant as the noise. Out of the area of light she saw the shapes of crumpled gift wrappings by the tree. She passed one hand over her forehead, attempting to soothe the pain. The dog looked up from across the room. He yawned and walked over to the footstool beside her, wagging his tail.

The noise continued. It was from outside. A



"Our real first line of defense, wouldn't you agree, is our capacity to reason."

• •

high-pitched squeal resonated in her chest. It had been snowing earlier. It must have gone on snowing. Someone's car was stuck out there.

The dog padded with her to the front window. Beyond the huge oak tree in the front yard, there was a car at an odd angle, with its headlights aimed toward the house. A front and back wheel were up on the hill. Whoever was driving had missed the turn and skidded onto her property. There was a man bending over by the side of the car. Somebody else, in the driver's seat, gunned the engine and wheels spun again. "Wait for me to move! Wait till I'm out of the way, for Christ's sake," the man outside the car hollered. The wheels screamed again, drowning out the rest of what he said.

Charlotte got her coat from the hall closet and snapped on the outside light. She nudged the dog back inside, and went carefully down the front walkway. Snow seeped into one shoe.

"What's going on?" she called, clasping her hands across her chest.

"Nothin'," the man said, as if all this were the most normal thing in the world. "I'm trying to give us something to roll back on, so's we can get some traction."

She looked down and saw a large piece of flagstone from her wall jammed under one back wheel. Again the man raced the engine.

"He's gonna get it," the man said.

"Do you want me to call a tow truck?" she said, shivering.

There were no lights in any nearby windows. She could not believe that she was alone in this, that half the neighborhood was not awake.

"We got it! We got it!" the man said, crouching as the driver raced the engine again. The tire screamed on the flagstone, but the car did not move. Suddenly she smelled something sweet—liquor on the man's breath. The man sprang up and banged on the car window. "Ease up, ease up, God damn it," he said. "Don't you know how to drive?"

The driver rolled down the window and began to curse. The other man hit his hand on the roof of the car. Again, the driver gassed it and tires spun and screamed.

For the first time, she felt frightened. The man began to tug at the door on the driver's side, and Charlotte turned away and walked quickly toward the house. This has got to stop, she thought. *It has got to stop.* She opened the door. Horatio was looking at her. It was as though he had been waiting and now he simply wanted an answer.

Above the screeching of tires, she heard her voice, speaking into the telephone, giving the police the information and her address. Then she stepped farther back into the dark kitchen, over on the left side, where she could not be seen through the front windows or through the glass panels that stretched to each side of the front door. She could hear both men yelling. Where was Nicholas? How could he still be asleep? She hoped that the dog wouldn't bark and wake him, now that he'd managed to sleep through so much. She took a glass out of the cabinet and started toward the shelf where she kept the bourbon, but then stopped, realizing that she might be seen. She pulled open the refrigerator door and found an opened bottle of wine. She pulled the cork out and filled the glass half full and took a long drink.

Someone knocked on the door. Could it be the police—so soon? How could they have come so quickly and silently? She wasn't sure until, long after the knocking stopped, she peered down the hallway and saw, through the narrow rectangle of glass, a police car with its revolving red and blue light.

At almost the same instant, she touched something on her chest and looked down, surprised. It was Santa: a small pin, in the shape of Santa's head, complete with a little red hat, pudgy cheeks, and a ripply white plastic beard. A tiny cord with a bell at the bottom dangled from it. Nicholas must have gone back to the store where they had seen it on his first day home. She had pointed it out on a tray of Christmas pins and ornaments. She told him she'd had the exact same pin—the Santa's head, with a bell—back when she was a girl. He must have gone back to the store later to buy it.

She tiptoed upstairs in the dark, and the dog followed. Nicholas was snor-

Scene from Dickens

• •

ing in his bedroom. She went down the hall to her room, at the front of the house, and, without turning on the light, sat on her bed to look out the nearest window at the scene below. The man she had spoken to was emptying his pockets onto the hood of the police car. She saw the beam of the policeman's flashlight sweep up and down his body, watched while he unbuttoned his coat and pulled it open wide in response to something the policeman said. The other man was being led to the police car. She could hear his words—"my car, *it's my car*, I tell you"—but she couldn't make out whole sentences, couldn't figure out what the driver was objecting to so strongly. When both men were in the car, one of the policemen turned and began to walk toward the house. She got up quickly and went downstairs, one hand sliding along the slick banister; the dog came padding down behind her.

She opened the door just before the policeman knocked. Cold flooded the hallway. She saw steam coming out of the car's exhaust pipe. There was steam from her own breath, and the policeman's.

"Could I come in, Ma'am?" he asked, and she stood back and then shut the door behind him, closing out the cold. The dog was on the landing.

"He's real good, or else he's not a guard dog to begin with," the policeman said. His cheeks were red. He was younger than she had thought at first.

"They were going to keep that racket up all night," she said.

"You did the right thing," he said. His head bent, he began to fill out a form on his clipboard. "I put down about fifty dollars of damage to your wall," he said.

She said nothing.

"It didn't do too much damage," the policeman said. "You can call in the morning and get a copy of this report if you need it."

"Thank you," she said.

He touched his cap. "Less fun than digging out Santa and his reindeer," he said, looking back at the car, tilted onto the lawn. "Have a good Christmas, Ma'am," he said.

He turned and left, and she closed the door. With the click, she remembered everything. Earlier in the evening she had gone upstairs to tell Nicholas that she was sorry they had ended up in a quarrel on Christmas Eve. She had said she wanted him to come back downstairs. She had said it through the closed door, pleading with him, with her mouth close to the blank white panel of wood. When the door opened at last, and she saw Nicholas standing there in his pajamas, she had braced herself by touching her fingers to the doorframe, shocked to realize that he was real, and that he was there. He was looking into her eyes—a person she had helped to create—and yet when he wasn't present seeing him in her mind would have been as strange as visualizing a Christmas ornament out of season.

Nicholas's hair was rumpled, and he looked at her with a tired, exasperated frown. "Charlotte," he said, "why didn't you come up hours ago? I went down and let the dog in. You've been out like a light half the night. Nobody's supposed to say that you drink. Nobody's supposed to see you. If you don't ask any questions, we're supposed to stop noticing you. Nobody's supposed to put you on the spot, are they? You only talk to Father Curnan, and he prays for you."

Downstairs in the dark hallway now, she shuddered, remembering how she had felt when he said that. She had gone back downstairs and huddled in the chair—all right, she had had too much to drink—but it was she who had woken up and been alert to squealing tires and people screaming, and Nicholas who had slept. Also, she thought, relief suddenly sweeping through her, he couldn't have been as angry as he seemed. He must have put the pin on her coat after the party—after their words in the car—or even when he came downstairs to let Horatio in and had seen her asleep or passed out in the chair. He must have pinned it onto her lapel when the coat still hung in the closet, so she would find it there the next day. She had found it early, inadvertently, when she went out to investigate the car and the noise.

She looked at the dog. He was watching her, as usual.

"Are you real good, or not a guard dog to begin with?" she whispered. Then she pulled the cord. Santa's face lit up. She pulled the cord again, several times, smiling as the dog watched. Over her shoulder, she looked at the kitchen clock. It was three-fifty Christmas morning.

"Come on," she whispered, pulling the cord another time. "I've done my trick. Now you do yours."

—Ann Beattie

•

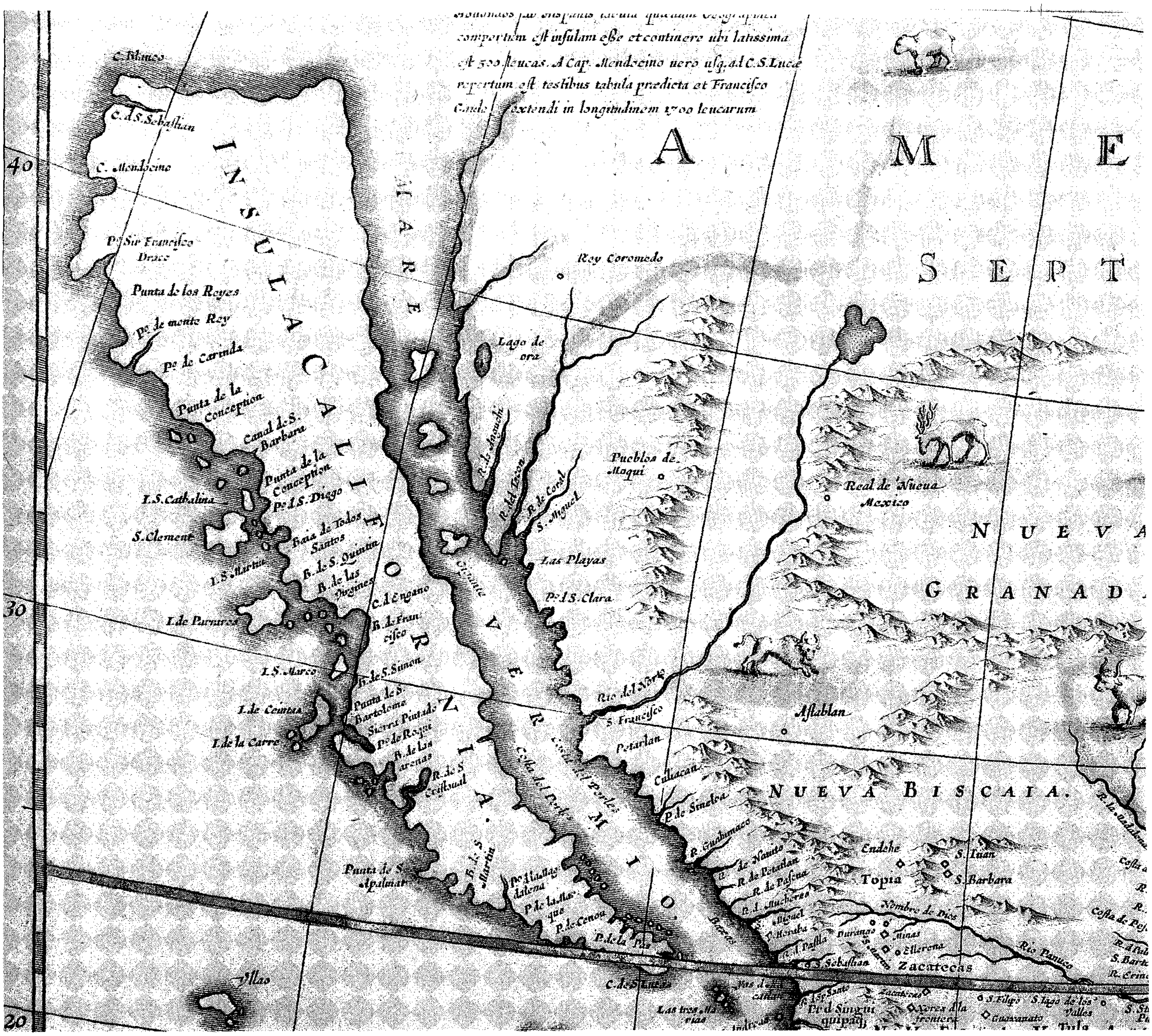
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

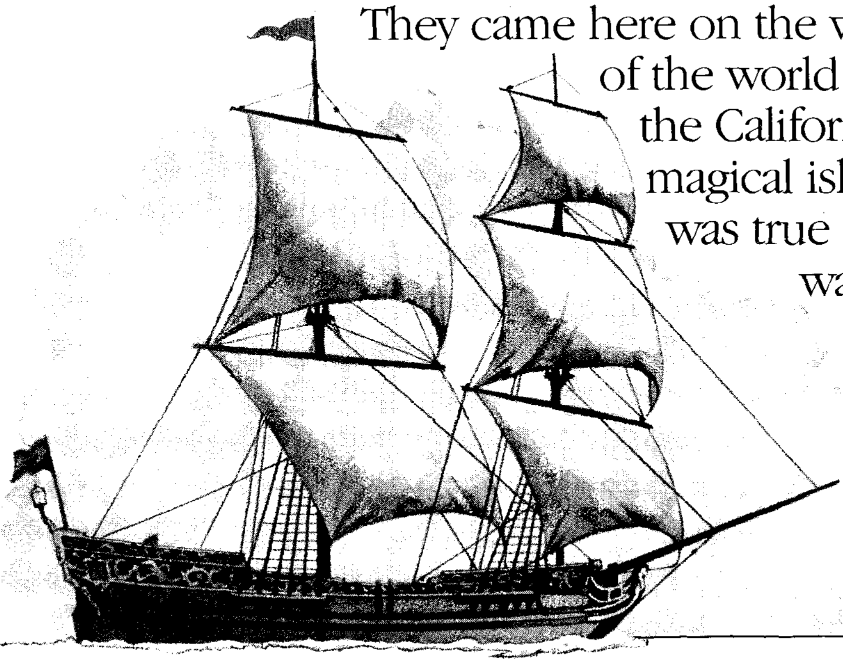
[*Tony Kornheiser in the Washington Post*]

But scab labor is a cynic's marketplace: Brought in on a whisper and dangled like fish bait, they inherit the wind.

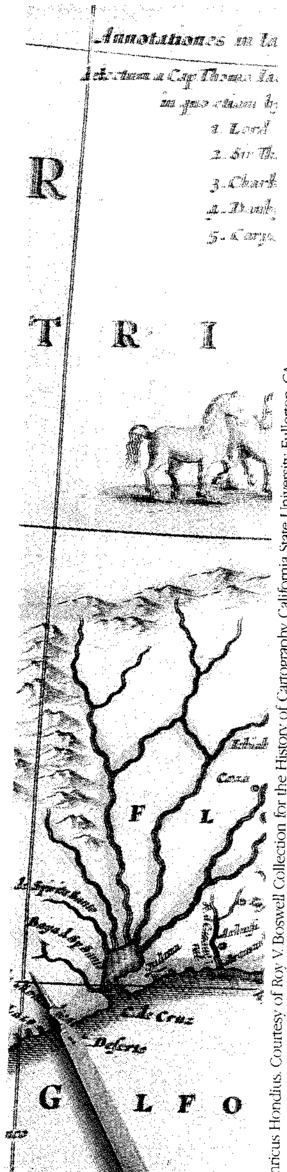
"Know then, that on the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called California, very close to the side of the Terrestial Paradise. The island was the strongest in all the world, with its steep cliffs and rocky shores. On the whole island, there was no metal but gold."

from a translation of "Las Sergas de Esplandian" by Garcia Rodriguez Ordonex, circa 1510.

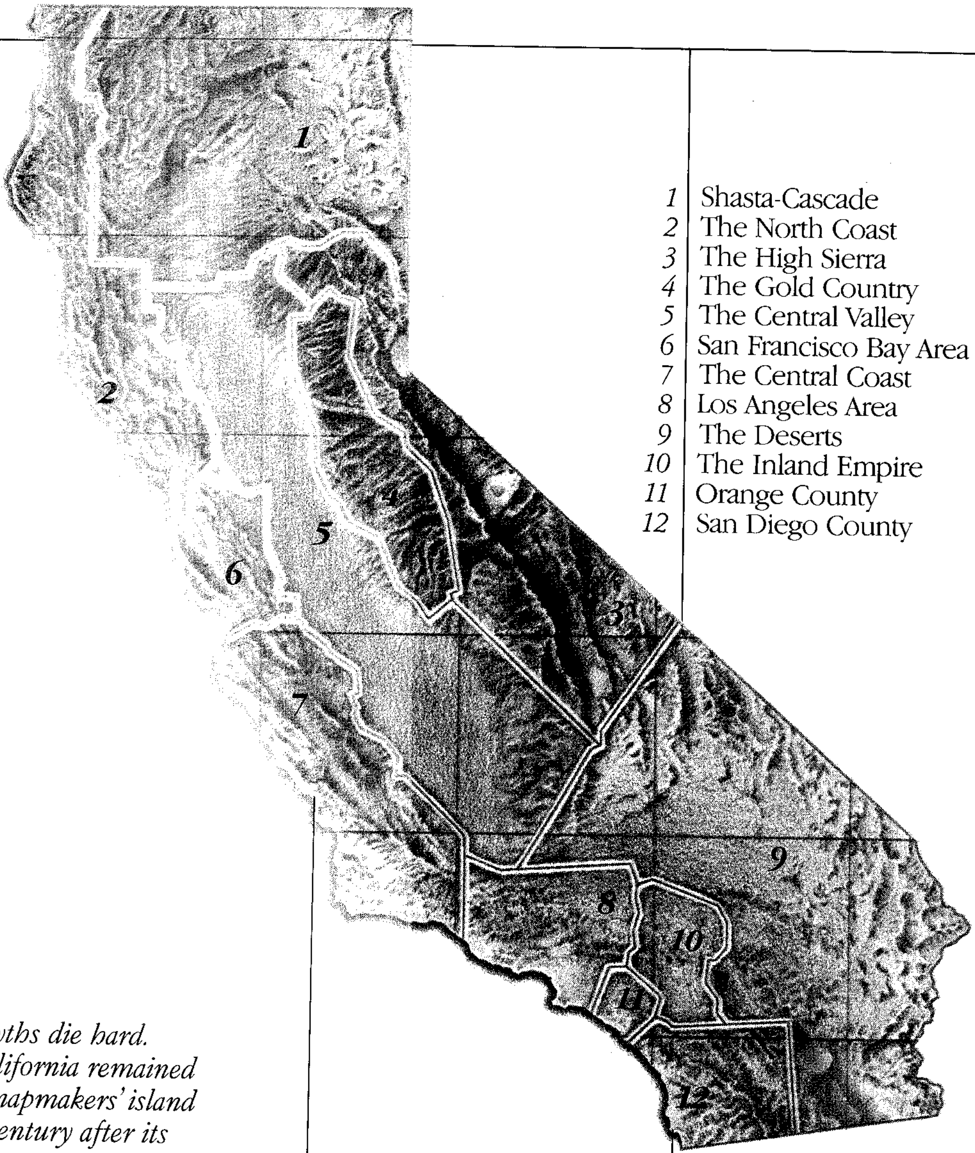

comportum est insulam esse et continere ubi latissima
est 500 leucas. A Cap. Mendocino uero usq. ad C.S.Lucę
repertum est testibus tabula prædicta et Francisco
Gaule extendi in longitudinem 1700 leucarum
A M E
C. Blanco
C. d S. Sebastian
C. Mendocino
40
INSULA CALIFORNIA
MARE VERMEIO
Pº Sir Francisco Drace
Punta de los Reyes
Pº de monte Rey
Pº de Carinda
Punta de la Concepcion
Canal de S. Barbara
Punta de la Concepcion
Pº d S. Diego
I. S. Cathalina
S. Clement
Baia de Todos Santos
B. de S. Quintin
B. de las Virgines
I. S. Martin
C. d Engano
B. d Francisco
I. de Parmros
30
B. de S. Simon
I. S. Marco
Punta de S. Bartolome
Sierra Pintada
Pº de Rogui
B. de las arenas
I. de Ceintas
I. de la Carre
B. de S. Cristoual
Punta de S. Apalmar
Pº Madalena
B. d S. Martin
P. de la Marque
P. de Cenou
P. de la Paz
C. de S. Luca
Ylloa
20
Rey Coromedo
Lago de ora
R. del Tecon
R. de Coral
S. Miguel
Las Playas
Pº d S. Clara
Costa del Perles
Rio del Norte
S. Francisco
Petarlan
Culiacan
P. de Sinaloa
R. Guabimaco
Pueblos de Moqui
S E P T
Real de Nueua Mexico
NUEVA GRANAD
Aslablan
NUEVA BISCAIA.
Endehe
S. Iuan
Topia
S. Barbara
Nombre de Dios
Durango
Minas
Ellerena
Zacatecas
Rio Panuco
Las tres Marias
Pº d Singui
S. Filipe
S. Iago de los Valles
Guanaxato
Tula



They came here on the wind from the other side of the world in swift, tiny ships, bringing the California myth with them: A magical island. A paradise. The myth was true as far as it went. But there wasn't one California. There were twelve.

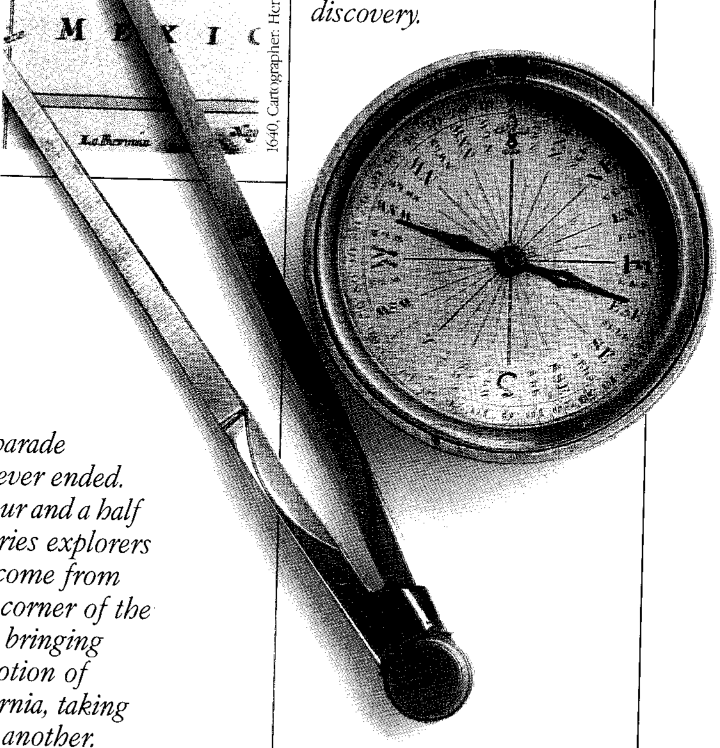


1640, Cartographer: Henricus Hondius. Courtesy of Roy V. Boswell Collection for the History of Cartography, California State University, Fullerton, CA.

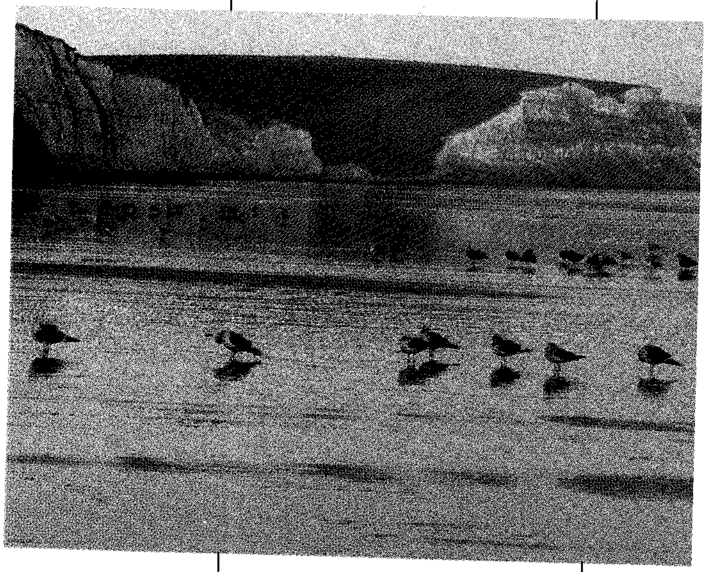


1	Shasta-Cascade
2	The North Coast
3	The High Sierra
4	The Gold Country
5	The Central Valley
6	San Francisco Bay Area
7	The Central Coast
8	Los Angeles Area
9	The Deserts
10	The Inland Empire
11	Orange County
12	San Diego County

*Myths die hard.
California remained
a mapmakers' island
a century after its
discovery.*

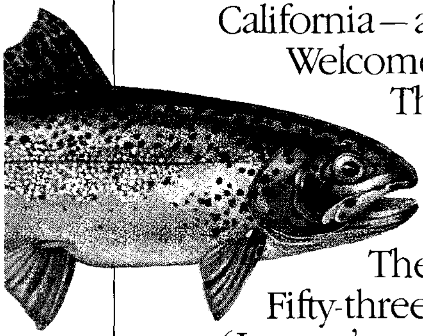


*parade
ever ended.
our and a half
uries explorers
come from
corner of the
, bringing
notion of
ornia, taking
e another.*



*How many Californias
have you discovered?*

The Indians won.



It's a very special corner of the world—the top, right-hand corner of California—above the valleys, past the cities, away from the crowd.

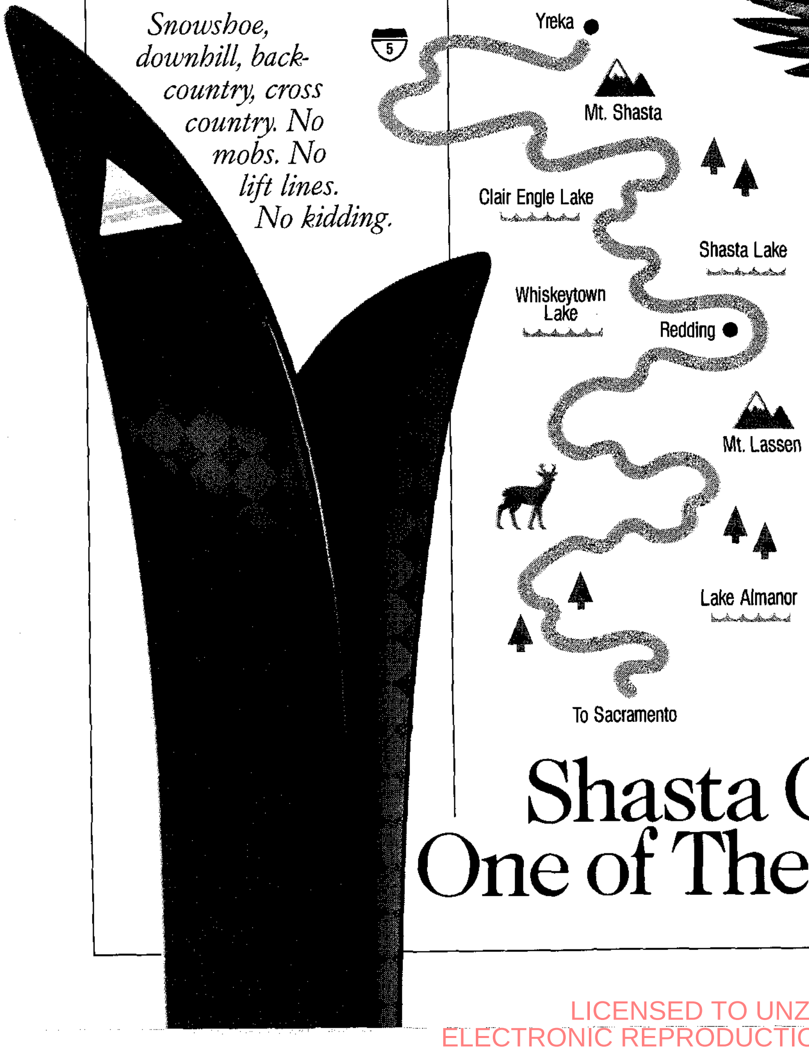
Welcome to Shasta Cascade.

This is the land of the eagle and the bear, of Brewer's Spruce and Ponderosa Pine and Incense Cedar, of steelhead and salmon, ice caves and lava tubes and huge wild rivers that hide in the forests.

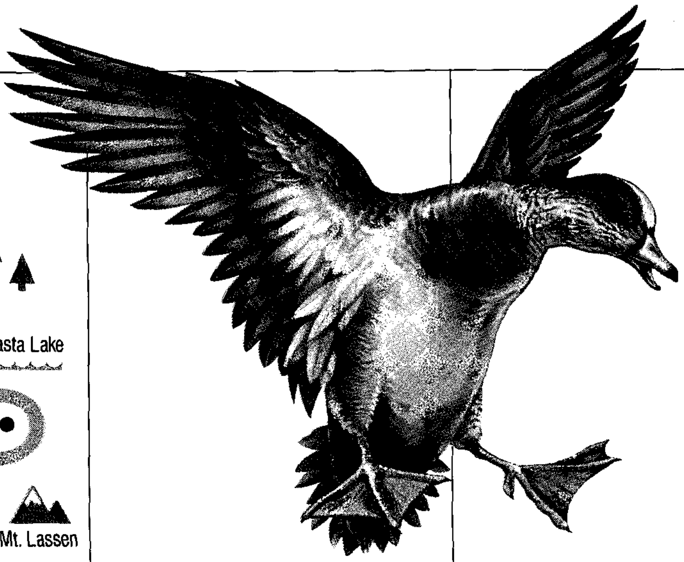
The only Indian war in California was fought here in 1873. Fifty-three Modoc braves took on the United States Army. And won. (It wasn't a victory they enjoyed for long, progress being what it was in those days. But they won. You can look it up.)

There are enormous man-made water skiing-bass fishing-houseboating lakes here. There's a shrine the Chinese built a century ago. And rock paintings that someone made a thousand years ago. But, most of all, there is the land as it was.

If you've ever wondered what the world would be like if the Indians had won, come to Shasta Cascade.



Snowshoe, downhill, back-country, cross country. No mobs. No lift lines. No kidding.



The first tourists here every autumn ar the original snowbird canvasbacks, Canada geese, mergansers, pintails, snow geese and widgeons, to nam a million.

Shasta Cascade: One of The Californias.®

Every time you look up, there's Mount Shasta. All fourteen thousand and more feet of it. (You look at it. It looks at you. You move, it moves.) In this land of the 100-mile skyline, Shasta always seems to be there, in the center of things.

[illegible] the shade of a mile high granite fortress. Sleep by a waterfall. You'll love our user-friendly state parks at Castle Crags and Burney Falls.

CALIFORNIA
STATE PARK SYSTEM

Black Bart would take the stagecoach strongbox and leave an original verse. Finally apprehended, he got five years in San Quentin for twenty-eight robberies and an unspecified number of terrible poems.

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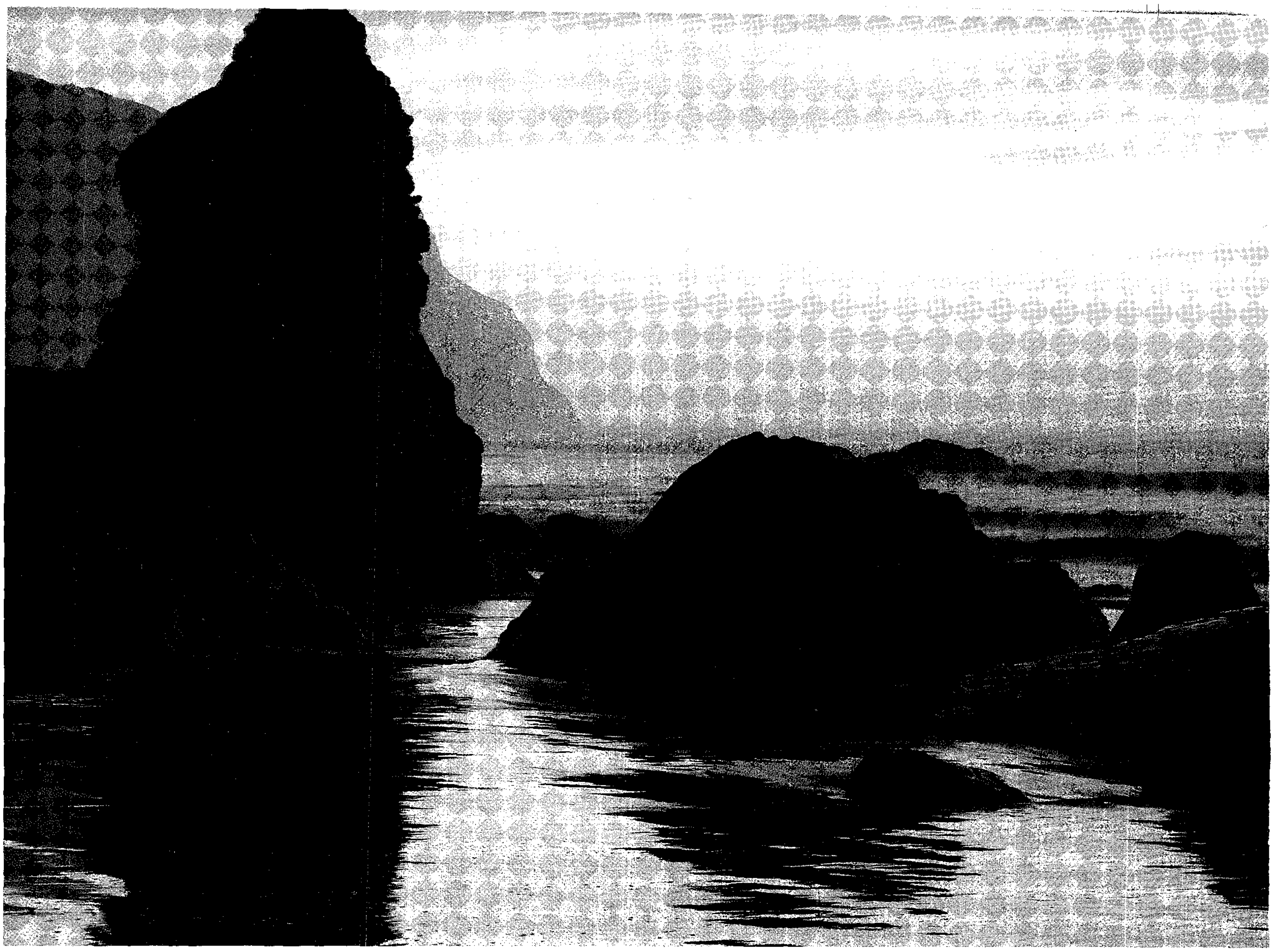


The Russians were here! The Russians were here!

Have you ever made the only footprints on a beach? Have you ever stood in a forest, in the middle of a thousand square miles of silence?

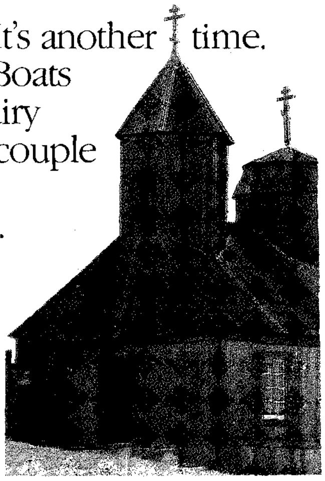
Come to the North Coast. It's not another part of California. It's another time.

Breakfast is steak and three eggs. Suntans stop at the wrist. Boats are wood. Experience counts. Work is outside: timber, fishing, dairy farming, ranching. Inside is for fireplaces and talk with that new couple who moved here twelve years ago.

The Russians came in 1812 and stayed for about thirty years. But when the sea otter and the fur seal began to disappear, they picked up their samovars and went home.

Did you ever fight a twelve pound steelhead? Would you like to meet the artist whose painting you just bought?

Come to the North Coast. And bring a friend.



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Crescent City
Eureka
Avenue of the Giants
101
Leggett
Cummings
1
Mendocino
Laytonville
Bodega Bay
Fort Ross
San Francisco

What has eight legs and a huge smile? Your family and a table full of Dungeness crab.

The New Englanders took one look at this coastline, and knew they were home. (Except that the sun ran backwards.)

Bed & Breakfast & More Breakfast. Wood fire. Kerosene lamp. Down pillow. Were we going somewhere today?

One of the original residents, the Sequoia Sempervirens. Been here since the dinosaurs.

Fort Ross. The commandant's wife was a princess. Really. Princess Helena Gargarin Kuskov. She brought a grand piano and left a rose garden.

The North Coast: One of The Californias.®

Don't just sit there. Do something

Ski a thousand miles of powder. Fly down a river. Walk on a cloud. Ride a horse. Catch a trout. Sleep in the sky. Go jump in a lake.

Come to the High Sierra, the big island in the sky.

Four hundred miles long. One mile high. Or higher. Three national parks, eight national forests, five national wildernesses, a thousand lakes.

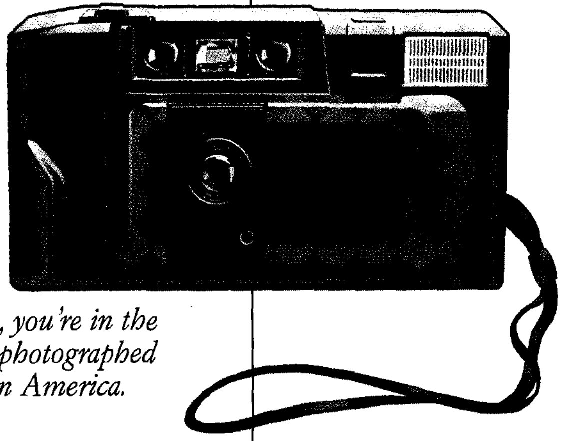
Rediscover your nose. You know. That whatchamacallit in the middle of your face. Your nose. You could learn to tell the difference between pine and cedar and redwood with your eyes closed.

Camp out. Pack in. Sail, schuss, soak. Yell down a mountain. Hear your heart. Memorize a million stars.

Read John Muir. "God always seems to be doing His best here."

Roughing it is out. You can pack in to back country with your best crystal and china, if you wish. The mules don't care.

You can peak bag, jam, stem, crack climb, face climb, top rope and rappel here at the home of The Original Hard Rock: El Capitan.



Smile, you're in the most photographed spot in America.

The High Sierra:
One of The Californias.®

Mammoth Lakes and Tahoe and Central Sierra. And downhill and cross country. Two hundred and twelve ski lifts and tows.

Lake Tahoe
Yosemite National Park
Mammoth Lakes
Kings Canyon National Park
Sequoia National Park
Owens Lake
Mt. Whitney

The 212 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail from Yosemite to Mount Whitney is called the John Muir Trail. Nice name.

Californias, here I come!

Now there's a free 144-page travel guide that takes a fresh look at California – divides it into a dozen different regions, each with its own special surprises.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

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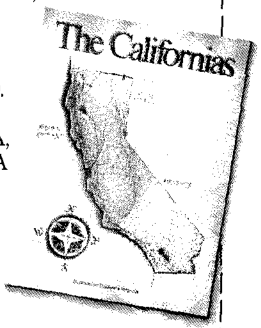
The Californias

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Skinny roads, fat skies and ghosts.

The roads are wider than the first wagon trails, wider than the old railroad rights of way. But not by much.

The big highways are the original ones: the Tuolumne, Merced, American and Stanislaus rivers that tumble out of the Sierra toward the Pacific.

In 1848, four hundred settlers came here, to farm, to trap. In 1849, ninety thousand showed up. They'd heard about gold.

No people on earth left a better written history than the Forty-Niners. It's all there in the names of the gold towns:

Rough & Ready. Confidence. Snow Tent. Poison Lake. Poverty Hill. French Corral, Chinese Camp, Spanish Dry Diggings. Dutch Flat.

Have you ever panned for gold? Or walked into a saloonful of Tiffany glass? Or slept in a hundred year old bed?

Have you ever wondered about Californians – about their exasperating optimism?

Come see where it all began.

For a free pocket guide to all The Californias, call 1-800-TO-CALIF Ext. 238A, or write:
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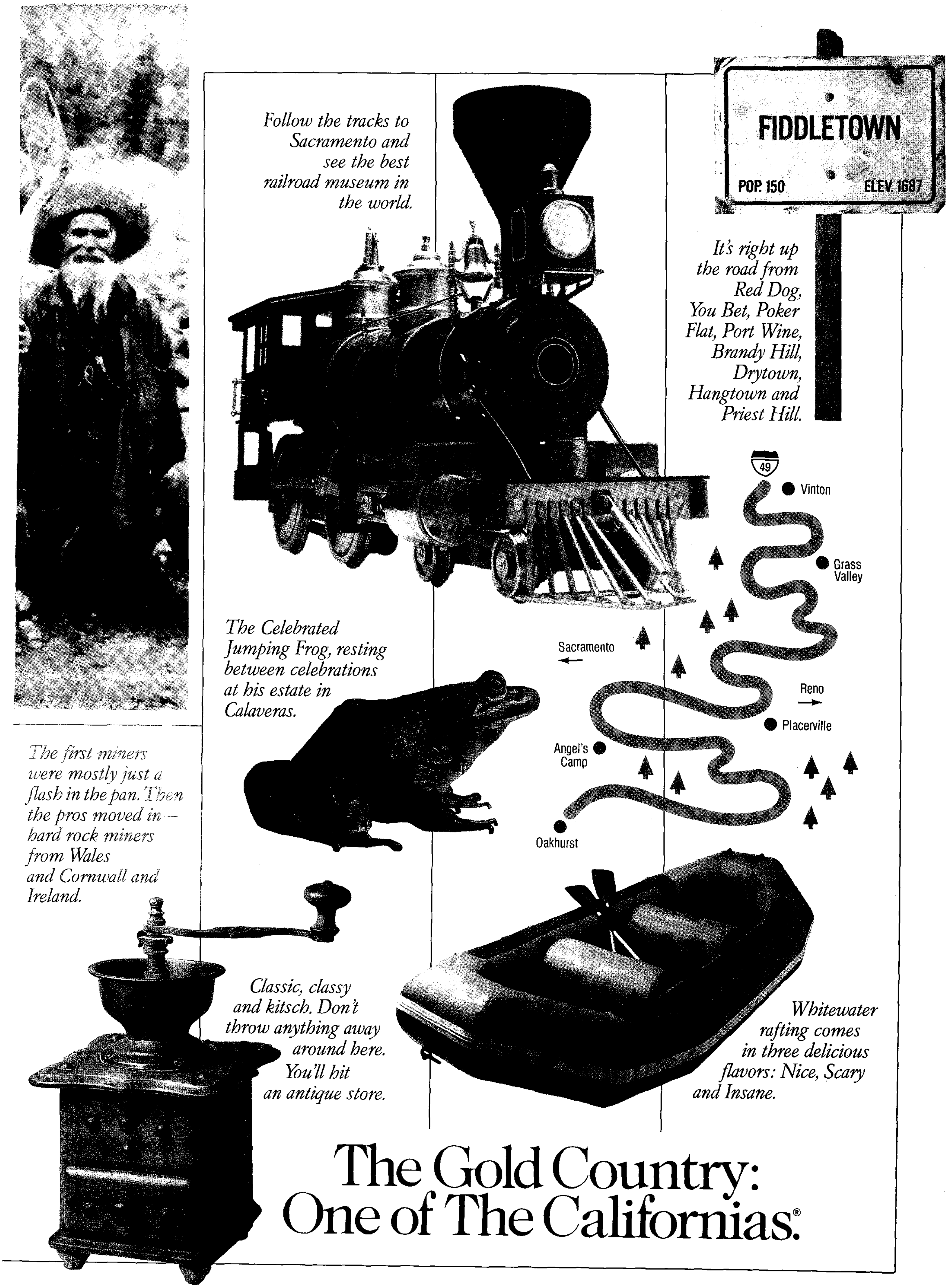

FIDDLETOWN
POP. 150
ELEV. 1687
49
Vinton
Grass Valley
Sacramento
Reno
Placerville
Angel's Camp
Oakhurst

The first miners were mostly just a flash in the pan. Then the pros moved in – hard rock miners from Wales and Cornwall and Ireland.

Follow the tracks to Sacramento and see the best railroad museum in the world.

It's right up the road from Red Dog, You Bet, Poker Flat, Port Wine, Brandy Hill, Drytown, Hangtown and Priest Hill.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog, resting between celebrations at his estate in Calaveras.

Classic, classy and kitsch. Don't throw anything away around here. You'll hit an antique store.

Whitewater rafting comes in three delicious flavors: Nice, Scary and Insane.

The Gold Country: One of The Californias.®

Slowing down, catching up and going home.

It's a day's drive through the breadbasket, fruit basket, salad bowl, nut bowl, rice bowl, pantry, dairy case, wine cellar and linen closet of America.

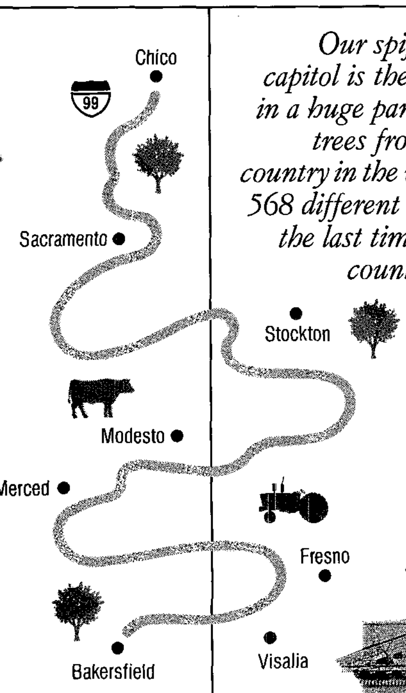
It's a hundred towns out of *American Graffiti.* (The main street is called Main Street, the movie theatre is called The Bijou and the crossing guard is called "sir.")

Even if you've never been here, there's an inescapable sense of community, of extended family, of having grown up here.

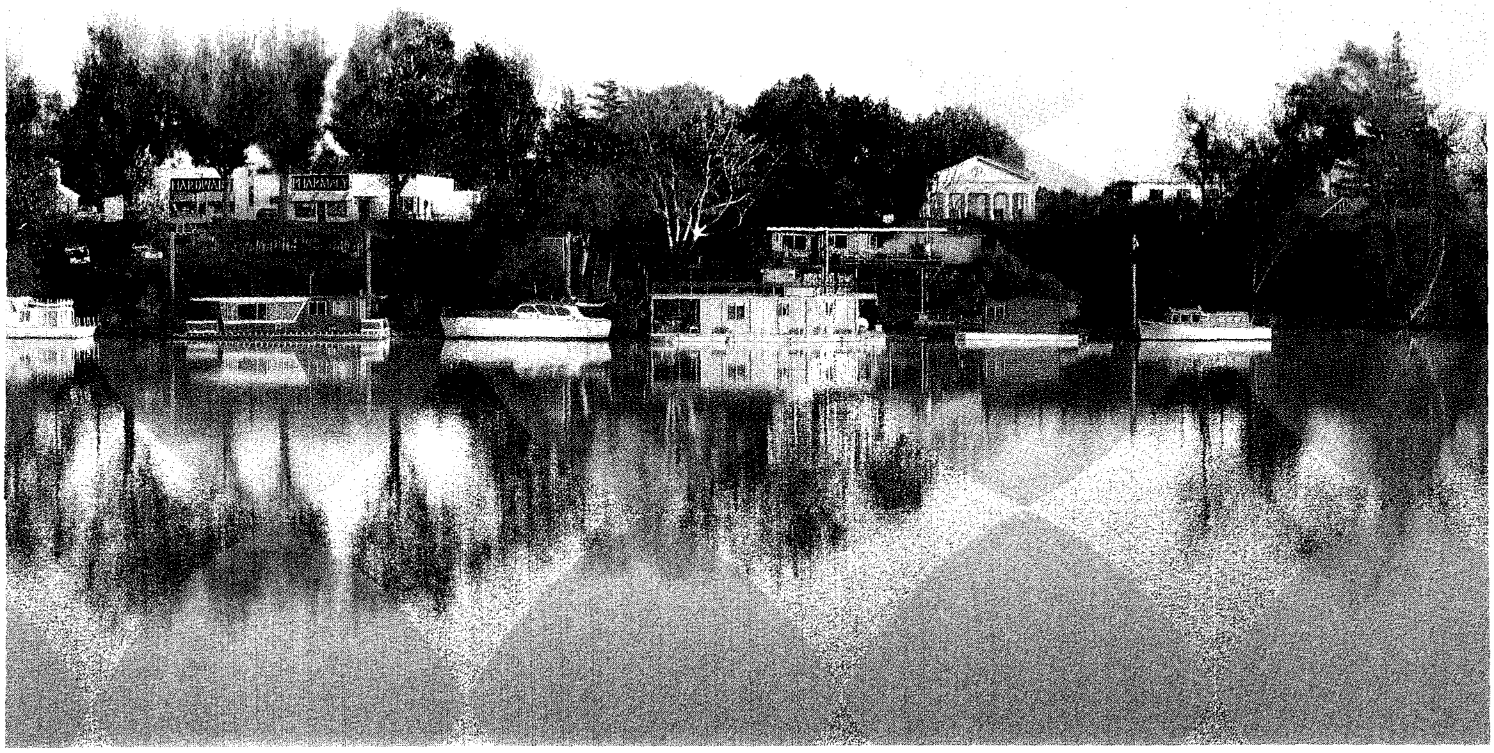
Stop the car. Pick a peach. Shake an almond tree. Pull up a carrot. Catch a crawfish. Ride a hay bale. Chase a chicken. Smell the memory-etching smell of irrigated land. Picnic by a river. Talk to your son. Listen to your daughter. Slow down. Catch up. Welcome home.

Houseboats and asparagus fields. Water skiers and striper fishermen and ocean going freighters and pear orchards. Welcome to the delta.

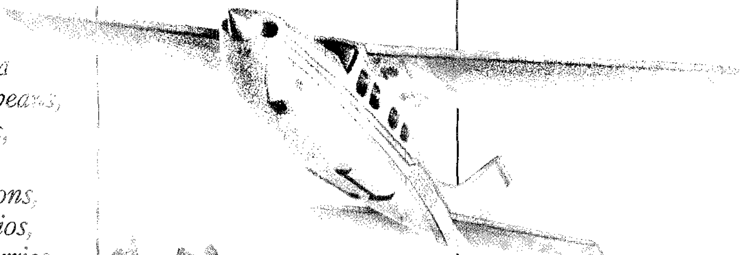
You're in rodeo country, pardner. Broncs, bulls, steers. Racing, roping, wrestling. (Whew!)

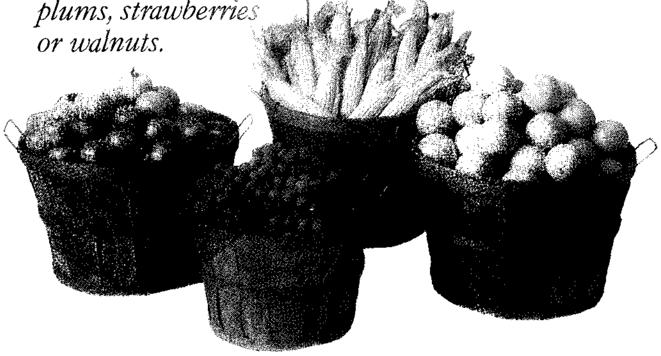


Our spiffed up state capitol is the centerpiece in a huge park filled with trees from every country in the world–568 different kinds, the last time we counted.



Save room for a box or two of beans, cantaloupe, figs, grapes, kiwis, nectarines, onions, pecans, pistachios, plums, strawberries or walnuts.





There are landing strips all over the valley, and the plane folk will fly a couple hundred miles for lunch at the drop of a wind sock.

The Central Valley: One of The Californias.®

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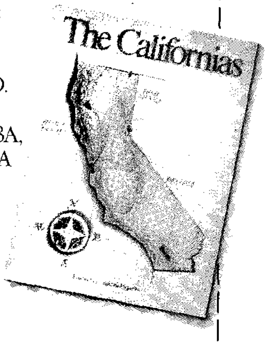

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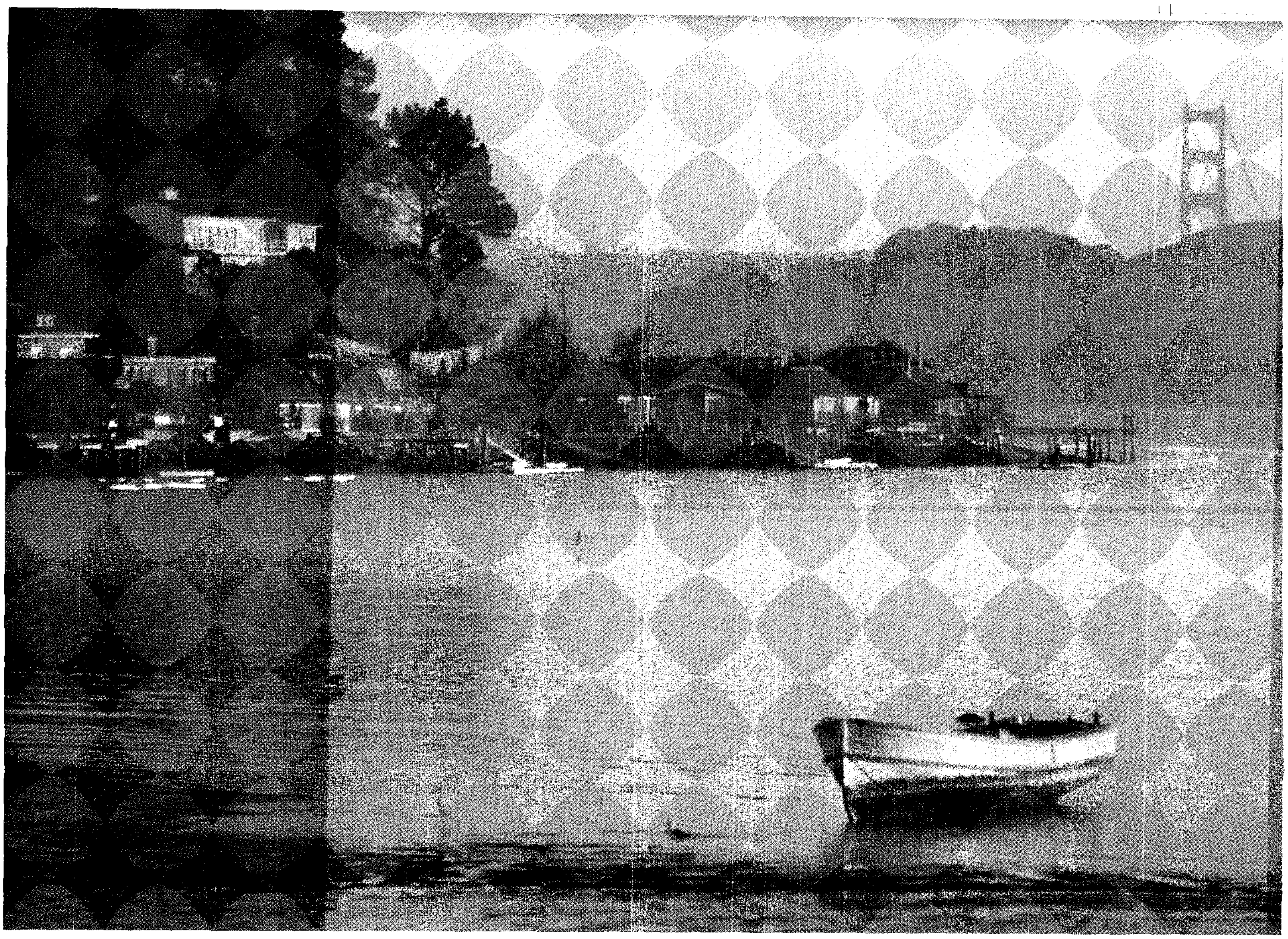


If it's Tuesday, this must be Tiburon.

Chinatown. Russian Hill. Japanese Tea Center. Ghirardelli Square. Treasure Island. Golden Gate. Baghdad by the bay.

Come to The City and see the world.

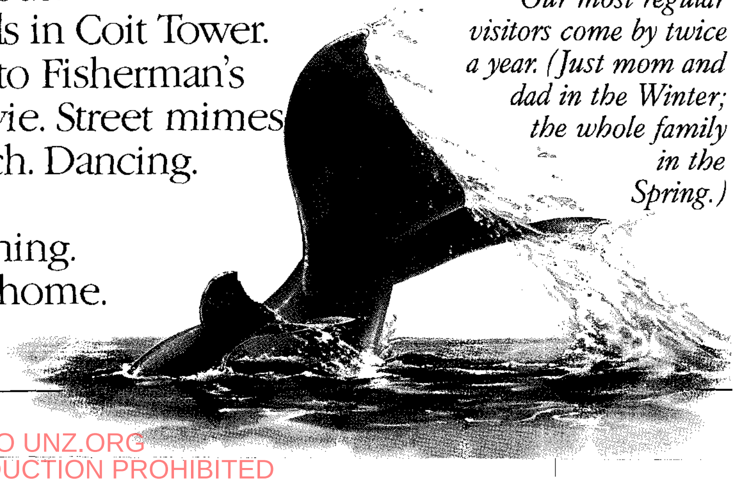
Talk to a chimpanzee. Eat some dim sum. Hang out in an all-paperback bookstore. Wave to an ocean liner. Buy a balloon and give it back to the sky.

Side trip to the Russian River. Overnight in the wine country. Day trip down the peninsula to the redwoods.

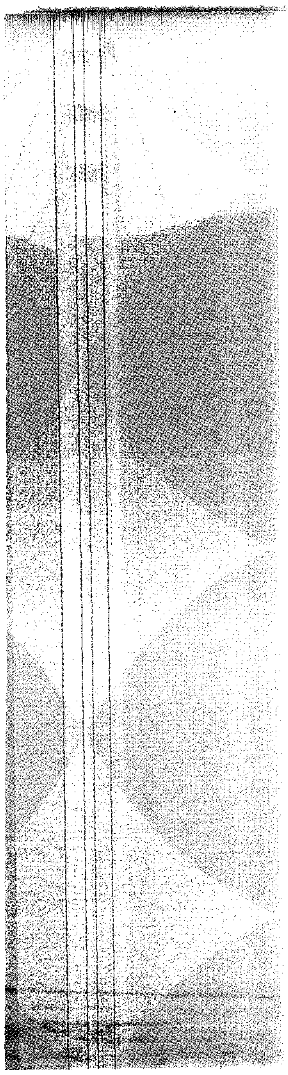
Concert in Stern Grove. Murals in Coit Tower. Sundown at Seal Rocks. Cable car to Fisherman's Wharf. Jazz at the pier. Bogart movie. Street mimes. Espresso and gelato in North Beach. Dancing. Sunrise breakfast on Powell Street.

Don't stop. You'll miss something.

You can sleep when you get home.

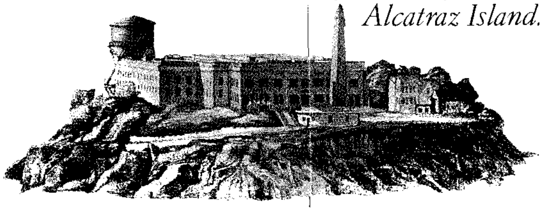


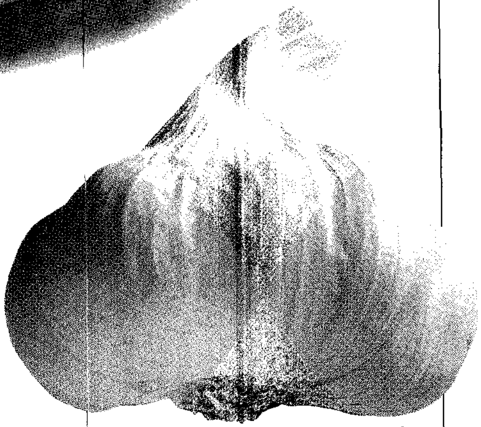
Our most regular visitors come by twice a year. (Just mom and dad in the Winter; the whole family in the Spring.)



If (for
some weird
and inexplicable
reason) you
don't like French
bakeries, you'll
have to choose
among German,
Greek, Italian,
Russian or Mexican
bakeries.

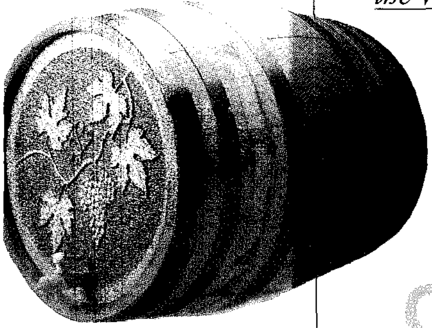
Use a ticket,
go to prison. Boats
leave from Pier 41
for the infamous
Alcatraz Island.



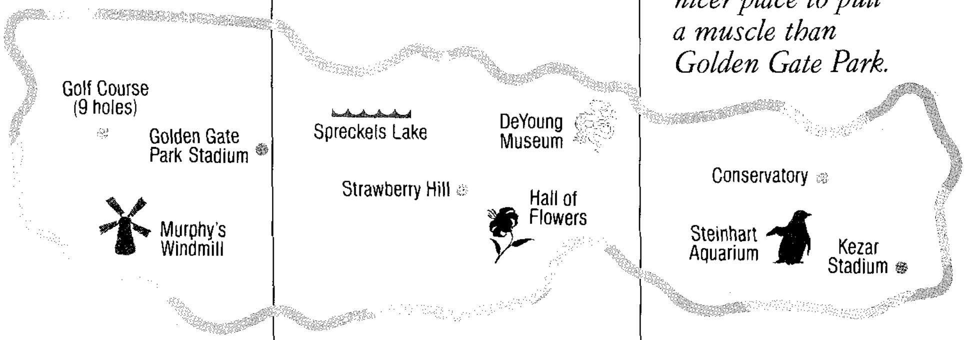


You haven't
heard about the
Garlic Festival
in Gilroy?
It's...well...
it's breathtaking.

You'll never be
closer to London.
Jack London. The Sea
Wolf, The Call of
the Wild, Martin Eden.
He grew up
right over there,
in Oakland.



If you're tired of
walking, try running.
You'll never find a
nicer place to pull
a muscle than
Golden Gate Park.


Golf Course (9 holes)
Golden Gate Park Stadium
Murphy's Windmill
Spreckels Lake
Strawberry Hill
DeYoung Museum
Hall of Flowers
Conservatory
Steinhart Aquarium
Kezar Stadium

All you [illegible]
to the [illegible]
countries—Napa,
Sonoma, Santa
Clara Valley, Lake
County, Mendocino.
Salute!

San Francisco: One of The Californias.®

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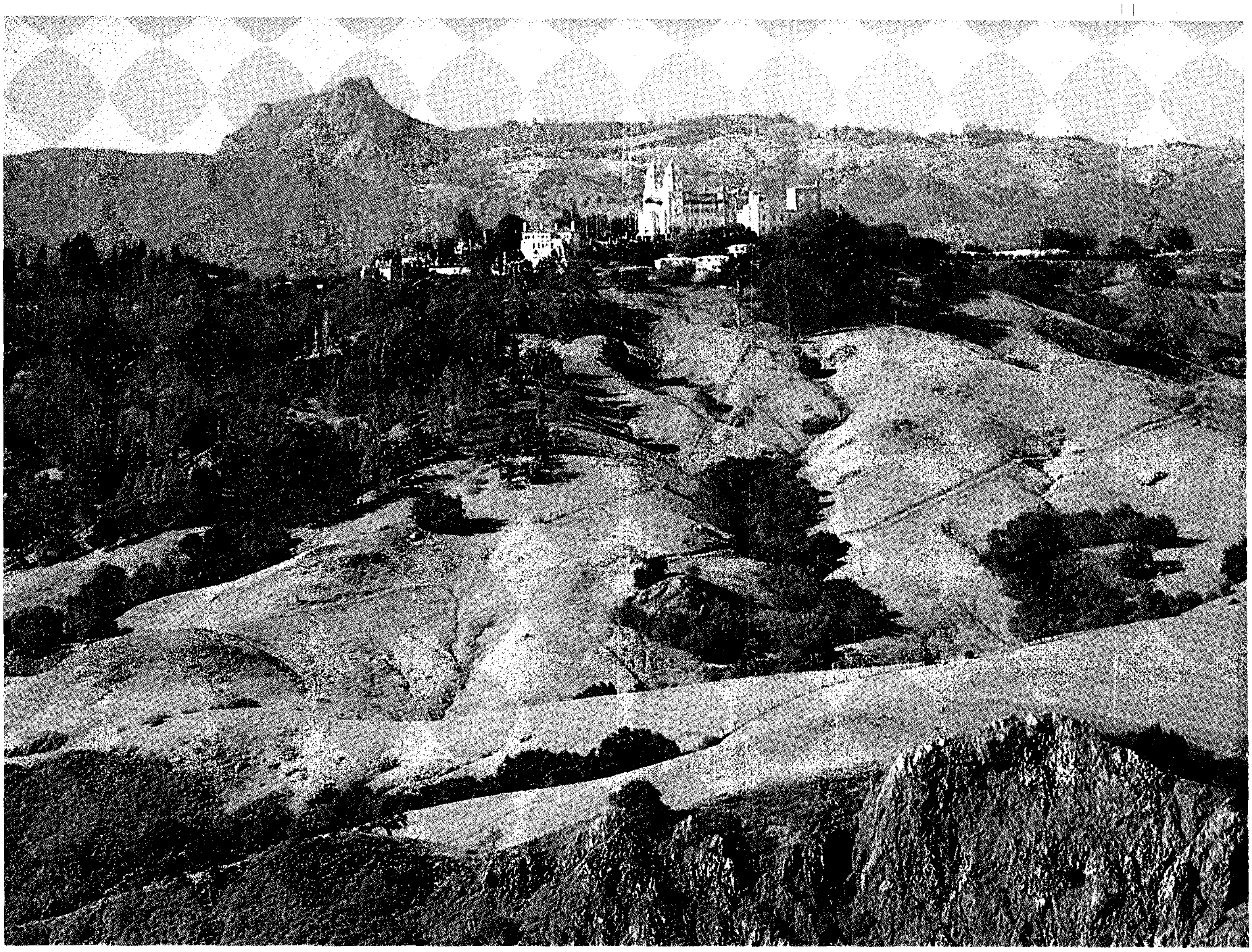

Behold. The Middle Kingdom.

It's not on the way to anywhere else. The nearest superhighway is a mountain range away. You don't drive along the central coast; you enter it.

South, out of San Francisco at the Presidio, past Half Moon Bay, through a corridor of carnations and roses and strawberries and wetlands. Past the funky towns and fancy waterholes that rim Monterey Bay.

South, past the Carmel mission, to Big Sur. (In most of the world, by some prior agreement, oceans and mountains stay away from one another. But at Big Sur they meet head on, and the first thousand feet of shore line is straight down.)

Suddenly, San Simeon. Ceilings from Italy, carpets from Persia, royalty from Hollywood. Wow.

South again, along an epilogue of easygoing beach road designed to send you on your way. Just below Morro Bay the road turns, the ocean vanishes, the land closes in behind you, and you're back in the outside world.

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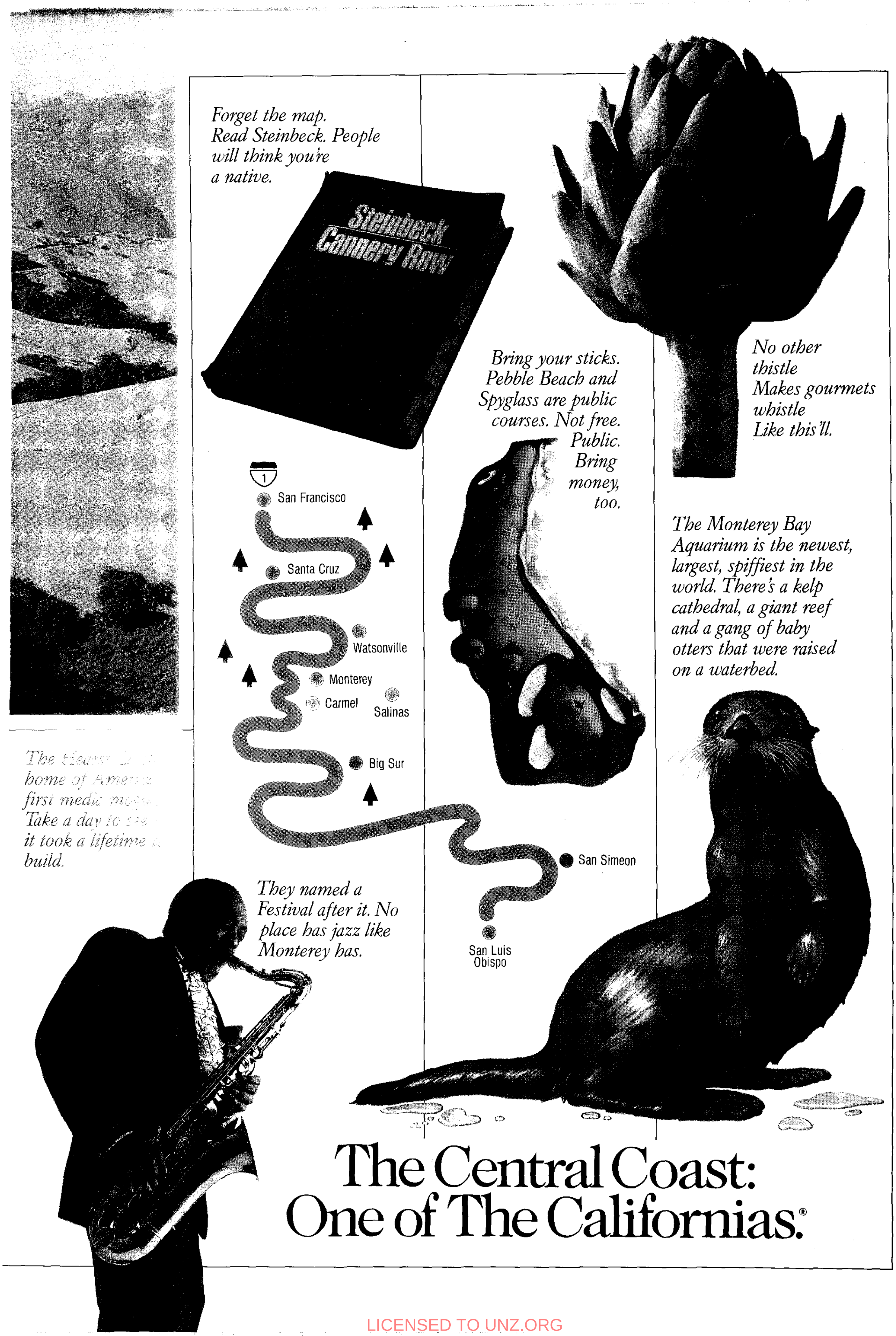

Steinbeck
Cannery Row
1
San Francisco
Santa Cruz
Watsonville
Monterey
Carmel
Salinas
Big Sur
San Simeon
San Luis Obispo

*Forget the map.
Read Steinbeck. People
will think you're
a native.*

*Bring your sticks.
Pebble Beach and
Spyglass are public
courses. Not free.
Public.
Bring
money,
too.*

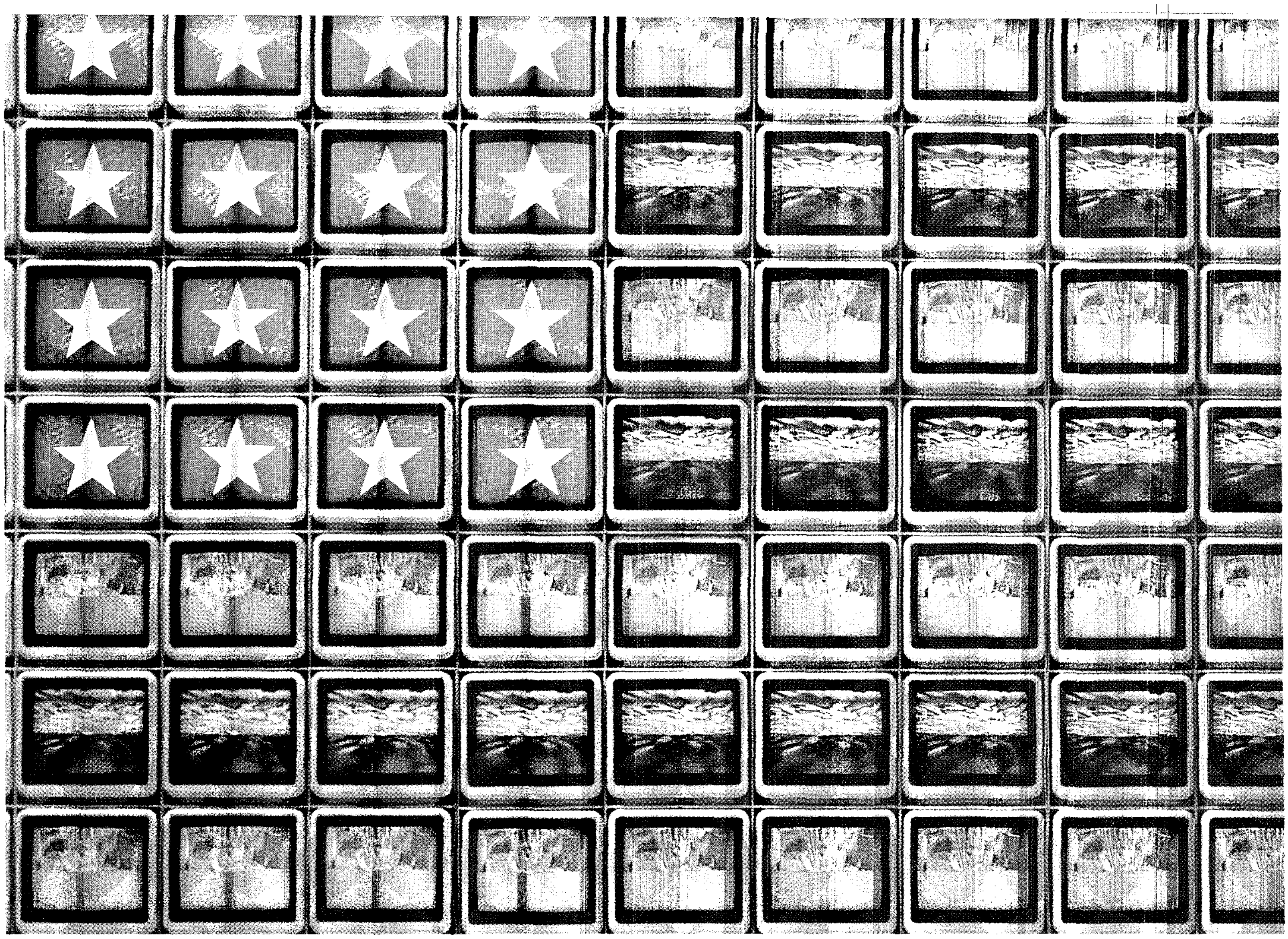
*No other
thistle
Makes gourmets
whistle
Like this'll.*

*The Monterey Bay
Aquarium is the newest,
largest, spiffiest in the
world. There's a kelp
cathedral, a giant reef
and a gang of baby
otters that were raised
on a waterbed.*

*The Hearst [illegible]
home of America's
first media mogul.
Take a day to see [illegible]
it took a lifetime to
build.*

*They named a
Festival after it. No
place has jazz like
Monterey has.*

The Central Coast:
One of The Californias.®



What's going on here, anyway?

Welcome to The Land of New.

El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles. The Town of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels. The city beyond words. Initials only, please. "L.A."

L.A. Its mother was a movie. Its father was a car.

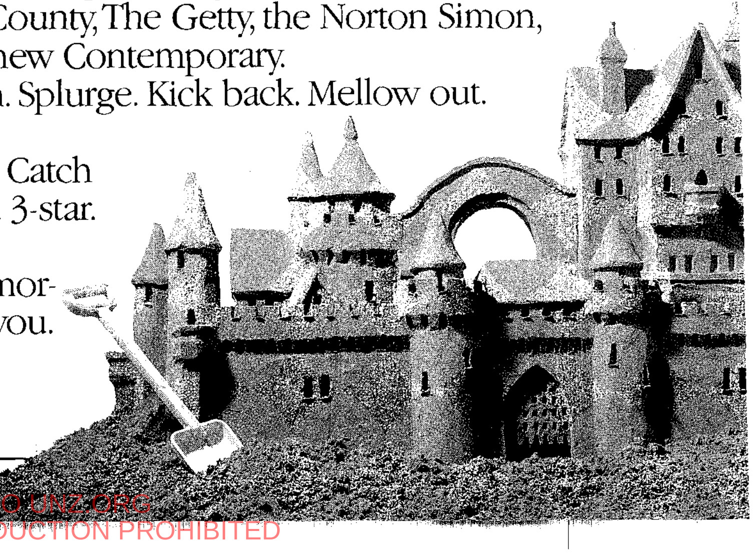
L.A. From the people who brought you The No-Sweat Olympics, Rodeo Drive, sunshine, shades, Beach Boys, Valley Girls, Norma Jean, Lucy, Beverly Hills Cop and avocado sushi.

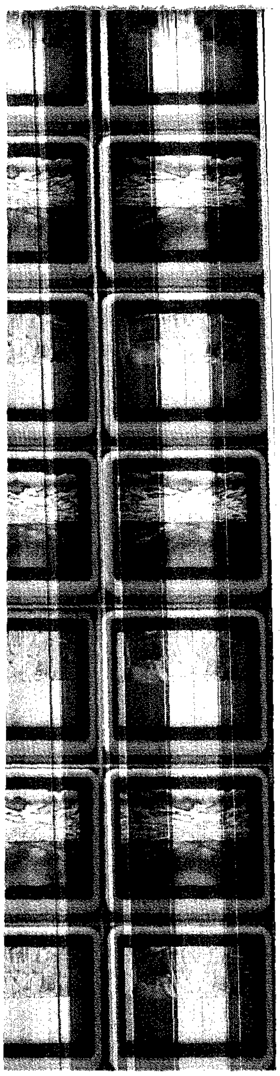
Ninety-five cities with a mountain range through the middle. Oz with a beach. Five world class art collections: The County, The Getty, the Norton Simon, the Huntington and the astonishing new Contemporary.

Gawk. Tan. Bike. Surf. Skate. Nosh. Splurge. Kick back. Mellow out. Get down. Lighten up.

Rock with the stars at The Bowl. Catch Ringo's star on The Boulevard. Taste a 3-star. Beachwalk under a billion stars.

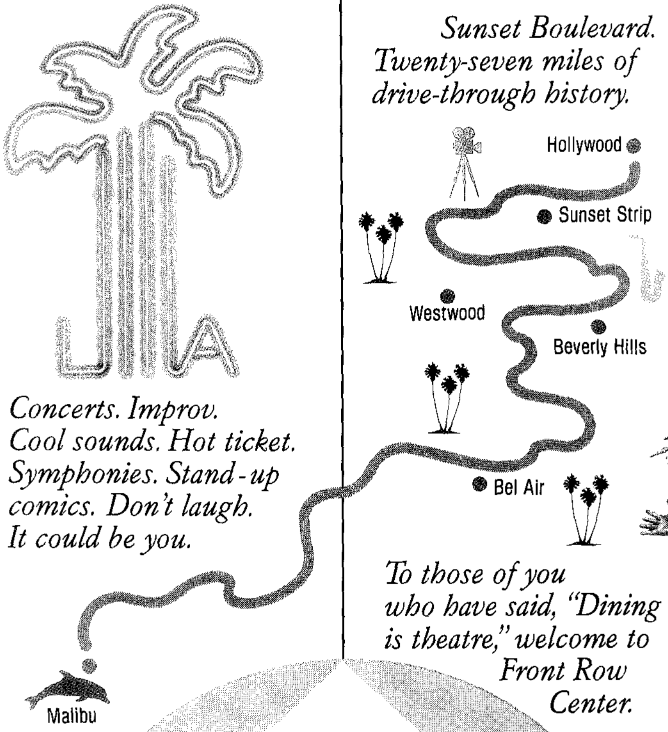
Welcome to L.A. Welcome to Tomorrow. Soon to be Today in a city near you.





What if Betsy Ross had sewn television sets? See Video Flag z at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

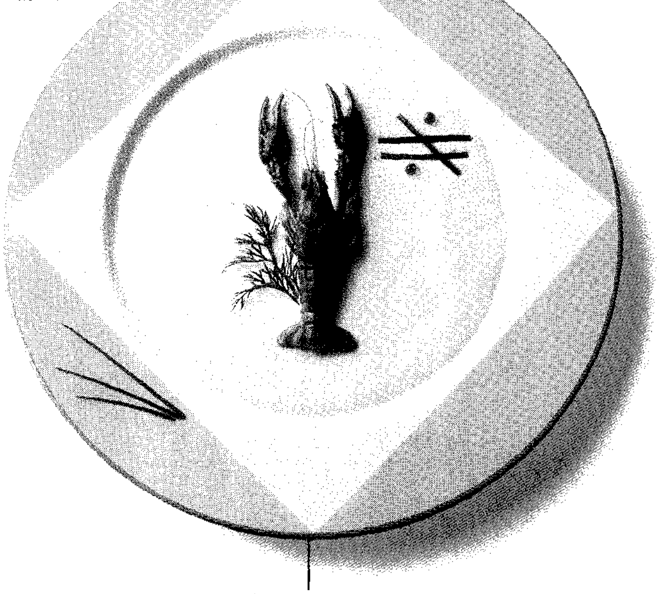
Santa Barbara to Long Beach. More than a hundred miles of breakers, coves, cliffs, dunes and an occasional one-owner castle.



Concerts. Improv.
Cool sounds. Hot ticket.
Symphonies. Stand-up
comics. Don't laugh.
It could be you.

Sunset Boulevard.
Twenty-seven miles of
drive-through history.

To those of you who have said, "Dining is theatre," welcome to Front Row Center.



Sheet metal Gothic.
Oedipus Wrecks.
Classic. Import. Indy specs.
Convertible. 4x4.
Limousine. Bus.
This is L.A., friend.
Cars R Us.

Where were you when the cowboy flew out the window? Hollywood, of course.

Californias, here I come!

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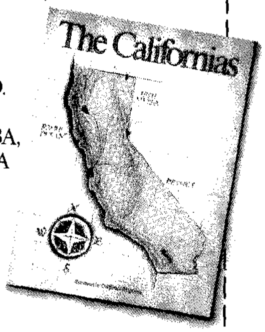

Los Angeles: One of The Californias.®

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Astonishments, contradictions and miracles.

You're chasing a little white ball across the high pile carpet of a world class golf course. Next to a cactus forest. You're floating in a swimming pool. At the foot of a snow-covered mountain.

Welcome to the California desert. You'll never see as many things as clearly.

You can see a cactus bloom across a canyon. You can see a jet trail, hanging like lace six miles above you. Everything in sight is etched, outlined. Everything is foreground.

And you'll never miss so much. Now you see it; now you don't.

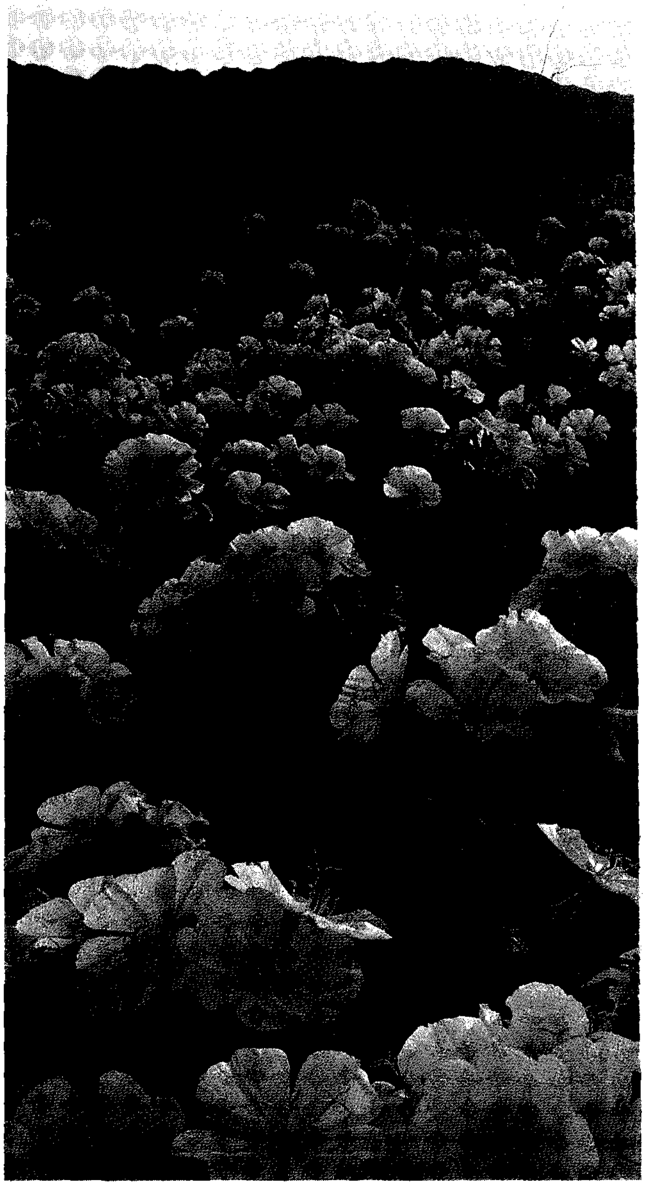
There's a lost gold mine around here. Somewhere. Over that hill, maybe.

A cloudburst dropped a ton of water on the tennis court an hour ago, but now it's bone dry.

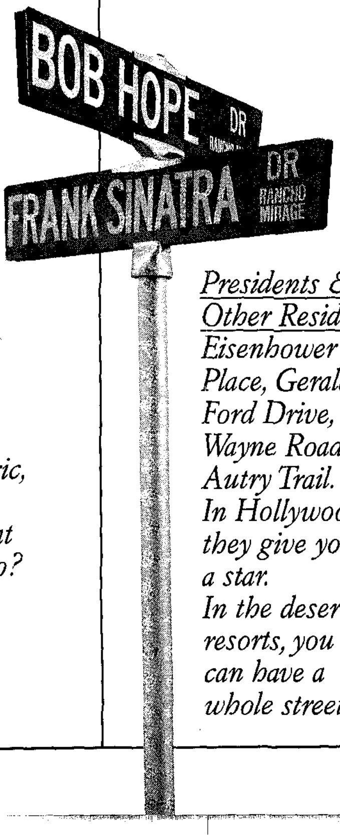
That mountainside of poppies wasn't there last week.

You're riding a bike through a grapefruit orchard. A hundred yards from a prehistoric oyster bed.

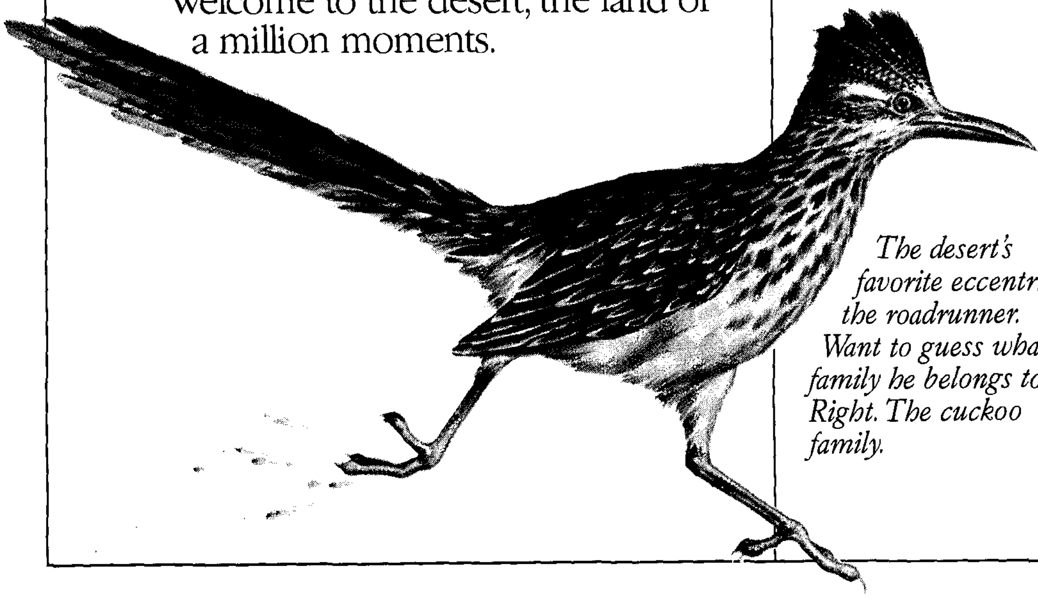
Welcome to the desert, the land of a million moments.



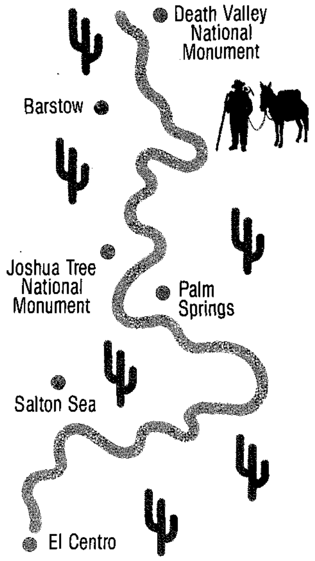
Everybody loves a show-off, especially a Mojave springtime field full of wild primroses.



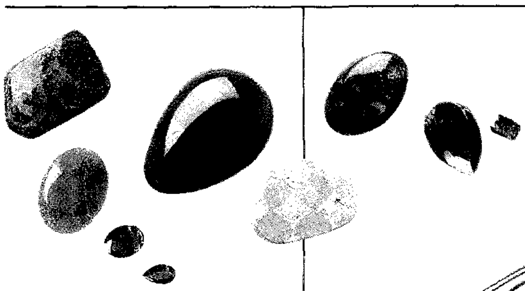
Presidents & Other Residents: Eisenhower Place, Gerald Ford Drive, Wayne Road, Autry Trail. In Hollywood they give you a star. In the desert resorts, you can have a whole street.



The desert's favorite eccentric, the roadrunner. Want to guess what family he belongs to? Right. The cuckoo family.

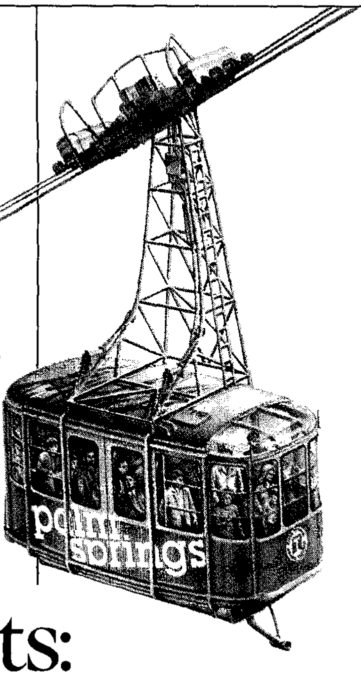

Death Valley National Monument
Barstow
Joshua Tree National Monument
Palm Springs
Salton Sea
El Centro

If 7,435 swimming pools were lined up side by side, you'd be in Palm Springs



West of Needles. South of Daggett. Opal, garnet, bloodstone, agate. Grab a rock in East Newberry. See your local lapidary.

Sand dune to snow pack. Sahara to Switzerland. Up 8,500 feet, down 40 degrees, in 14 minutes. Next time, take the tram.


palm springs

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I love Perris in the springtime.

The first thing you learned about California was:

"It's a place where you can ski down a mountain, dive in an ocean, tan your body in the desert sun, and dine in a fancy, big city cafe. All on the same day."

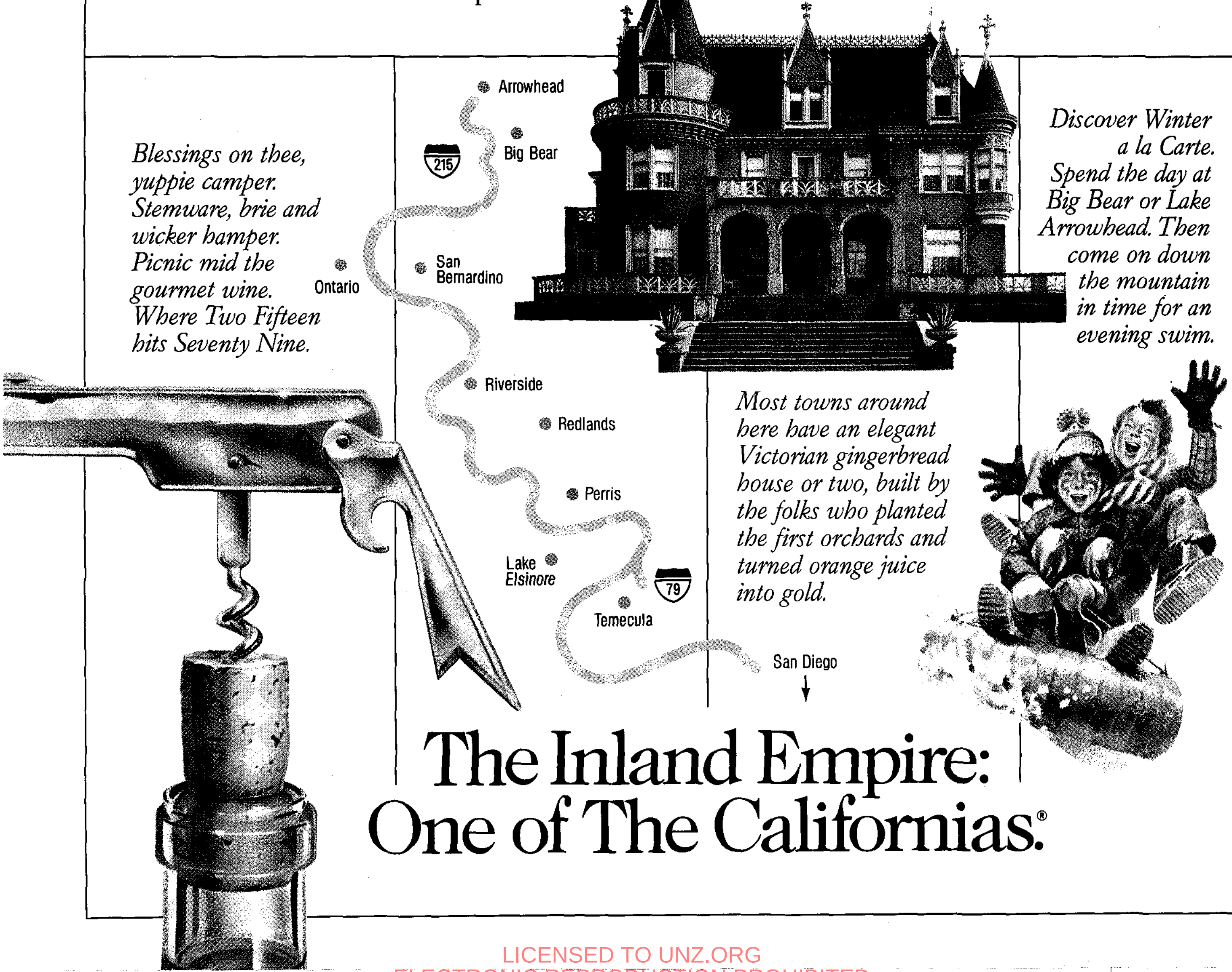
True. But you have to be in the right California. Here, in the Inland Empire.

You've probably been through here. This is where most of the world came to California first: on the Spanish Trail, on the Butterfield Stage, on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, on the freeway.

And what did the folks around here do when they met you? They gave you a big smile, a helping hand and sent you on your way, right?

And all you missed was a hundred gorgeous little towns with lots of country in between. All you missed was two centuries of history, valleys full of orange groves, hillsides covered with vineyards, a dozen championship golf courses—some with as many as twenty players on them—and mountain lakes, mountain meadows and mountain folks.

If you'd like to see the California that Californians saved for themselves, come to the Inland Empire.



Blessings on thee,
yuppie camper.
Stemware, brie and
wicker hamper.
Picnic mid the
gourmet wine.
Where Two Fifteen
hits Seventy Nine.

Discover Winter a la Carte. Spend the day at Big Bear or Lake Arrowhead. Then come on down the mountain in time for an evening swim.

Most towns around here have an elegant Victorian gingerbread house or two, built by the folks who planted the first orchards and turned orange juice into gold.

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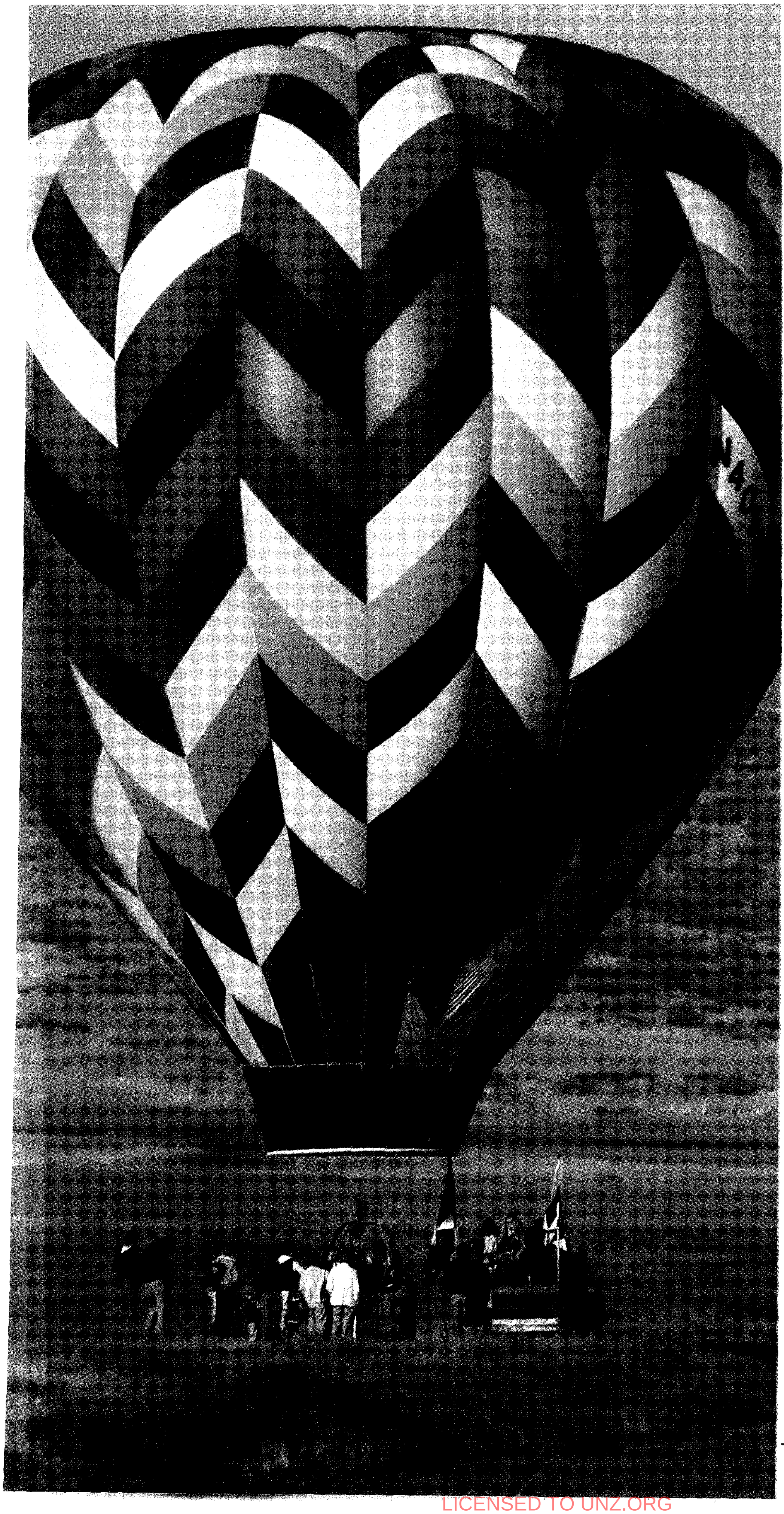

The Perris Valley is Southern California headquarters for the big balloons — the nicest way ever devised for looking down on your friends.

You want to get into show business? Move to Hemet. Ramona, the annual springtime pageant of Early California, has openings for 350 actors.

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"Toto, I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore."

It's a theme park—a seven hundred and eighty-six square mile theme park—and the theme is "you can have anything you want."

It's the most California-looking of all the Californias: the most like the movies, the most like the stories, the most like the dream.

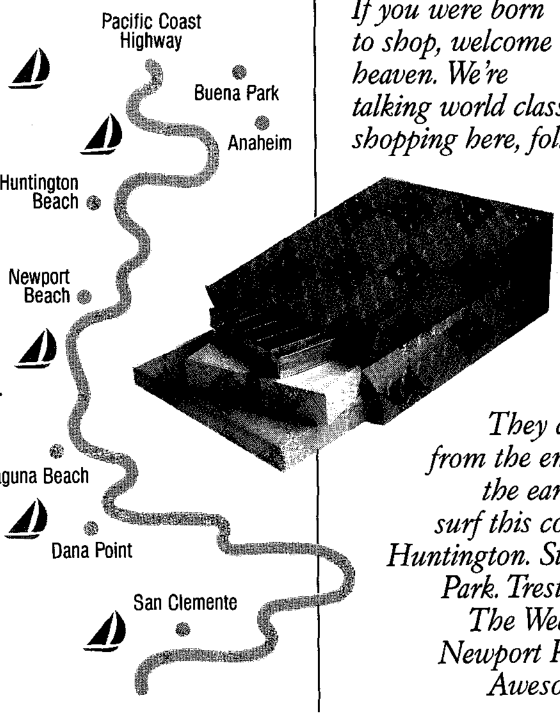
Orange County is Tomorrowland and Frontierland, merged and inseparable. 18th century mission. 1930s art colony. 1980s corporate headquarters.

There's history everywhere: navigators, conquistadors, padres, rancheros, prospectors, wildcatters. But there's so much Now, the Then is hard to find. The houses are new. The cars are new. The stores, the streets, the schools, the city halls—even the land and the ocean themselves look new.

The temperature today will be in the low 80's. There's a slight offshore breeze. Another just-like-yesterday day in paradise.

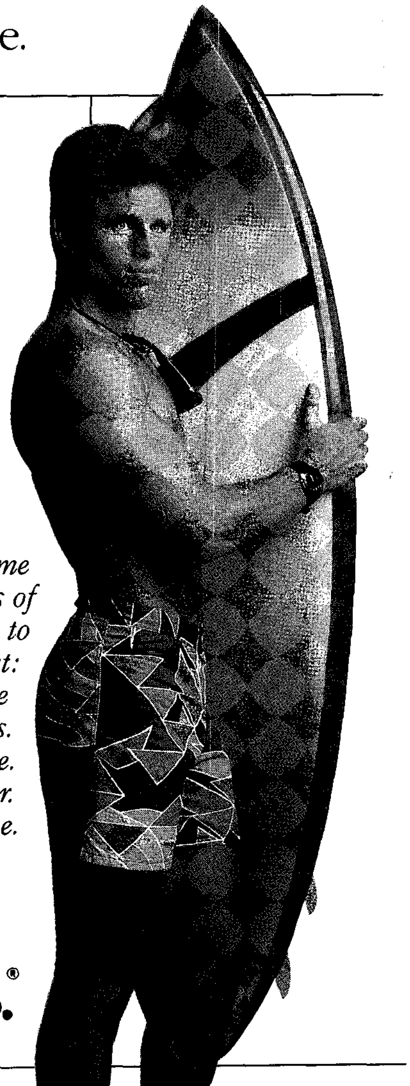
Come to Orange County. It's no place like home.

When the swallows come back to Capistrano it will be Saint Joseph's Day, 19th of March. At least it always has been.



If you were born to shop, welcome to heaven. We're talking world class shopping here, folks.

They come from the ends of the earth to surf this coast: Huntington. State Park. Trestles. The Wedge. Newport Pier. Awesome.



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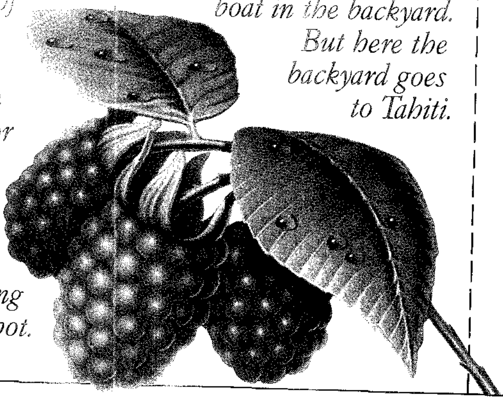
How began
the boysenberry?
Scholars, men of
science vary.
(Rasp and
black and logan
blending. Pie for
Sunday dinner
ending.)
Most would
credit Walter
Knott for making
Boysen's berry hot.



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place where you keep your
boat in the backyard.
But here the
backyard goes
to Tahiti.

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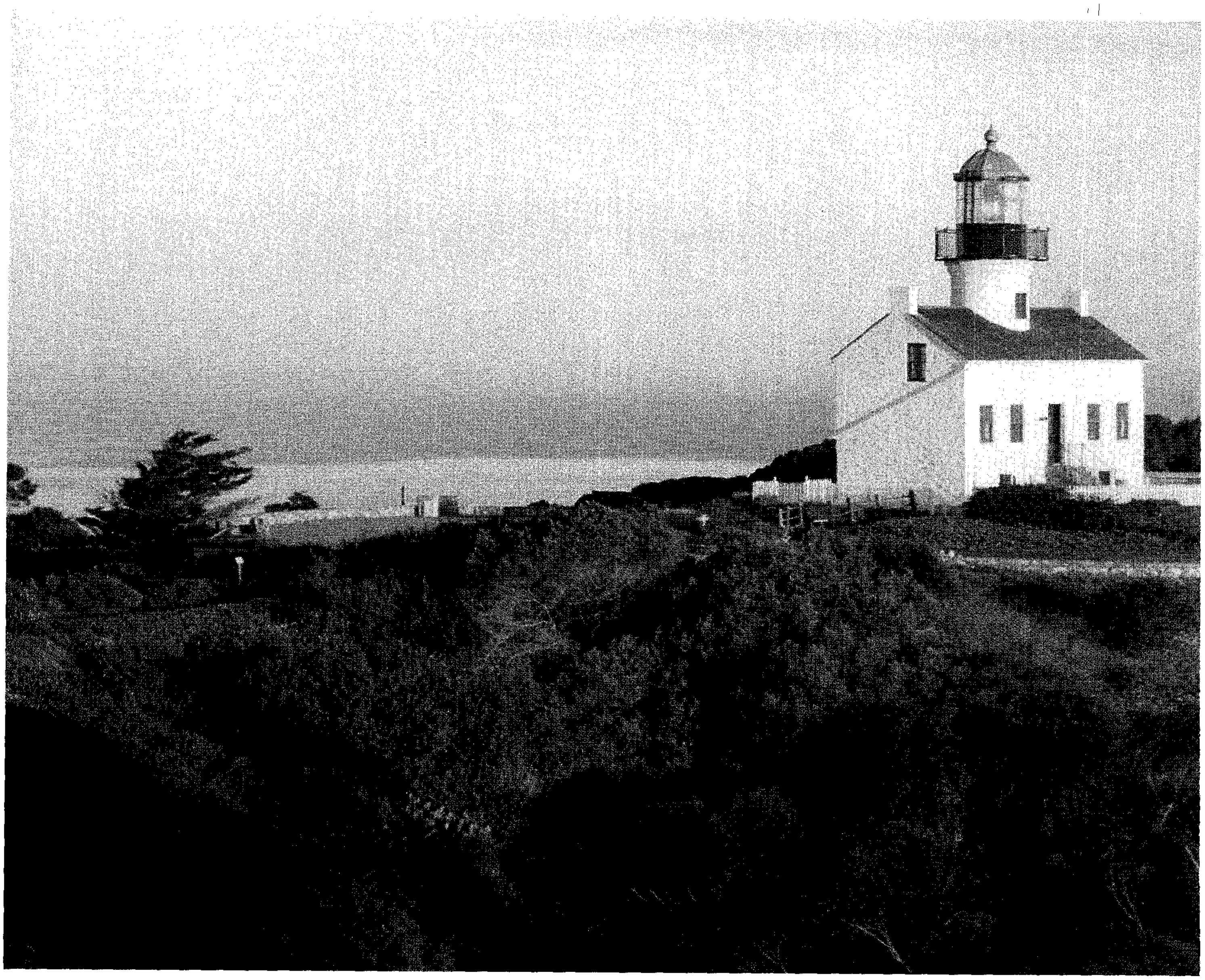


The near Down Under.

It's as Southern as California gets. It's where the last of the Great American Desert touches the first of the Pacific.

Welcome to San Diego, the little town that grew up beautiful.

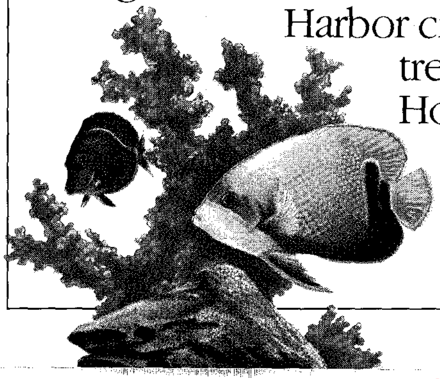
Hit the beach. Wrestle a marlin. Fill a spinnaker. Empty an oyster bucket. Sun till you're done. Shop till you drop.

Your first time in San Diego, they tell you there's a park in the middle of the city. Which is true enough. But when you've been here a while you figure it out: San Diego is a city in the middle of a park.

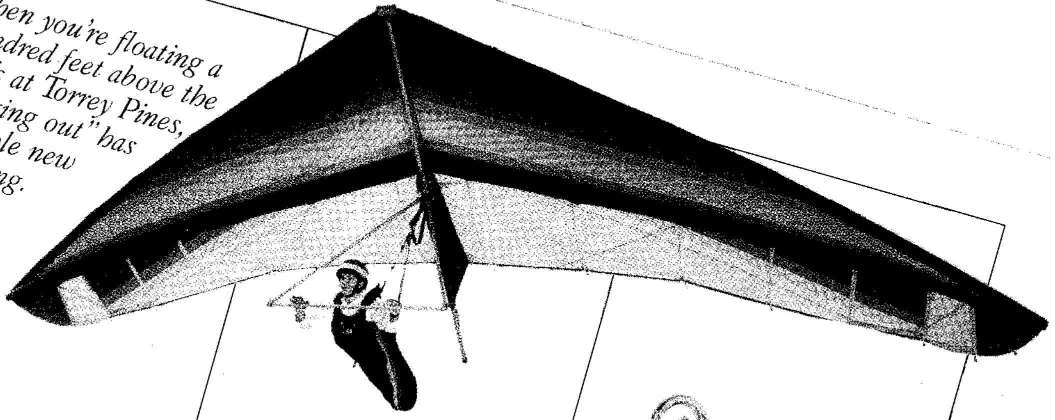
Harbor cruise. Mid-day snooze. Tee up. Chowder down. Avocado trees. Coronado breeze. Stare at a Goya. Buy out La Jolla. Horse race. Jazz place. Tijuana trolley to the Big Tamale.

But how do you tell the out-of-towners from the locals?

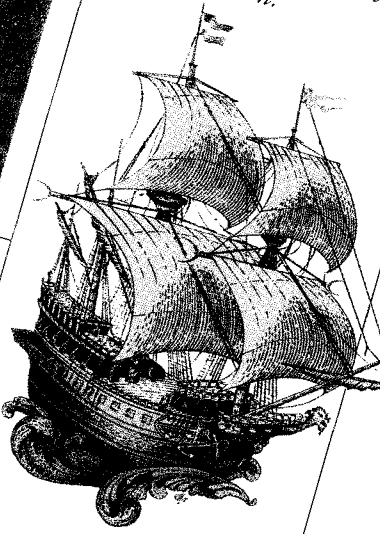
Easy. The locals are the tourists that live here.

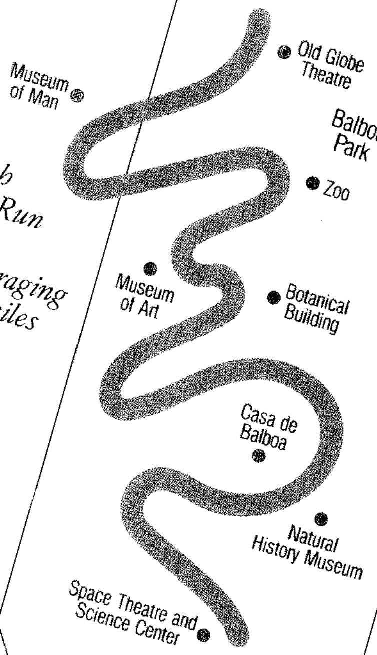


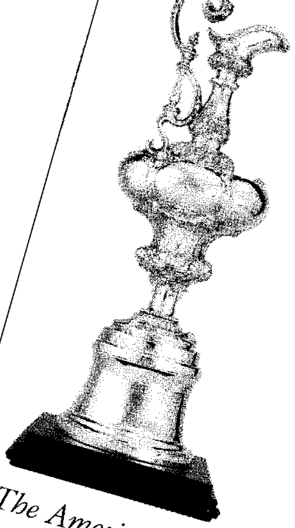
When you're floating a hundred feet above the cliffs at Torrey Pines, "hanging out" has a whole new meaning.



Spain won the 16th Century Economy Run from Europe to the Pacific and back, averaging better than 25,000 miles to the galleon.

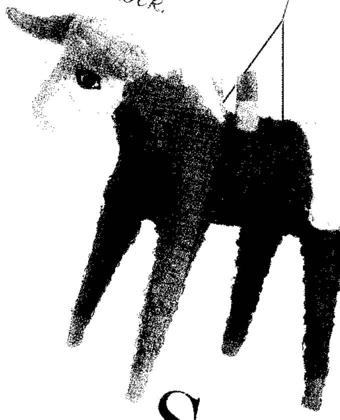



Old Globe Theatre
Museum of Man
Balboa Park
Zoo
Museum of Art
Botanical Building
Casa de Balboa
Natural History Museum
Space Theatre and Science Center



The America's Cup was known briefly as "The Australia's Cup," but the name didn't stick.

Point Loma is often called "California's Plymouth Rock," ignoring the fact that it was discovered a half-century before Plymouth Rock.



Mexico's not even a short drive away. More like a putt.

Koalas. Sssnakes. (And their spouses.) Thriller whales. Penguin houses. Lions, tigers, animal park. All the folks from Noah's Ark.

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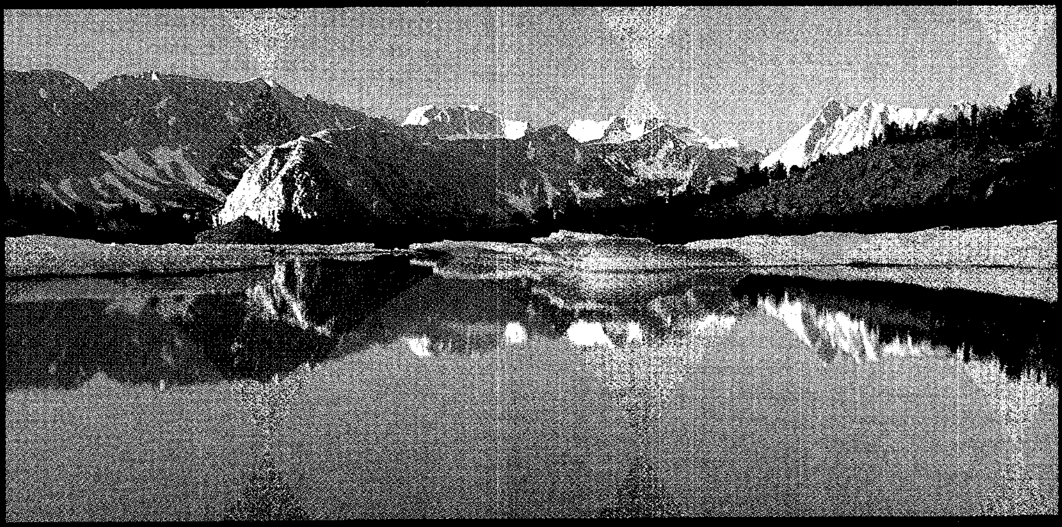

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

BUGS

AN elegantly dressed blond woman was spiritedly holding forth on the Meaning of It All. It was hard to pay attention to what she was saying, because her two long antennae jounced and curtsied as she nodded her head for emphasis. The antennae, which were made of cloth-wrapped wire and ended in yellow cotton balls, were held on her head by a plastic bandeau; they looked like the Deely Bobbers that sprang from the heads of ten-year-olds on the streets of New York a few years ago. The antennaed woman and four hundred and ninety-nine other St. Louisans who were interested in the finer things had paid fifteen dollars each for the privilege of celebrating the opening of a special kind of art exhibition. They had come together on a mild afternoon late in September at the city's Laumeier Sculpture Park, which boasts work by Richard Serra, Mary Miss, Mark di Suvero, and others, to attend the installation of a show by Garnett Puett, an apisculptor (*apis* is the Latin word for bee), who had, with his bees, been working during the spring and summer on a piece commissioned by Laumeier. The sculpture was done, the honeybees were gone, but Puett was there. Puett, a New Yorker, is point man, as it were, of this particular kind of art today.

A big blue-and-white striped tent had been put up on the lawn in back of the Laumeier gallery. Black and yellow (bee colors) gas-filled balloons were tethered at its corners. Inside, a string band—its members decked out in white shirts, black pants, and yellow sashes—was playing gypsy music. Puett's wife, Whendi, who was the model for the commissioned work, was there, in a black dress, and Puett had given her a yellow rose to wear with it. Tables were piled with food, and there was an open bar. As the noise level rose, only scraps of conversation could be picked up.

"Queen bee left all of a sudden and they called the artist . . ."

"A little weird . . ."

"It *is* art, because it's creating something upon a form."

"Trying to leave the sculpture another month, but the queen bee left . . ."

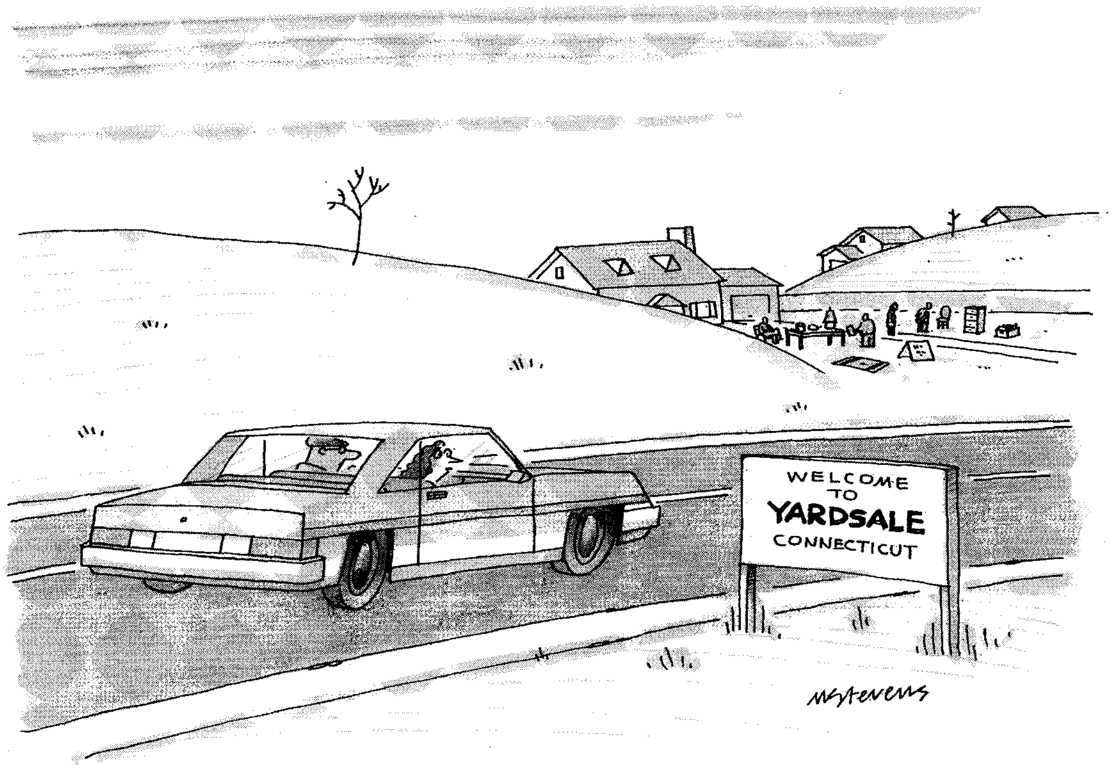
"It is *not* art. No, not human art. Bee art, maybe. This young man is *exploiting* bees."

In front of the commissioned piece stands a young woman, stunned. The piece, "Apiscaryatid," is a record of a completed process. It is a life-size naked female figure of beeswax. One foot is held slightly to one side. The arms are held in back, hands clasped. The head is in a relaxed position. The whole stance is easy, natural. The young woman gazing at the figure says, "I came prepared to laugh at this, but I'm moved by its power beyond telling."

BECAUSE, as a beekeeper, I spend a portion of my workdays at the edge of entomology, thinking about bugs and trying to figure out what they are up to, friends from more acceptable trades are constantly sending me clippings about insects and telling me funny bug stories. It is their attempt to keep in touch with my entomological half, which they consider quaintly charming but a bit mad.

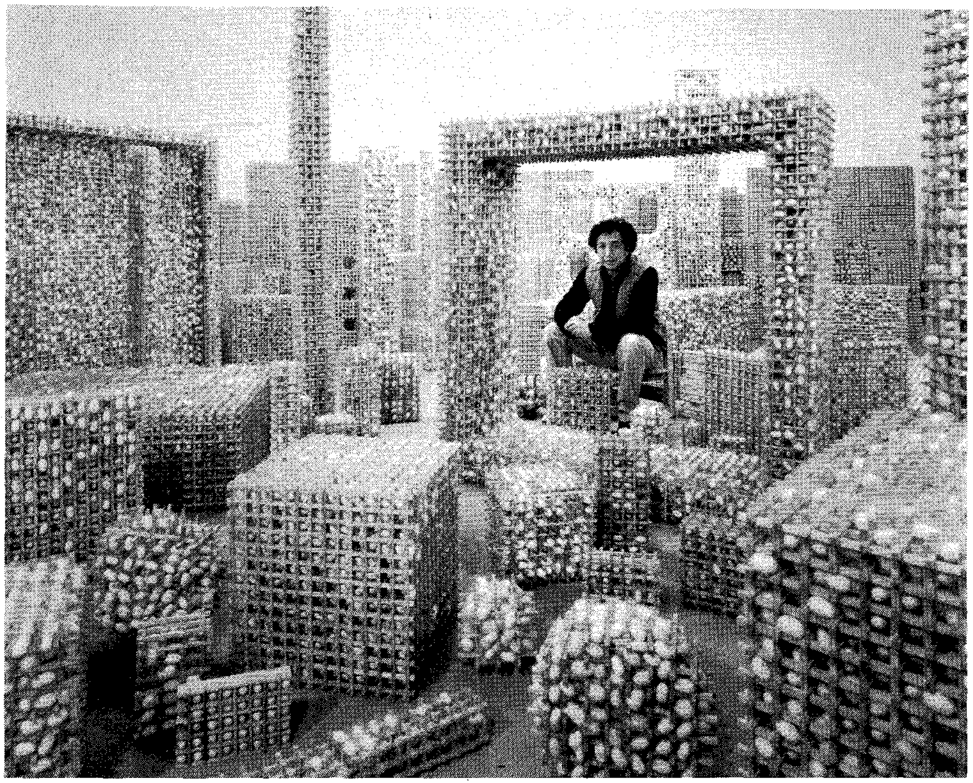
Not long ago, I realized that in among the piles of clippings reporting bizarre incidents—like one about a man in Florida who pulled out his pistol and shot himself in the leg to kill an (unidentified) bug that was crawling up it—were lots of stories about people committing art with insects. The clippings from art magazines and newspaper art columns indicated that the critics were taking the individual artists seriously—too seriously—but that none had grasped the fact that each show was more than an isolated event. I've discovered a trend, a movement, and I'm going to claim a discoverer's privilege and name it: Bug Art.

There are straight representations. Terry Winters, a New York artist, paints insects on canvas, for instance. Some venture further and use bug parts. In Beijing, Cao Yijian takes cicadas apart and reassembles them as three-dimensional figures. In New York, Richard Boscarino uses whole (though dead) cockroaches to create what he calls still-lifes. In Los Angeles, Kim Abeles has made what she calls a metaphor for rush-hour traffic, in her "Great Periodic Migration," consisting partly of cicada shells. A Japanese artist, Kazuo Kadonaga, has live silkworms spin cocoons in wooden grids. The



worms having been killed, the cocoons, in their frameworks, were displayed early this year in his Los Angeles gallery. Garnett Puett works in coöperation with live honeybees to create his apisculptures. I hear rumors of a man with a pigtail who makes living sculptures with turtles. Someone is doing something with live crayfish. Regretfully, I force myself to ignore vertebrates and crustaceans, to hold the line at insects. But then there is a man with an ant farm he calls art. What is going on?

In his show in February and early March, at the respected Los Angeles gallery Space, Kazuo Kadonaga displayed nearly a hundred pieces of work, created by a hundred thousand silkworms. He had fashioned wooden grids, some standing alone, some stacked, and had released on them silkworms that had been fed until they were ready to spin cocoons. Silkworms seek protected niches, and these silkworms explored the wooden gridwork until they found spots to suit them. In the beginning, Kadonaga gave them freedom to wander as they pleased, but they bunched together at the tops of the grids and left the bottom niches unoccupied. So he and his assistant spent forty-eight hours periodically turning the grids while the silkworms roamed, thereby tricking them into behaving as though down were up and so was sideways, and the worms settled into an even, though not uniform, distribution across the grids to spin their cocoons. (Some niches were never taken by any silkworm, some contained two.) This amounts to a practical joke on the silkworms, but it is aesthetically pleasing to the human eye. Silkworms spin threads in an enthusiastic and generous way. Not only did Kadonaga's make fat silken cocoons, the size of slightly shrunk Ping-Pong balls, in his grids but they left light, fluffy thread trails as they crawled to their preferred niches. The completed pieces are a contrast between the precise, geometric wooden forms and the rounded shapes of the cocoons, the whole fuzzed up with trailing silk. After the silkworms finished their cocoons, each piece was heated to kill the worms inside—a process similar to the one followed in sericulture, or silk farming, when the silkworms must be heated and killed, lest they emerge as moths and break the long silk threads before a human being can harvest them.



Kadonaga's gallery displayed all ninety-one of his pieces in one divided space where, crowded together, they looked like a cityscape. It was a witty display—after all, if you are going to ask a hundred thousand worms to work for you, the total effect is very much to the point—but that aspect of the show slipped by the reviewers, one of whom, Chuck Nicholson, writing in *Artweek* of March 21st, grumbled that the grouping "seriously detracts from the impact of individual pieces." Being an art critic must be a sobering job; at least, none of the current critics seem to be having much fun reviewing Bug Art.

Kadonaga speaks little English and is only sometimes in this country, but Jeri Coates, who is the assistant director of Space, reports that he was born in 1946 in Ishikawa-ken, is tall—nearly six feet—and has long, curly hair. "He has a droll wit," Coates says. "A puckish sense of humor. He is an actor, a natural mimic, who can transform himself before your eyes into someone else."

Today, Kadonaga lives in Tsurugi-machi, near the Sea of Japan, where he is known as Kichigai, or the Crazy One, partly because he is an artist in a well-to-do family that is in the lumber business. His father had hoped Kadonaga would join the business, but he'd decided he wanted to become an artist. He began by painting, but realized, he said in a 1984 interview, through an interpreter, that "others painted better." In his father's sawmill he rediscovered wood, which, he said, "brought out my true artist's personality." He began to play with it. "I am not creating beauty but discovering the natural beauty of material," he said in another interview. He sliced wood into thin layers and allowed it to dry and curl. He scored logs and encouraged them to check. He made regular grooves in logs and then whacked them with a samurai sword, and the scored fissures exploded throughout the interior of the logs to emerge in unpredictable jagged lines on the other side. He gathered bamboo, frayed it, bent it, arranged it, and called it art. Handmade paper, a lovely material, diverted him for a while. He had it made in unusual shapes (triangles, strips, oblongs), stacked it wet, and clamped it. As the paper dried, the unclamped portions fluffed up, and he displayed the pieces in a 1983 gallery show. All this was before he got to silkworms. A catalogue of his shows from the pre-silkworm period has been published and contains somewhat precious, dramatic, and seductively gorgeous photographs, which, in effect, become an aspect of his work.

Kadonaga has had shows in Japan as well as in the Netherlands, Mexico, Germany, Sweden, New Zealand, and Australia. "In Japan, they have turned their back on his art, because they don't know what to make of this man," Edward Lau, the director of the Space gallery, says. Lau believes that Kadonaga's work is at once too traditional and too unusual for Japanese buyers. The Japanese, says Lau, have always understood the beauty of the natural materials Kadonaga is using, but Western buyers are just beginning to discover it. The silkworm pieces, which, at least to someone of my entomological bent, are the wittiest of all, draw on a long and reverent tradition of sericulture in the Far East.

Sericulture dates back to the early part of the fourth century in Japan and has even more ancient beginnings in China. As should be expected in the light of its long history, traditions and rituals have grown up for every stage of silk production, from the care and feeding of the silkworms to the harvesting of the thread from the cocoons they spin. The worms and also mulberry leaves, which the worms feed upon, are common motifs in Eastern art. In Japan, as late as the nineteen-twenties, there was a silkworm god who was honored at family altars when the silkworms finished eating and began to spin.

Resonances of these reverent traditions are lost on an American audience; our agriculture is short on reverence and long on getting directly to the bottom line with hogs, cattle, and soybeans. (There have, however, been moments in American farming history when sericulture became a fad—eighteenth- and nineteenth-century versions of today's boutique agriculture.) Instead, there are other resonances for American buyers. John Pleshette, an actor and writer, who has bought Kadonaga wood and paper pieces, would have liked to buy one of the silk ones, but his wife, he told me, finds anything that has to do with insects repellent, so he didn't. He admitted that the gallery full of them was "kind of eerie," but went on to say, "Still, the impact was so strong because they had been living things. The feeling was there that maybe they weren't dead after all. That was part of the aesthetic. If they weren't insects but cotton balls, say, the pieces would not have had the same impact. I think Kadonaga is taking nature and putting some limits on it

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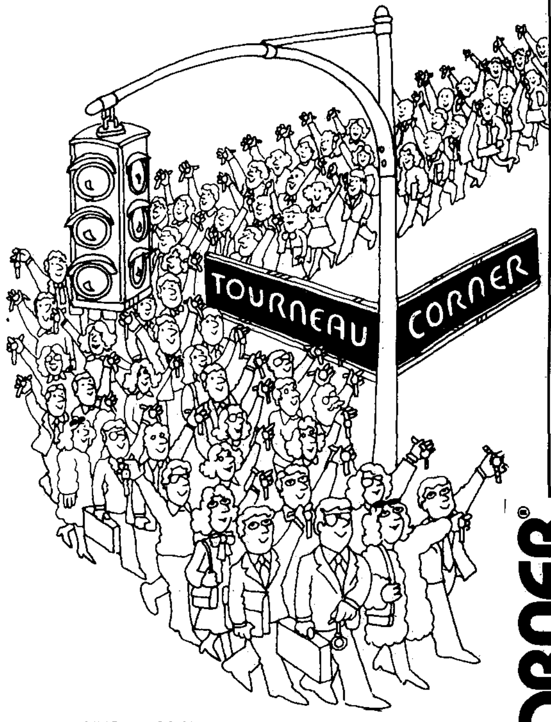

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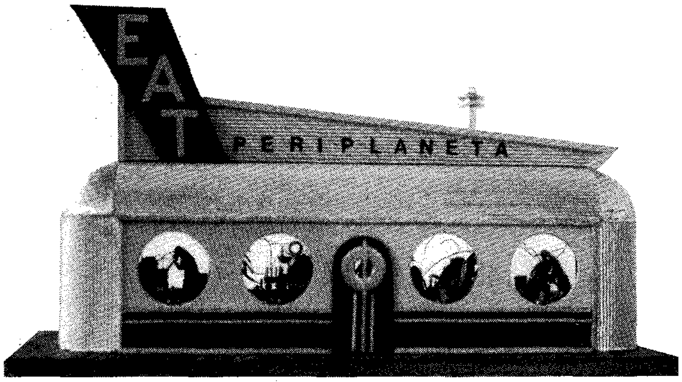
but preserving its essential zeitgeist."

The gallery offered Kadonaga's pieces separately—titled collectively "Silk" and identified within that collectivity by numbers and letters—at prices ranging from three hundred dollars to five thousand dollars. The most expensive piece that has been sold to date was priced at twenty-five hundred dollars. The unsold pieces—many of them large ones, which require a museum setting—are now stored in a studio in downtown Los Angeles which Kadonaga uses as a base for his American visits.

"People feel creepy about bugs anyway," John Pleshette concluded.

Richard Boscarino, a New Yorker, knows that, and, as a jewelry-maker who once hoped to be an entomologist, and therefore does not find insects creepy at all, he sees his dainty and delicate cockroach art as a joke he is playing on a bug-loathing public. The most outrageous of the jokes is "The Last Supper." It is a tiny tableau, a three-dimensional re-creation of the Leonardo mural, complete with a minutely fringed tablecloth and a cracked wall behind Christ and the disciples, who are represented by cockroaches. "This is my most scandalous still-life," Boscarino says, with a happy grin, "but it's the most popular, and I have made more replicas of it to order than I've made of any other piece."



Boscarino sells his still-lifes—or "roachart," as he also calls them—directly to the public, without benefit of a gallery, for between three hundred and nine hundred dollars. He has had one show, à la J. J. Doonesbury, in the men's room at a once popular night spot on Hudson Street called Area, which is now closed.

Boscarino is a slight man of twenty-seven, with dark hair and quick, fine-boned hands. I hope he won't mind my noting that he has a rather buglike quality. I don't think he will, because people say that about me, too, and I don't mind. In the small town where I live I'm called the Bee Lady—a name I rather fancy. After all, aren't men and women supposed to grow to resemble their mates of many years? To take on characteristics of their pets? And Boscarino has been thinking about bugs for a long time.

Richard Boscarino's speech is precise. He moves rapidly from place to place. He has an easy smile and a happy laugh. He lives in a dark apartment in the West Village, and on a recent Sunday morning when I visited him few of his neighbors were on the streets outside. They were presumably still tucked up with their Arts & Leisure sections of the *Times*, but Boscarino, inside his apartment, enthusiastically spread out a sampling of his work.

One is a replica of a Providence, Rhode Island, diner and is titled "Periplaneta," the genus name of the cockroaches used in the piece. (They are large American roaches—about an inch and a half long by half an inch across—and he buys them, dead, from the Carolina Biological Supply Company, in Burlington, North Carolina, which offers a large variety of roaches, including the giant hissing cockroach of Madagascar.) The diner, painted a cheerful yellow, has a red floor and contains four booths. Seats at the counter are made of buttons. The cappuccino maker is a .22-calibre shell. The stovepipe is a straw. Lemon meringue pies sit in little brass settings for rhinestones. A cockroach waitress and cook are poised in mid-bustle serving the roach customers, who sit in the booths and at the counter—including, as Boscarino points out, "a youngster who can barely see over the counter."

Boscarino has collected bugs and been interested in plants since he was a child, when he thought he would become either an entomologist or a botanist. But at twelve he began making jewelry, and after high school he went to the Rhode Island School of Design, in Providence, to get a degree in jewelry-making. Today, it is his jewelry that is his main source of income; cockroach art is a sideline.

The pieces grew out of his bug collecting. He had pinned and displayed his specimens, as collectors do, but he found the traditional box displays boring and began to pin out his samples in surroundings as natural as possible. He fixed a cockroach on a piece of kitchen flooring. And then, as his first joke, he made a small table with a crumb on it and sat two roaches on little stools on either side of it. People saw it, were amused, and commissioned him to do other cockroach pieces. His roach boxes make use of his jeweller's skills. "Chez Cafard" (*cafard* means not only hypocrite and a blue mood in French but also cockroach) is an exquisite cockroach-size beauty parlor, with little oval mirrors and pink-and-red striped wallpaper. One cockroach sits under a hair dryer made of a Magic Marker top. Another is having its antennae permed. Still another is being given a French twist by a cockroach hair stylist. A roach replica of a small grocery store has cockroaches shopping for food. Pushing shopping carts made of window screen, they ponder a selection of carrots made from toothpicks, mangoes that are really sesame seeds, broccoli fashioned from cloves. On shelves in the middle of the store, aspirins have been stacked and pencils sliced into rounds to make packaged food. At the checkout counter, a roach pushes buttons made of pinheads on the cash register.

The jeweller-dainty, playfully sardonic, doll-house quality of Boscarino's work makes its own nervous joke in his current work in progress, "The Pentagon"—a big, unfinished replica of that structure. The Red-Tape Room, with curls of tape surrounding the cockroach staff, looks complete, but in the War Room several cockroach generals waiting to be glued in place lie on their backs, their stiffened legs sticking straight up.

"I always have too many projects," Boscarino says happily. "The dilemma is not enough time to do everything. I wish I could stay awake twenty-four hours a day. I'll take on any commission if it's complicated enough, because I love complexity." Another of

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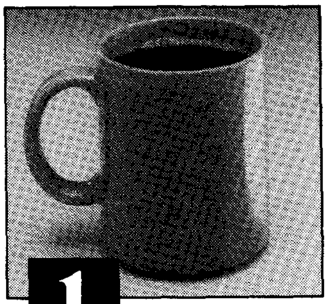

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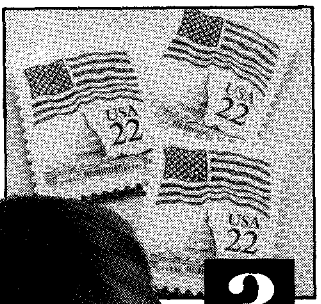

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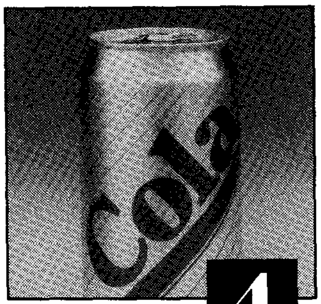

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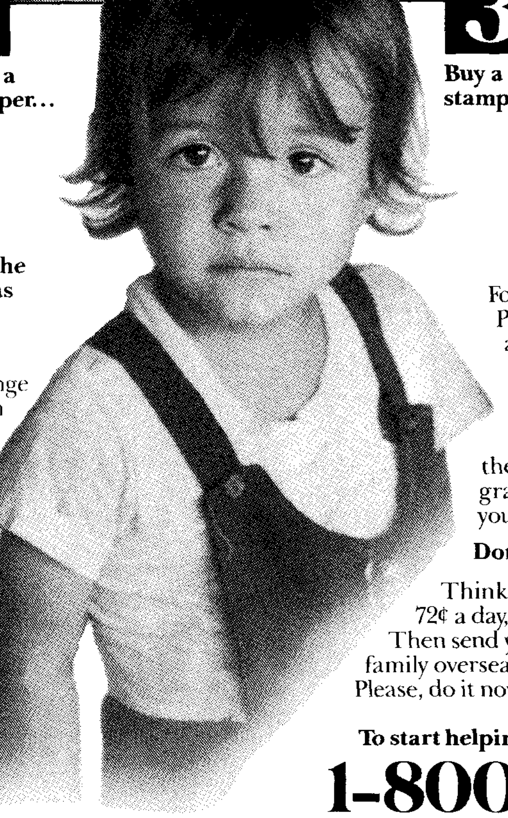

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his interests is filmmaking, and he took a course in it at N.Y.U. but found it too limiting. In the process, he made a film that became a finalist in the student division of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences competition. He used insects in that film, an experiment in macrophotography in which he filled the screen with bugs and kitchen appliances.

To Boscarino's amusement, he has become something of a star. He appeared on "West 57th Street" and "PM Magazine," and he smiles as he tells about being the featured performer on a popular Japanese television quiz show, "The World in a Nutshell," three years ago, while celebrities vied with one another to guess the prices of his work. His only regret is that he was filmed in New Haven, not Tokyo.

Although Boscarino likes insects in general, he would not use butterflies, for instance, in his pieces. Butterflies find favor, if any bug does, with the non-entomological public, and he prefers what he calls the "tension" created when he uses an insect that is considered abhorrent. Boscarino's face grows serious as he talks about how adaptable cockroaches are, how good at surviving in a wide range of habitats and conditions, how old a life form they are. "You can't help admiring them," he says.

GARNETT PUETT, the apisculptor, is only one year older than Boscarino. He, too, is a New Yorker and has an entomological background, but with that his similarity to Boscarino ends. Puett is a strong-looking man, muscular from a lifetime of doing heavy beework. He has dark-brown hair, cut short, and brooding brown eyes, which do not follow along when the rest of his face smiles. He has the air of a young man who would not compromise much, and at times he seems to be on the verge of truculence, as is often true of beekeepers. Perhaps this comes from spending so much of one's life away from human concerns.

Puett was born in Hahira, Georgia. His father was a commercial beekeeper and so were his father's father and grandfather. When Puett was a teenager, his father died, and his mother, who was an artist, married Jim Powers. Powers runs what was until very recently the biggest honey-producing operation in the United States. It is based in North Dakota but has

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Bees have been a part of Puett's life ever since he can remember, and his stepfather expected him to take over Powers Apiaries when he graduated from college. With that in mind, Puett entered the University of Idaho, to study business administration and entomology. But after a year he switched to art at the University of Washington, in Seattle, specializing in sculpture. At first, he worked with bronze, but he found himself scrapping the finished pieces and thinking about the wax he had used to create them. The process interested him more than the product.

When he graduated, he did not want to go into his stepfather's business, although to this day he does work in the Hawaiian part of the operation when his schedule permits and the bees there need him. He was also, however, disgusted with the art world as he saw it. "Thirty years ago, I understand, it was ninety per cent poetry and ten per cent sales," he says. "Today, it is just the opposite." He did not want to make the changes in his work which he thought were necessary to create commercially successful sculpture. "I wanted a way to confront viewers with the essence of sculpture—shapes and form," Puett says. "I was willing to frighten them, if necessary, to force them to see." He realized that he could use the forms created by bees for just that purpose. All beekeepers know that the inside of a beehive is beautiful to human eyes, but the patterned structures built by bees from uniform honeycomb cells are seldom seen by any human eyes except beekeepers', and few beekeepers are expressive enough to convey an idea of that beauty. Therefore, the average gallerygoer should find the forms created by bees fresh and startling enough to make him consider form itself. Or so Puett reasoned. He began by experimenting with beeswax foundation—delicate sheets of beeswax, sold by beekeeping-supply companies, that are imprinted in a factory with a matrix of the hexagonal honeycomb pattern that bees build on their own. But he soon switched to using the drawn-out and worked comb itself, with its deeper, cup-shaped cells, completed by the bees.

In 1983, in the face of his stepfather's skepticism and continuing hope that he would decide to manage the Hawaiian division of the business, Puett moved to New York City with a few hundred dollars and a five-year

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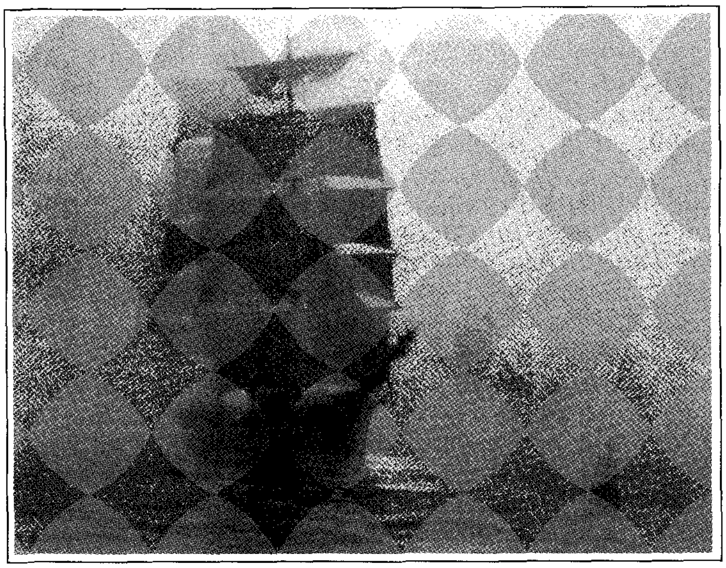

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plan. He did not want to live out his life on the fringes of the New York art world, so he gave himself five years within which he must have ten shows and get his work accepted. “If it didn’t work out, I would go back to Hawaii and pull honey,” he says.

He enrolled in Pratt and got a job delivering art to galleries. In the course of his work, he met gallery owners and artists, and soon he was introduced to two dealers who went on to form the Curt Marcus Gallery, which has handled him ever since. Within two years, he had had his ten shows and was being taken very seriously by the art establishment.

His sculptures, which originally sold for under a thousand dollars, now sell for more than five times that, and there is interest in his work in other parts of the country. Laumeier Sculpture Park, which commissioned his “Apiscaryatid” for five thousand dollars, has been trying to raise another ten thousand dollars to buy it for permanent display.

Critical and commercial acceptance has come so quickly to Puett that those around him are concerned about its effect on his development. Beej Nierengarten-Smith, the director of Laumeier, wonders if he understands how unusual his early success is. After one of Puett’s openings, a group of older artists, taking small nibbles from their sour grapes, were speculating about whether it might not have been better for the young man to have a little less luck and a little more struggle. Ann Philbin, who has served as his gallery representative at Curt Marcus, has protected him from exploitation by television. Puett has cooperated with her because he understands that his apisculptures can be played for what he calls their “freak show” aspect, and he *does* want to be considered a serious artist. However, he admits, with an engaging boyish longing, that he would have rather liked to accept an offer to appear on the “Today” show.

Puett and his wife, Whendi, who is a fabric designer, share a large, sunny space in a factory building in Brooklyn, near the Williamsburg Bridge. I visited him there on a clear, sparkling summer day. Along the waterfront, a prostitute waited glumly beside a van with privacy glass, old newspapers fluttered across the streets, and, in among flattened beer cans and old mattresses, some weeds flowered, noticed only by bees and beekeepers. Puett’s bees had flown out through a

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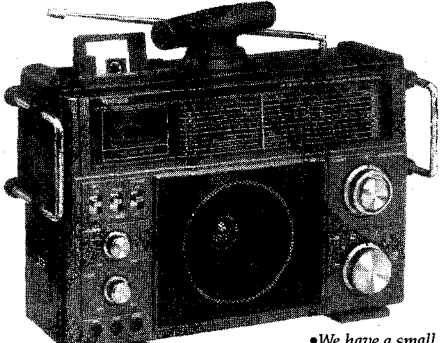

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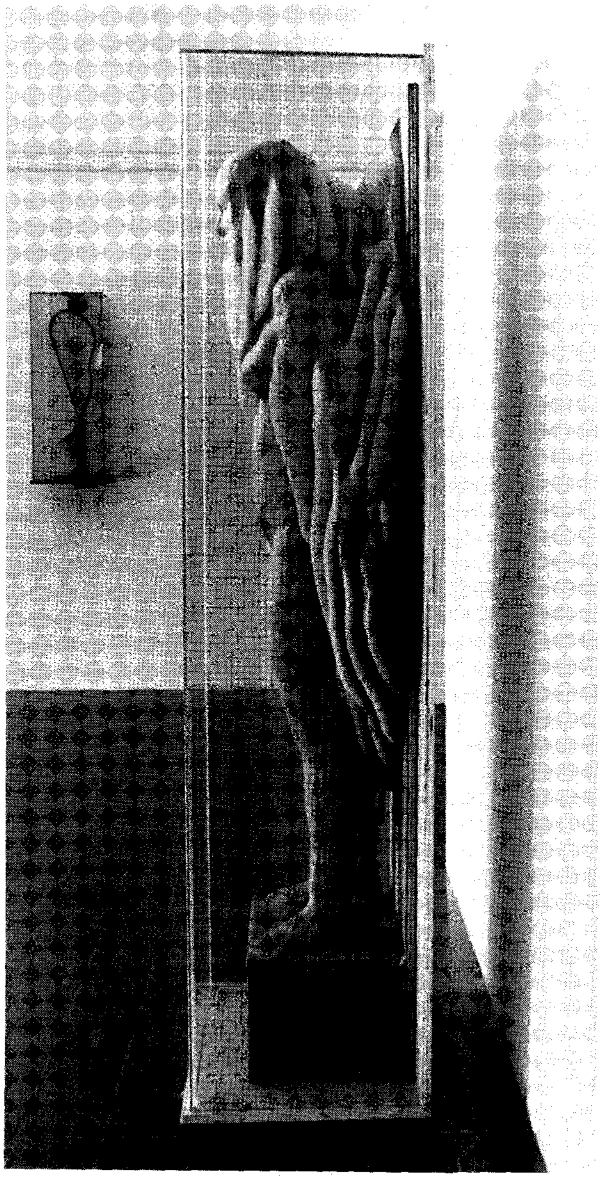
hole in his studio window and were hard at work gathering nectar and pollen.

In his studio, Puett develops the basic forms for his sculptures, usually welding a steel armature, which he will coat with beeswax and give to the bees to finish. Many of the forms are abstract. He sometimes starts with examples from the "Scanning Electron Microscope Atlas of the Honey Bee," a book of anatomical details so small that they cannot be seen by the unaided human eye. Enlarged, they become pure form. "Nothing relays natural form better than natural form itself," Puett says. He works up these forms on a computer and then welds the armature to express the design in a way that he hopes the bees will accept and use as a base for building comb. If they accept it—and they do in many cases, but not all—they will treat the same form similarly the next time, and Puett will have learned something. (Once, a buyer displayed a finished sculpture too near a radiator, the wax melted, and the piece was destroyed. Puett gave the armature back to the bees, and they built an identical sculpture upon it.) One of his goals is to create forms so pleasing to bees that they will build on every one.

After coating the armature with beeswax, Puett installs packages of bees, bought from a bee breeder, on the base, which he has enclosed in a box, and there, if the design is acceptable to the bees, they will finish in layered beeswax the sculpture he has begun. When the piece is finished, Puett removes the bees to an ordinary beehive, takes out any honey with a dental water pick, and freezes the sculpture for a short time to kill any wax-moth eggs and larvae that it might contain. Then the piece is enclosed in a glass case—Puett builds one for each of his sculptures—to keep it safe.

Sometimes the forms are human—a head, a row of small figures, or a single figure. In creating the Laumeier "Apiscaryatid," Puett coated the figure, molded from Whendi's body, with beeswax and set it up last April at the Sculpture Park in a large wooden box with a door on one side for public viewing. He put a caged queen on the figure's head and then released a hundred thousand bees above the tiny cage. The bees and the viewers were separated by a screen, so that neither would be harmed. Throughout the spring and summer, the bees collected nectar from miles around, drew out the wax on the form into their hexagonal cells, and added to these bases creamy white beeswax of their own making. The cells became the building units for what appear to be layers of shawls draping the head and torso of the waxen form.

The bees' exit and entrance was a small hole in the box behind the figure. The top of the box was also cut away, and was replaced with red Plexiglas. The glowing, warm light that filled the box did not disturb the bees, because their receptivity to the spectrum of visible light is different from ours, and the unusual color skewed and altered the visitors' perception of the figure. According to Nierengarten-Smith, the "Apiscaryatid" quickly became one of the most popular pieces the Sculpture Park has ever exhibited.



I was in St. Louis a number of times during the spring and summer, and I always made a special trip out to the Sculpture Park to see how the bees were coming along. They began by building comb on the top of the figure and worked their way down. By midsummer, although the bees had left the face bare, the rest of the head and the upper torso were covered with layered leaves of wax honeycomb. At summer's end, the queen bee escaped from her cage. Puett was in Hawaii helping to harvest honey at his stepfather's hives, and so was unable to come to Laumeier. As the staff watched, the queen began to lay eggs in the honeycomb cells along the back and one side of the figure. At one point, the bees clustered around the queen in an upper corner of the box, away from the figure, and built more honeycomb there. From the eggs that the queen bee had laid the bees apparently raised themselves some new queens, for during September, just before Puett was to remove the bees from the sculpture, most of the bees in the colony swarmed away with the old queen. When Puett arrived in St. Louis, only a few bees were left on the sculpture, and none of the honey that the colony had gathered remained. He killed the remaining bees and froze the piece in dry ice.

Nierengarten-Smith says she preferred that Puett base his piece on a human form. That is not always to his liking these days, for he wants to move beyond human models, but it is by using a human base for his sculptures that he has attracted the most atten-

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tion. Reviewing a gallery show of Puett's in *Arts Magazine* for September, 1985, Timothy Cohrs writes:

> There were so many bees, so many *thousands* of bees, that they stacked up two and three and four deep, dripping from the mass like magma turned into a lifeform. The figure, once it could be identified as such, seemed frozen with shock, stung into a paralysis that at any moment could break and send it and the box and the glass sheet smashing to the ground. The sight of something so primeval, so vital, and so terrifying thrust into the cocoon of the gallery scene was more than surprising—it actually stunned the crowd of art-weary art-watchers at the ArtMart opening into a uniform silence.
>
> Puett's live, untitled piece was planted outside in the gallery's courtyard. It contained over 80,000 honeybees all furiously involved in the process of constructing a *hive on the surface of the wax figure.* The ceaseless and truly inhuman energy of the piece-in-process contrasted sharply with a finished, bee-less sculpture inside the gallery. . . . the finished piece was absolutely static—no hum, no wild pulse of life, no horrifying vision of a ghastly insect-covered death.

Some viewers have described Puett's work as sadistic—covering a woman's form with bees strikes people to whom bugs are abhorrent as vaguely obscene. Puett shrugs off such reactions. If people think of death and cruelty, he points out, that says more about them than it does about the sculpture. He acknowledges that once he has completed a piece its connotations belong to those who look at it. "But I am not trying to make deathly images," he says, scowling. Puett, after all, comes from a way of life in which having live bees crawl on one's body is not a bad experience (following the Powers Apiaries practice, he works bees without wearing gloves or a protective bee suit) but, rather, a neutral, or even a pleasant, one, standing, as it does, for a benign partnership between bees and human beings. Beekeepers know that bees sting only in exceptional circumstances—circumstances that are easy to control.

Critics have other things to say about Puett's work. Richard Martin writes in *Arts Magazine* for September, 1986:

> A kouros in wax was transformed by bees into the trunk of a figure as they bored into and dismembered the legs of the figure. Puett takes an especially perverse—and fascinating—interest in this sculpture as an instance of complete change in interaction with the bees. More often, that interaction is more subtle. A striding figure is veiled with the fine net of comb mantilla akin to a sci-fi-movie special effects, yet our transformed monster is a friendly Frankenstein. The initial grotesquery of

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the figure is quelled and we can see it as the most elegant of transformations.

Writing in *Art in America* for March, 1987, Sue Taylor reviews a Chicago show of Puett's and suggests:

> The project seemed to comment on the ability of nature to overtake art, to undermine human achievement, inevitably, through time. Indeed, in the face of the bees' urgent, collective activity, human individualism and self-expression suddenly seemed maladaptive quirks in a social system lacking the cooperative base and supreme integration of bee populations.

We are on very slippery anthropomorphic ground here, and to me what is going on seems something much simpler. These Bug Artists are messing around with materials, and that is an interesting thing to be doing. In addition, they're having a rather good time, and that is even better. What their work has to say is something so plain and obvious that it seems surprising that it needs saying at all, but since so many people are engaged in creating artifacts that do say it and no one else is smiling, perhaps it does: We live in a world in which there are many live things other than human beings, and many of these things can seem beautiful and amusing and interesting to us if they can catch our attention and if we can step back from our crabbed and limiting and lonely anthropocentricity to consider them.

—SUE HUBBELL

◆

It was, all in all, a lively evening, promising more to come. It's a welcome relief to see Republicans alive and continent enough to attack each other and laugh about it.—*Richard Reeves in the Buffalo News.*

Welcome relief indeed!

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[*From the London Times*]

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Mrs Pecover said: "He came right down in my front garden. That's where the police pinned him down. I came out because I heard a helicopter hovering above. As soon as I got outside there was this big fellow lying face down in my garden with two policemen sitting on him and another standing by him. They said it was an attempted robbery. They all had guns.

"They just stayed there sitting on this chap and then they asked for a cup of tea. I didn't know whether he was dead or alive so I said: 'Do you want three cups or four?' They said 'Just the three, please'."

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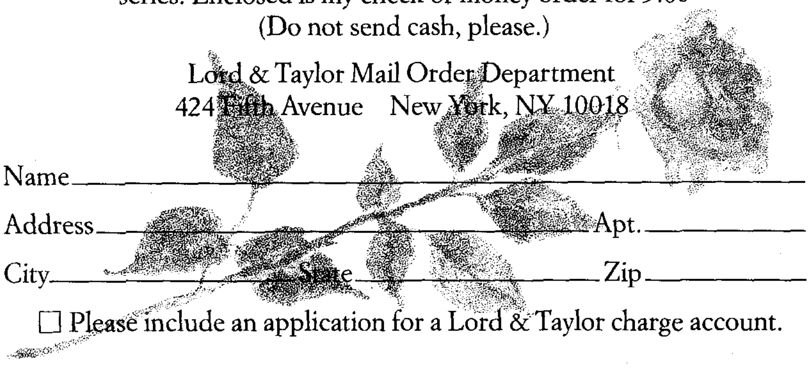

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JAZZ

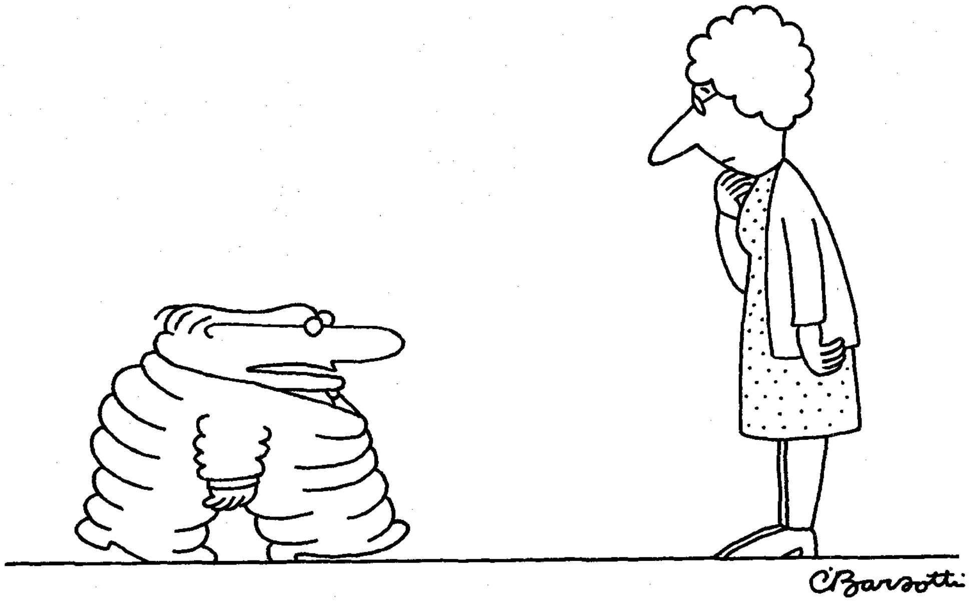
Ellington Slips By

IT is not likely that anyone will write a good biography of Duke Ellington. Like many prominent blacks in his day, he developed a subtle and largely impenetrable series of disguises. These included his elegant, orotund conversation, often delivered in the form of complex and masterly put-ons, which ranged from mock unctuousness to high flattery (to a female guest at the close of the seventieth-birthday party given him at the White House: "I'm so glad you could come. You looked so beautiful, and you brought such dignity to my party"); the cool, amused expressions that flickered across his seignorial (sometimes masklike) face; his flossy, Technicolor written efforts (as in his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress"); his funny double-entendre song titles ("Warm Valley" and "T.T. on Toast"); his vivid, almost foppish way of dressing (six-inch trouser cuffs, ruffled shirts); and the Ellington band itself, which was the secret and spacious house in which—blinds drawn—he spent so many nourishing years. Eventually, all these camouflages became automatic, and it was increasingly difficult to tell where they stopped and Ellington began. Of the half-dozen or so biographical efforts that have been published since his death, in 1974, only "Duke Ellington in Person," a sharp, pained memoir by Ellington's son, Mercer, penetrates any of the Ellington veils. (Mercer Ellington's book was done with Stanley Dance, who also helped the Duke assemble his autobiography.) Certainly James Lincoln Collier's new book, "Duke Ellington" (Oxford; $19.95), built squarely on Mercer Ellington's effort, doesn't bring us much closer to the Master. Collier, the author of a good history of jazz and a middling biography of Louis Armstrong, likes to play the revisionist. He trots through the now standard résumé of Ellington's life: his genteel, middle-class upbringing in Washington, D.C., his lifelong devotion to his mother, his playboy ways and early and only marriage, his prolonged love affairs, his more or less accidental entry into music as a pianist, his first fame as a bandleader at the Cotton Club, his manipulation of and slyness with people, his consuming hypochondria, and his gradual acceptance of the belief that he was an important composer, with the concomitant need to hear every new piece performed by his band, which it sometimes seemed he kept in existence just for that purpose.

Collier does the Freudian samba with much of this material, and lets it go at that. What he principally wants to get across is that Ellington was *not* the great American composer, as many have claimed—that, indeed, he was not a composer at all in the conventional sense. Collier points out that many of Ellington's best-known numbers were written partly by Ellington and partly by members of his band, in what proportions we may never know. Oftentimes, Ellington arrangements did not exist on paper but were worked out in recording studios and committed to memory by the band. (Many of the Ellington numbers played by repertory groups use arrangements that have been transcribed, note by painful note, from Ellington recordings.) Sometimes Ellington harmonized and orchestrated his pieces, and sometimes these essential tasks were done by others. Collier suggests that Ellington was, above all, a brilliant synthesizer, who saw to it that all the requisite parts of a big-band jazz number—the song, its orchestration, the proper soloists, the tempo—were aligned and ready to go. Collier compares Ellington's methods to those of a master chef: "The chef does not chop all the vegetables himself or make the sauce with his own hands. But he plans the menus, trains the assistants, supervises them, tastes everything, adjusts the spices, orders another five minutes in the oven for the lamb. And in the end we credit him with the result. So it was with Duke Ellington: wherever he got the ingredients, it was his artistic vision that shaped the final product."

But it wasn't as simple as that. Ellington's greatest numbers, written and recorded between 1940 and 1942, were fluid and ongoing collective improvisations that began with the invention of a melody and ended by shaping the section work that surrounded and supported the soloists. Some of these group improvisations were never finished; Ellington tinkered with them off and on for thirty years. The results, when everything fell into place, were masterpieces of "composed" improvisation, unmatched in American music.

Revisionists tend to trample the flowers. Collier moves swiftly through the last thirty years of Ellington's musical life (he seems to get stuck forever in the years around 1930), dismissing most of Ellington's concert pieces, secular and sacred, and passing lightly over the hundreds of short, workaday numbers turned out between the longer ones. This is too bad. Despite their episodic nature, some of the concert pieces have merit, and much close listening needs to be done to the late short numbers. (What of the two dozen or so funny and ingenious parodies he recorded of the theme songs of other bandleaders?) Collier is troubling in other ways. He likes to insult his readers' intelligence (Washington, D.C., is "a short distance from Balti-



"It could have been worse."

more"), and he is often careless with facts (John Hammond did not organize Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert, and Ellington's "Controversial Suite," a kind of parody of Dixieland and Kenton music, was being played several years before 1951). And he gives us slow, unenlightening musical analyses of such Ellington classics as "Ko-Ko" and "Harlem Airshaft"—numbers long since taken apart and put together again by Ellington musicologists. He likes to call Ellington's sidemen "virtuosos," thereby revealing that he does not understand the unique and fragile homebrewed nature of many of the musicians who graced Ellington's band. At the same time, he scants certain Ellington musicians. He dismisses Sonny Greer outright, claiming that Greer did not drive the band but played alongside it. Greer *was* a homegrown drummer and a showoff, as many drummers of his generation were, but he swung, he had decent time, and he had great style. He got a jubilant, ringing tone out of his drums, and he was a consummate cymbal player. He had much to do with establishing and preserving the Ellington *sound*. Greer was with the band thirty years, and it was never the same after he left. Collier is also off the mark about Ray Nance, a gifted violinist and jazz singer, and a trumpeter of knotted, complex emotions, who had a way of playing slow blues that made you sit very still.

Collier fails to grasp Ellington's polarities. At one end was the pure humor that aerated much of his music (Collier tends to take Ellington far too seriously), and at the other end the ghostliness, so beautifully described in Mercer Ellington's book: "[Ellington] sought a sensuality in the way his music was expressed; there was always an emotion attached to the sound. Or I might say that he was always very conscious of the need to make the listener *feel* experiences with the sound, almost as though he were creating apparitions within the music." Collier never met Ellington, but it probably wouldn't have made much difference to his book if he had. Ellington tended to shy away from such pontifical gents.

JAZZ musicians write good books. I do not mean as-told-to or tape-recorded books but books they write themselves. These include Ellington's "Music Is My Mistress;" Charles Mingus's funny, ribald memoir, "Beneath the Underdog;" Danny Barker's salty "A Life in Jazz," finally published last year; Rex Stewart's portraits of his peers, "Jazz Masters of the Thirties;" Artie Shaw's epigraph-laden "The Trouble with Cinderella;" and Max Gordon's "Live at the Village Vanguard," Max being as close to a jazz musician as you can get without actually playing an instrument. (Max's instrument is the Vanguard.) And now Marian McPartland, the English-born Renaissance person (pianist, composer, record-label owner, teacher, and radio producer and personality), has put out a collection of descriptive and biographical sketches, "All in Good Time" (Oxford; $14.95). The book contains, among other things, portraits, written between 1960 and 1983 for music magazines, of Paul Desmond, the bassists Ron McClure and Eddie Gomez, Mary Lou Williams, Bill Evans, Benny Goodman, and Alec Wilder. Mrs. McPartland keeps herself out of the way much of the time (although she is a born self-publicizer, an ability few jazz musicians have and all need), and is nowhere in sight in her highly effective chapter on Desmond, a witty man, who tells her, "I'm glad [Ornette Coleman] is such an individualist. I like the firmness of thought and purpose that goes into what he's doing, even though I don't always like to listen to it. It's like living in a house where everything's painted red"—calm, wise remarks spoken just after the Ornette Coleman storm broke over New York, in 1960. Mrs. McPartland is equally good on her old friend Alec Wilder, who wrote music for her and marvelled at her improvisations. ("God! That would have taken me a week to write and she played it in five seconds!") She says in a postscript to the piece that Wilder's "greatest gift and the most lasting one of all was his music." I'm not sure that Wilder's greatest gift wasn't his complex, brilliant, echoing self. Look at the hole he's left. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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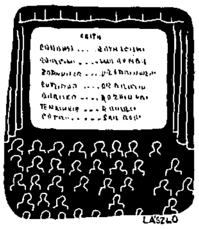
Religious Experiences

IN the 1935 "Alice Adams," the affectations of Katharine Hepburn's Alice would make her dislikable if you didn't feel the desperation behind them—if you didn't feel as if you were inside her skin. I was sixteen when the film was first shown, and during the slapstick dinner-party scene, when Alice was undergoing agonies of comic humiliation, I started up the aisle to leave the theatre, and was almost out the doors before I snapped to my senses, and rushed back and sat down. Something similar happened to me a few days ago when I was watching Maggie Smith's performance in "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne": during Judy's most self-exposing moments, I caught myself trying to escape by glancing down, as if I had urgent business with my notepad. Judy, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension, like Alice. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealymouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Educated in an exclusive convent school for the daughters of the wealthy, she's a spinster in her late forties or fifties, with nothing but her airs, her polished turns of phrase, and a little jewelry left her by her aunt, along with a moldering gray mink stole. She's impoverished—she doesn't get enough to eat. She keeps up her prim, ladylike manner, though, and when she moves into new lodgings her landlady's brother, James Madden (Bob Hoskins), who has just returned after thirty years in New York City, thinks she must have a bit of money. He asks her out, hoping she'll invest in a business venture he's dreaming up, and she believes herself to be in the midst of a romance.



The movie is about a great deal more than a near-comic misunderstanding. It's about the loneliness that Judy tries to conceal from the people at the rooming house—she pretends she has friends and social commitments. It's about her secret drinking. And it's about the deprivation that she feels every waking minute, and about the Catholicism that has always provided her with ready-made answers to everything. Mortified when she learns that Madden isn't interested in her as a woman, she turns to her priest—gruff, bearded Father Quigley (Alan Devlin)—whose fieriness in the pulpit has impressed her. She confesses her drinking; she explains that she gave her youth to tending her bedridden aunt, and when the aunt died it was too late for her to get an office job—meaning that it was also too late to get a man. She tells Father Quigley of her isolation, and he brushes her off with dogma: if she has faith in God, she can't be lonely. All her life, she has been kept in the position of a child taking the Church fathers' word for everything. Now she demands to be treated as a grownup and given straight answers. She doesn't understand that Father Quigley doesn't have them: he's a company man handing out the company line, and when she isn't content with it he gets testy.

Brian Moore's "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" is perhaps the finest novel ever written about a woman who's a spinster in spite of her sensual nature. It's a beauty of a novel—a work of surpassing empathy—written when Moore was only twenty-seven and, having left Ireland (partly, he has said, because of the religious stranglehold on the country), was living in Canada. The book was published in 1955 and began to be optioned for the stage and the screen almost immediately. José Quintero was among the theatre people; he hoped to do it with Geraldine Page. John Huston optioned it, intending to film it with Katharine Hepburn; Daniel Petrie had Rachel Roberts in mind; Irvin Kershner planned on Deborah Kerr. But nobody had the rights and the financing at the same time until this year. Then George Harrison, whose company, HandMade Films, backed "Mona Lisa" and "A Private Function," gave the go-ahead to Jack Clayton and Maggie Smith, who worked from Peter Nelson's clear, intelligent adaptation. Clayton is a felicitous choice to direct a character-study movie about a woman's rage against the Church for her wasted life. For one thing, he's Catholic. And Clayton—his first feature was "Room at the Top," with Simone Signoret, and he made "The Innocents," with Deborah Kerr, and "The Pumpkin Eater," with Anne Bancroft—knows how to show women's temperatures and their mind-body interactions.

Maggie Smith lets you read every shade of feeling in Judith Hearne's face. Judy's blue-green eyes are full of misgivings; her thin lips have spokes—nervous pucker lines—and her pinched expression accentuates the long space between nose and mouth. She looks like a gigantic mouse—a mouse who's grown to the height of a giraffe. It's a staggering performance. Maggie Smith becomes the essence of spinster—she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. When Judith Hearne is at her most proper, she wears a hat flat across her head. (It looks like a poached egg.) Her ludicrous appearance is the image of old-maid torment, and you know you've laughed at women who looked like this—or, at least, you've wanted to. Now you get what it's like to be on the other side of that laugh. Smith makes us understand that when Judy's childish literal-mindedness about religion is shaken, her faith is gone. The Judy who's painfully self-conscious and polite is still a romantic little girl at heart. But when she has some gin in her and she runs down the church aisle and batters on the small gold doors of the tabernacle, demanding that God make his presence known to her—that he open up and take her in with him—her voice is deep and angry. She's suddenly a force of nature, gone crazy-sane.

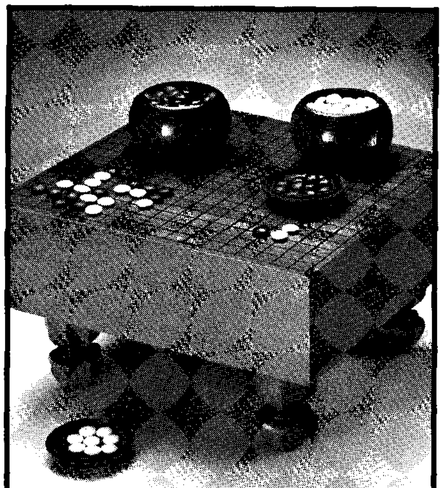
Hoskins' Madden is a vulgarian who's impressed by Judy's refinement, until he discovers she gives piano lessons—that's the tipoff there's no money there. Madden, who's plump and has a limp, affects sportiness; he's like a little mechanical man when he and Judy go walking and he holds up his arm, crooked at the elbow, for her to hang on to. He has a beady-eyed, out-of-control intensity in the scenes where he lusts after the fresh young slavey Mary (Rudi Davies) who does the dirty work in the rooming house. But Hoskins' acting doesn't have the surprise of Ian McNeice's performance as Madden's nephew Bernard, the landlady's son. A grown man who has already been to university, he looks like a wax angel made of rotten tallow. He's a Dickensian horror, with lewd pink flesh and yellowish hair. (McNeice was Young Wackford Squeers in the 1981 New York "Nicholas Nickleby.") His belly hangs out of his red silk pajama bottoms, but his mother (Marie Kean) dotes on him and keeps stuffing him; Bernard is writing an epic poem, which he expects will take five more years of being fed and fussed over. It's McNeice's feat that he plays Bernie as a sybaritic slime yet also makes us understand why the sixteen-year-old Mary waits each night for him to sneak up to her bed. Bernie is playful with her—he shows her a good time. (And he's certainly the only one who does.) The picture needs the baroque touch that McNeice provides: Bernie has enough elfish perversity to help offset the shallow, virtuous ending. (Madden is brought back so that Judy can reject him and go forth without illusions.)

The people in this movie are accustomed to the everyday perversity that passes for rectitude: adults tell on each other, like mean-spirited school kids. The book is set in Belfast, the movie in Dublin, but it's the same Church, the same infantilization. The devout landladies can't resist the chance to squeal to the mothers of Judy's piano pupils about her drinking. At one point, she goes to give a lesson, and the woman of the house won't let her in—closes the door in her protesting face. Judy goes on talking for a second: she says (to herself), "I used to play in musicales." And there's a cut to Judy at the piano performing for fashionable guests, with Wendy Hiller sitting there as the aunt, regal in her finery. It's a satisfying transition, because we can see that even in Judy's palmier days she was repressed and gawky and not much of a musician. Smith and Wendy Hiller are magnificent together. You feel an ugly, claustrophobic intimacy in the Judy-and-her-aunt relationship: all the love is from Judy's side, and it's self-deception. (She can't admit to herself that her aunt is a tyrant.) Part of what makes the two actresses match up as family is their bond of love and respect for their profession. They both have beautiful restraint. If Wendy Hiller went too far in the aunt's petulant, hysterical scenes, we wouldn't believe that Judy would stay all those years to look after her. And if Maggie Smith went too far in Judy's outbursts at God, we'd stop feeling that we were inside her skin. And the movie would let us off the hook.

"EMPIRE OF THE SUN" begins majestically and stays strong for perhaps forty-five minutes. It's so gorgeously big you want to laugh in pleasure. Steven Spielberg takes over Shanghai and makes it his city. It's swarming with people, all doing his bidding as the camera moves around the tops of stately buildings to the streets below. And then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. Working on an enormous scale and with a large theme, he throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. That's what his poetry is.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British boy in Shanghai—a kid who goes to school in a chauffeur-driven Packard—is separated from his parents during the mass exodus when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941. He survives hunger and disease, a detention center, and three years in a prison camp. Evacuated from the camp and forced to march, he's out in the countryside dying of starvation when there's an American airdrop and he gets some cans of Spam and other things to eat. A few days later, he's in a barracks and there's another airdrop—a cannister on a parachute comes crashing through the ramshackle ceiling, and breaks open. It hovers in the air, like a piñata, and the foodstuffs come raining down, along with a shower of glitter. If Spielberg had only stuck with the Spam and forgotten about the pixie dust!

Jim flies model gliders at the beginning, when he still lives in a huge Tudor mansion in the British section of the city, and he reacts with reverence to the Japanese Zeros, the American P-51 Mustang fighters, and all the other warplanes he sees. With that as an excuse, Spielberg glamorizes each flight. A toy glider swerves in the sky for a magical eternity, and an exploding Zero gives off an aureole of sparks. The camp where Jim is imprisoned is adjacent to an airbase, and when he gets close enough to a Japanese plane to caress it choral music soars and he's photographed like a boy who has just found God. This is more than a breach of taste: it's a breach of sanity, and it rattles your confidence in the movie. Presumably, we're seeing all this through the boy's wonder-struck eyes, but it's Spielberg who's saying "Ooh, look!" and showing us a cloying mystical effect. (He tries to give you a miracle every ten minutes.) The scenes about Jim's friendship with a Japanese boy—a smiley



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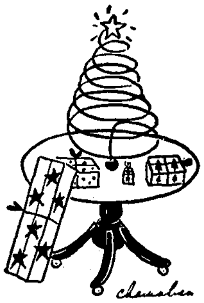
WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

teen-age pilot from the airbase—are so full of good will they feel thick, pudgy. And each time we get a demonstration of the gallantry of the flying brotherhood the movie seems to be regressing.

Near the opening, there's a startling effect that feels almost like a throwaway gag: Jim, who's high up in a hotel overlooking the harbor, sees a ship flashing signals and, being a smart kid who knows Morse code, he signals back, and instantly—*bam!*—the hotel is shelled, as if he'd caused it, or even willed it. The scene isn't stressed, but it has a resonance: it speaks to our understanding of the gap between children's play and grownup behavior—the gap that is closed in wartime. Jim is forced to grow up in brutal circumstances. Spielberg tries to use movie magic to transmute these brutal circumstances to beauty—to a myth—and he thinks he can achieve this by putting a veil over events.



He's using an adaptation of J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel which is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes), but he doesn't clarify what's going on. A scene in which Basie (John Malkovich), a scavenging American merchant seaman, and his crony Frank (Joe Pantoliano) try to sell Jim to Chinese traders is skipped over fast. And in the prison camp, though you feel something seamy and sadistic in the way Basie—a control freak, a Fagin—teaches Jim the low skills of survival, you can't get a fix on the nastiness. So it's just amorphously nasty. You feel that Mrs. Victor (Miranda Richardson), the aloof, snobbish Englishwoman near whose bunk Jim sleeps, must have something more to her than you're being shown. (In the novel, she treats Jim "like her Number Two Coolie.") Spielberg seems to be making everything nice, and, as with "The Color Purple," there's something in the source material that's definitely not nice. In its matter-of-fact, boy's-adventure way, the Ballard book tries to get back to the innocent child and how he was warped; Ballard's account recalls the disturbing qualities of "The Painted Bird." Spielberg's blandness works against the theme. How can he make an epic about the soul-freezing scuzziness of war as experienced by a child if he sweetens things? This is "The Color Yellow." He treats the hell of the prison camp as if it were the background for a coming-of-age story—as if the rich kid Jim's being on his own and learning to wangle gifts and to steal from the dead made a man of him. You come out saying, "What was that about?"

The boy is a fine performer, directed superlatively—especially in the scene where Jim is chasing after the truck that is leaving the detention center and taking a group of prisoners, including Basie, to a camp. Frantic, babbling like mad, Jim tries to get Basie's attention, but Basie deliberately ignores him and turns on his charm for two littler kids in the truck. It's probably the best dramatic scene in the movie, because it expresses so much of Jim's terror at the thought of losing the only protector he has, and so much of Jim's wartime amorality. (He gets on the truck by claiming he can guide the Japanese driver, who doesn't know the way.) Jim is very appealing when he's hysterically eager to run errands for everybody in the camp in order to survive; we understand his wanting to stay in motion. And we understand Spielberg's madness when he stages the crowds surging through the streets of Shanghai, trying to leave the city by getting to the waterfront or getting to the roads, and caught in human gridlock with tanks bearing down on them. The spectacle is bigger than any damn movie staging you've ever seen—five thousand people, ten thousand, fifteen thousand. Even if it overpowers the story, there's something shamelessly likable about this profligacy: it's a moviemaker's dream. And the imagery makes its own point about the crosscurrents of war.

But often Spielberg doesn't appear to know what effect he's after. When the once rich prisoners on their death march come to a stadium filled with confiscated chandeliers, limousines, grand pianos, paintings, and sculpture, the sheer quantity of the stuff evokes the huge accumulation of objects in boxes and crates in "Citizen Kane," but what is the image meant to signify—that the rich in Shanghai were too rich and are finding redemption in suffering, or that the Japanese were wasteful to leave these precious objects in the open air, or something else altogether? Perhaps that the old life of privilege is like a dream? What we see is flabby, picturesque surrealism, and when a woman sits down at one of the pianos and we hear what sounds like abandoned-mansion music, people in the theatre whisper that the piano is in tune, and giggle. The audience is trying to fill the vacuum, because scene after scene doesn't go anywhere. When Jim, after being separated from his parents, goes back to the near-deserted house, there's talcum powder on the floor of his mother's room and boot prints, along with a bare footmark and hand prints. Spielberg holds the camera so long on the messy floor that we feel stupid not to understand whether this is a dream-born image of rape and desecration or the sign of something that has actually happened. (To whom?) He luxuriates in images. He holds the camera on Jim, alone in the house doing forbidden things—eating chocolates with liqueur centers, bicycling around on the parquet floors—and then aimlessly circling the grounds. Later, he holds it for a picture-postcard view of Jim saluting the valor of three kamikaze pilots who are about to take off from the airbase. The movie is all "Ooh, look!" It's mindlessly manipulative. To achieve the larger-than-life emotions that Spielberg is after he needs more than the one character—the boy. (The framework is exactly the same as that of the animated film Spielberg produced, "An American Tail," in which a little boy mouse is separated from his parents, goes through horrifying adventures, and at last is reunited with mama mouse and papa mouse.)

In technical terms, "Empire" is a considerable achievement. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks, and the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and in London. But the picture is a combination of craftsmanship and almost unbelievable tastelessness. Every time Spielberg tries to make a humanitarian statement, he falls flat on his face—not just because his statements are so naïve but because they go against the grain of Ballard's material. (The movie actually gives Jim a dawning of moral awareness: he decides he no longer wants Basie for a friend.) Spielberg is stranded with his proud moments. That's where John Williams comes in: his editorializing music swells and swooshes for hours of this movie, trying to make us feel that something religious is going on. It's musical glue poured over candied images.

—Pauline Kael

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LETTER FROM BEIJING

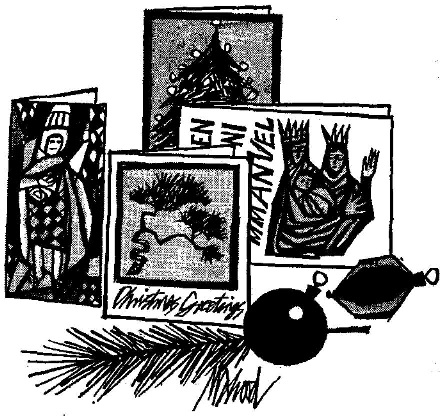
DECEMBER 20

CHINA'S first obesity-research clinic and its first Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant have opened here almost simultaneously, and while there appears to be no link between them, it's hard not to infer one. When Xinhua, the New China News Agency, reported the opening of the obesity clinic, it cited a finding that eighteen per cent of a sample of Beijing children and thirty per cent of a sample of adults were overweight. I haven't been to the clinic, but the familiar aroma of chicken frying did draw me into Colonel Sanders' beachhead one day recently while I was making my way up Qianmen Street, behind the Memorial Hall of Chairman Mao. I paid seven yuan and eight jiao (about two dollars and ten cents) for three pieces of chicken, and can now warrant that Kentucky Fried Chicken tastes no different in China. The price seemed to me about what it would be in America, but in Beijing, where per-capita annual income averages a thousand and seventy-six yuan (or two hundred and ninety dollars), it amounts to more than two and a half days' pay, and that may in part explain why the place was nearly empty, except for a few curious Caucasians and their Chinese guides.

Until not very long ago, Beijing was considered the "most Chinese" of this nation's cities—certainly not as subject to outside influences as, say, the major coastal cities. Now the Forbidden City, from which the emperors ruled by heavenly mandate, and which no commoner or foreigner could enter without permission, on pain of death, is an overcrowded museum, and outside its walls lives an urban and suburban population of more than nine million. The Chinese have Zip Codes now, and skyscrapers up to twenty-nine stories, limited-access highways, advertising, amusement parks, a reputable symphony orchestra, an annual marathon (won this year by a Tanzanian), four television channels (one presents a nightly newscast in English), two hundred and eighteen hotels, more than a thousand restaurants (most of them, unfortunately, have discovered monosodium glutamate, which the Chinese call "gourmet powder"), and thirty-four dance halls. From the late sixties to the late seventies, during the Cultural Revolution, dancing, in or out of halls, was banned as a bourgeois pastime, but universities and work units now sponsor frequent discos; "obscene music and close dancing" are still prohibited, though. And there are no taverns and coffeehouses, but coffeehouses may be on their way. A recent letter in the English-language *China Daily* noted the popularity of coffeehouses "on campuses, in factories and cinemas, and on the streets in Shanghai," and urged their establishment in Beijing, where people have "few public places . . . to go to enjoy themselves at night."

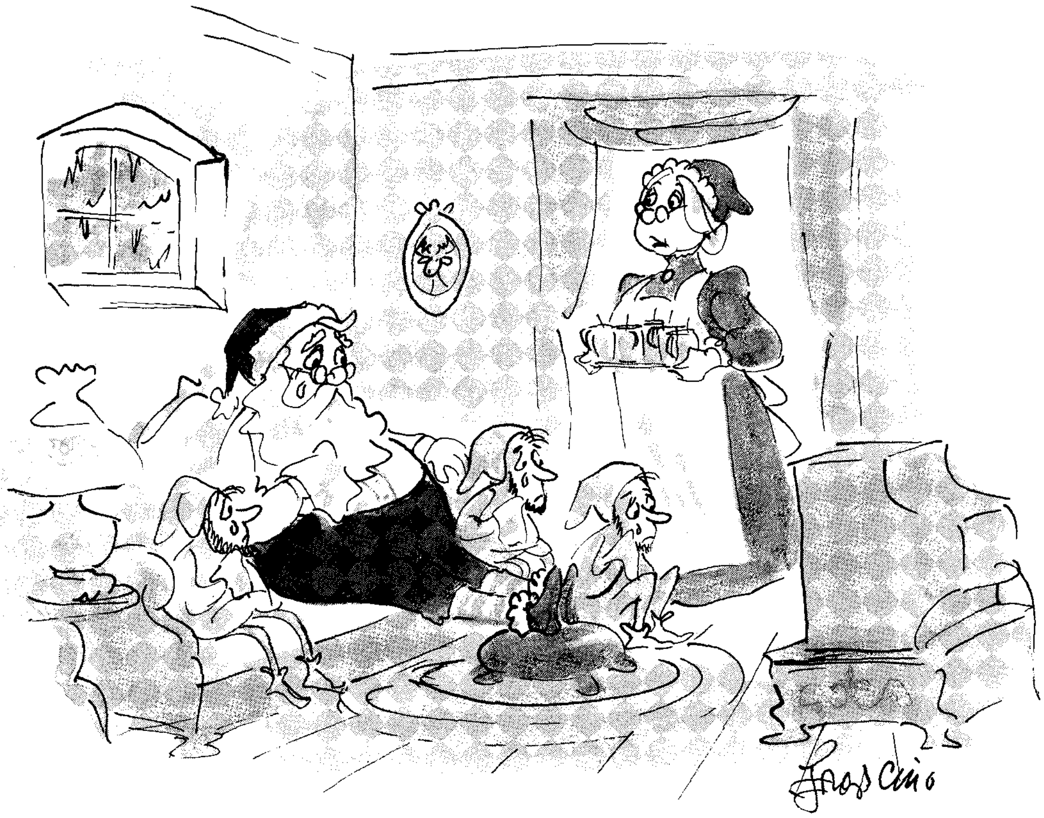
In the daytime, however, there are the amusement parks. On a Sunday not long ago, I spent a few hours at one, in the western suburb of Shijingshan, and its design seemed to have been influenced in about equal measure by Coney Island and Disneyland. There was a sideshow featuring *qigong*, a system of deep-breathing exercises—a young man stood calmly in the center of a ring while an older man thrust a spear point against his throat and his abdomen; the older man broke bricks with his hands and his head; and two girls toyed with a python—but most of the park's patrons seemed more interested in the Ferris wheel and a number of other rides, which, with one exception, struck me as relatively tame. The exception was a roller coaster that made an upside-down loop and plunged through some terrifying corkscrew turns, all of which its passengers endured in silence. The Chinese, children and adults alike, make it a point of pride not to scream or otherwise show fear when they subject themselves to such things.

Although the amusement park was busy, it was virtually secluded in comparison with most of Beijing's public parks. On the day I was at Shijingshan, a friend of mine visited the park known as Fragrant Hills, in the northwestern part of the city, in the hope of spending a peaceful afternoon among its famous smoke trees. She later told me that she had found "more people than trees" at the park, and her account was verified by the next morning's newspapers, which reported that more than ninety-five thousand people from Beijing and the surrounding area had come out to watch fewer than seventy-five thousand trees change colors.



It seems likely that on that particular fine fall day Beijing's other great outdoor attractions—the Forbidden City, the Emperor's Summer Palace, the Temple of Heaven (where the emperors used to pray), and Tian'anmen, the magnificent central square—were even more crowded. One complaint of foreign visitors is that the parking lots at tourist attractions in Beijing are invariably filled with buses chartered by the Chinese themselves. The Chinese are a sightseeing people; domestic tourism receipts reached ten billion six hundred million yuan, or nearly three billion dollars, last year, and an official of the Cultural Ministry was moved to lament that "armies" of tourists, foreign and domestic, were doing something that five centuries of Imperial Household courtiers had not been able to do—they were literally wearing down the flagstones of the Forbidden City. Early this fall, C. L. Feng wrote, in a lengthy article in *China Daily* (where the opinions are official), that recent walkers on the Great Wall at Badaling, about forty miles north of Beijing, "literally had to rub shoulders," and added, "It was almost like Wangfujing"—the principal shopping street in Beijing. His proposals—he called them "painful but necessary"—were to raise admission prices and to limit the number of tickets sold. "I would hate to see the Great Wall turned into rubble in one generation," he concluded. "After all, it is the only one in the world and it took two thousand years to build."

AS crowded as most of the people of Beijing may be when they go out, they are inevitably more crowded when they stay at home, for living space is still the city's greatest need. Well-to-do married professional men and women in their late twenties, or even their thirties, must either remain with their parents or bunk in dormitory-style cubicles near their often widely separated workplaces—in some cases, for several years after they marry. In fact, a principal incentive to marriage here might be that a couple will qualify for a bedroom of their own in an apartment they will have to share with another couple (or, more likely, with two other couples) in one of the residential buildings controlled by the husband's work unit (or the wife's, if she is older). Not that marriage is easy to accomplish. In lieu of parental consent, this generation's prospective brides and bridegrooms must obtain recommendations from their work units. Yet even after consent, and marriage, qualifying for the privacy of a bedroom may take up to five years or more, and by that time the couple will probably have to share it with the one child they are allowed to have.



"Not 'Miracle on 34th Street' again?"

• •

Building cranes—Beijing boosters call them "our city birds"—work day and night here, as China's state-run construction firms continue to erect the frames and exterior shells of thousands of buildings a year. However, obtaining the fixtures and other equipment required to render the buildings fit for occupancy has in many cases proved impossible. The problem is being worked on ("CONSTRUCTION SLOWS—BUT NOT ENOUGH" was a recent newspaper headline), but perhaps half the housing projects erected on the outskirts of this city over the past five years stand desolately waiting for the installation of plumbing, wiring, and—the convenience that requires the longest wait—elevators.

The problem of living space has a ripple effect. One couple I know have been married four years but still must sleep in dormitory cubicles at their workplaces, miles apart, while their son, who is now three years old, is being raised in the apartment of a more fortunate sister. The father, the mother, and the child get together as a family only on weekends. An apartment they now qualify for and would love to move into is a three-room, fifth-floor walkup occupied by a couple in their sixties who have been waiting four years to move into a high rise that can't seem to obtain elevators. The older couple's move is complicated by the husband's good standing in the Communist Party and in his work unit—"The higher the rank, the higher the floor" is a Chinese real-estate principle—and their waiting apartment consequently is on one of the building's top floors. But even if they were physically able to climb up and down the stairs every day, they still couldn't move in. Though buildings under construction are guarded to keep out premature occupants, sweeps by officers of the Public Security Bureau nevertheless regularly flush out "residents without permits," who, facing deportation back to the countryside, would be grateful to be allowed to share the dormitory cubicles that my young friends are eager to vacate.

The apartment houses that are inhabited seem to range from rectangular tenement buildings of four to twelve stories, marching on monotonously for block after block, to high-rise structures that are not much different in appearance from American low-income housing projects. The outside of any building here offers little clue to the size and the quality of the apartments within. I have been in one apartment, for example, that would be advertised as luxury housing even in New York: four bedrooms, a maid's room, a terrace (with a skyline view), a tiled bathroom (with a Western toilet and tub-shower), and a large kitchen (with piped-in gas), all with central heating, linoleum-covered floors, and soundproofed walls, most of them with new wallpaper. However, the common features of the building that contains this apartment include an ill-lit, forbidding entryway, a rickety elevator (which runs only from six in the morning to eleven at night), a concrete interior stairway, and corridors crowded with stored possessions, so in some ways the building is little different from buildings that contain only one-bedroom and two-bedroom apartments with whitewashed walls, concrete floors, and coal-stove heating—accommodations of the sort that most Beijing families are forced to share. And, inevitably, because of what I have heard termed the economics of *meiyou*, many of these smaller apartments are crammed wall to wall with furniture and appliances.

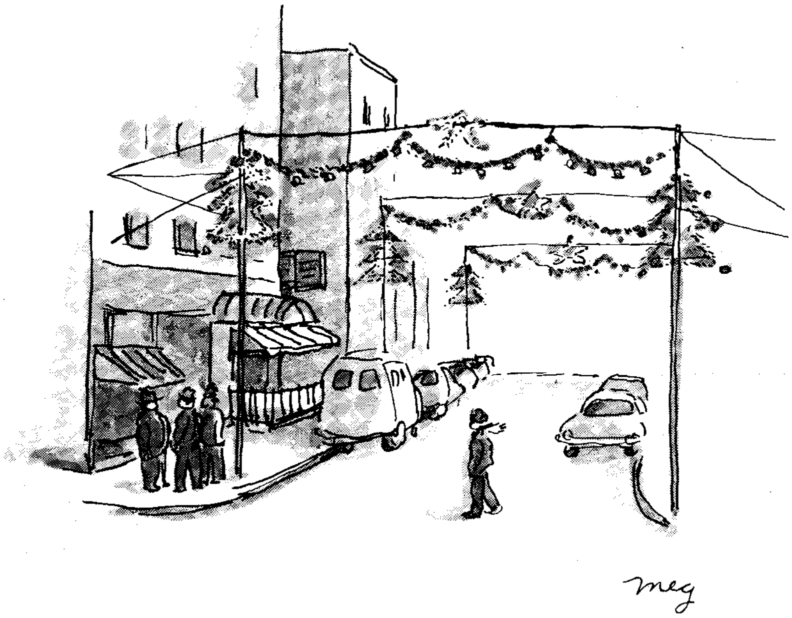
Meiyou is a Pinyin transliteration of a Mandarin word signifying unavailability, and more often than not it is the first Chinese word that a foreigner picks up. (A Canadian couple I know maintain that it was the first word spoken in any language by their infant daughter.) Because of the scarcity of most goods in China, an unwritten law of Beijing shopping is that if you have the money you buy anything as soon as you see it if you're likely to want it someday; if you wait till you have need, or room, for it, it will probably be *meiyou*. There are, however, five exceptions: wristwatches, refrigerators, electric fans, pressure cookers, and bicycles. China's nationalized factories turn out enough of these items to make them available to everyone.

There are six and a half million bicycles licensed in Beijing. I recently paid a hundred yuan, or about twenty-seven dollars, for a five-year-old Flying Pigeon model—slightly less than half the fixed price of a new one. Although almost no individual Chinese own cars, and foreign residents have to pay dearly for them—sixteen thousand nine hundred dollars for a compact, f.o.b. Shanghai—more than three hundred and thirty thousand automobiles have been registered in Beijing alone. Why anyone would want to drive here is a question hard to answer. I have seen no parking lots per se, and parking on the streets is prohibited; the city's two major expressways are interrupted by *honglüdeng* (which translates as "red-green lights"); and, most frustrating of all, the streets are choked with cyclists. A recent survey (the Chinese always seem to be surveying something) found that fifty-four per cent of Beijing's residents regularly bike to work or to school. This means that at rush hour one can expect to find nearly five million cyclists four or five abreast in what amounts to handlebar-to-handlebar traffic. Statistics on traffic fatalities aren't reported by category, but it's a safe assumption that cyclists accounted for a good proportion of the traffic deaths recorded here last year—five hundred and twenty of them.

Those who choose not to cycle have a choice between walking and taking public transportation. For one jiao, or less than three cents, you can ride one of Beijing's two subway lines. (They are not connected to each other.) Even at rush hours, these trains don't seem to me any more uncomfortable than New York subways. Beijing's two-section buses, however, are horribly crowded all day, and in winter, when bulky down coats take up a lot of space, they can be jammed beyond endurance. Complicating the transportation problem is the fact that this isn't a city for walking. Preoccupied cyclists (some seem to be able to read and ride at the same time) make it difficult to cross streets, even in marked crosswalks; and sidewalks (where there are sidewalks) are often blocked by peddlers' carts and bicycle-parking areas. Walking at night can be truly dangerous. I have had to learn to grope my way over loose bricks and around open cisterns and utility-pole guy wires that angle down across what are supposed to be pedestrian rights-of-way.

There are plenty of taxis in Beijing—more than twelve thousand—but they are almost impossible to find away from the established tourist routes. I had no trouble getting from my hotel to the Beijing Concert Hall one recent evening to hear the China Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra play Beethoven's First and Sixth Symphonies (rather well), but getting a taxi afterward required a walk of more than a mile to a tourist hotel, and then half an hour's wait, before I found a driver willing to take me home. The taxi-drivers here, just like those in New York, tend to be quite selective about where they are willing to go.

Even without tipping, which the Chinese consider bourgeois, taxis are relatively expensive. It costs me ten yuan and two jiao, or about two dollars and seventy-five cents, to go from Beijing University, in the northwest corner of the city, to Tian'anmen Square, downtown, but I willingly paid it one recent Saturday afternoon to attend an exhibition of Chinese newspapers and periodicals at the Museum of Chinese History. Although the museum had several shows on display, it was easy to tell which door was the one I wanted. Out of it were coming excited young men and women loaded down with publications. Their enthusiasm was infectious, and once I was inside, amid a profusion of booths, counters, and wall displays, I also gathered up copies of movie, business, sports, fashion, and news magazines and papers, only to be brought up short when I reached the section for technical and scientific publications. Notwithstanding the singular concern here over earthquakes (four of the most devastating earthquakes known to history have been recorded in China), I was surprised to find a magazine, *The Journal of Catastrophology*, devoted entirely to them. I was even more surprised to find a number of illustrated physical-culture magazines. "Spiritually polluting literature"—anything that takes a liberal view of sex or contains nude pictures—is banned here, but, from the number of magazines featuring bikini-clad iron-pumpers on their covers, it is apparent that the Chinese are doing well at body-building. Catastrophology and physical culture were unexpected, but the contents of the next magazine I came to left me dumbfounded. It was a People's Liberation Army journal called *Bingqi Zhishi*, or *Ordnance Knowledge*. Despite the nation's formidable



military secrecy, it circulates, for public appreciation, an illustrated magazine containing information about some of its recent battlefield weaponry and missiles.

At the exhibition, I encountered De-hai Zheng, the deputy editor-in-chief of *China Newspapers & Periodicals Review*. He told me that more than six thousand newspapers and magazines were now being published in China. His count, of course, did not include those publications sold under the counter and officially condemned as "red-light literature." Shanghai police recently confiscated a hundred and ten thousand copies of such publications, and in China four hundred and seventy wholesale and six hundred retail newsdealers were accused of selling "unlicensed publications"—those which are considered either erotically or politically unwholesome.

Contributing to this media explosion are hundreds of journalism graduates turned out by Chinese universities and institutes each year. A fair proportion of the Westerners at the Friendship Hotel, where I live, and where the government quarters many of its hundreds of "foreign experts," are American journalism professors on leaves or on sabbaticals. Not long ago, two of these—Milton Hollstein, of the University of Utah, and James Richstad, of the University of Oklahoma—invited me to accompany some of their students, from the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences and the China School of Journalism, to the United States Embassy, where the Embassy had arranged for the students to interview Tom Brokaw, the NBC News anchorman. As it happened, the interview took place a few hours after the official *People's Daily* published the text of an interview that Brokaw himself had had with Zhao Ziyang, who was then Premier and is now the Communist Party General Secretary. Zhao had made a number of interesting comments—on the renewal of China's "struggle against bourgeois liberalization" and on recent expulsions of intellectual dissenters from the Communist Party—but even though the students were urged by their professors and by Brokaw himself to ask tough questions, most of the inquiries were on the order of "Do you make more money than Dan Rather?" These Brokaw declined to answer, but he did volunteer that he had refrained from asking Zhao about the "sensitive" Tibetan issue, and the professors and I waited (along with Brokaw himself, I suspect) to see if any of the students would ask him why. None did. As Professor Hollstein regretfully remarked later, asking pointed questions is viewed here as discourteous—"not the Chinese way."

Only one student seemed to be willing to breach the cultural barrier. He asked, "I wonder, then, if you are perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your China reports?"

Brokaw replied, "If I say I am, does that mean I have to go to a May 7th"—that is, Red Guard—"school in the countryside for reëducation?"

The students laughed, and Brokaw went on to explain that NBC had spread his coverage and that of other reporters in China over a full week of news programs, "because we wanted to be able to explain China in detail to the American people."

IT seems likely that Brokaw and his colleagues did get a better sense of what has been going on in China than some four hundred journalists who came to Beijing a month later to cover the Thirteenth National Congress of the Chinese Communist

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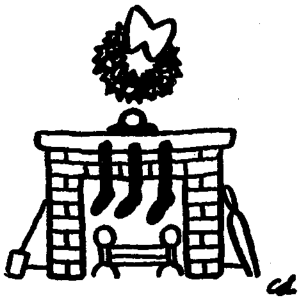
Party. Reports here about the reporters—who received almost as much coverage as the two thousand delegates themselves—showed them laboring under formidable journalistic handicaps, which included their being permitted to attend only the formal opening and closing sessions of the Congress and being restricted to posing questions at translated press conferences, during which Party officials demonstrated that they could dodge questions as well as any Western politicians.



The journalists' frustration may also have arisen from their preconceptions of what a "Congress" would be. Here there were no opposing political philosophies debated, no laws enacted. There were speeches and votes, but the votes were virtually always unanimous, the delegates having been sent to the Party Congress not to make policy but to receive it, so that they could explain the Party line to their districts back home. Therefore, after Zhao's opening speech, entitled "Advance Along the Road of Socialism with Chinese Characteristics," reporters were left with little to do for the remainder of the seven days of the Congress except speculate on the political implications of the Party leader's Western-style suits. At a post-Congress cocktail party for the press, a Japanese reporter asked Zhao whether the suits were made in China.

"All my clothes are made in China," Zhao replied. "And I hope that you can file a special report that Mr. Zhao Ziyang's clothes are all made in China and they are all very beautiful. This may promote the export of Chinese garments to your country. Look, the suits of Comrades Li Peng and Hu Qili"—two new members of the Standing Committee of the Political Bureau—"are also made in China, and they look smart, too."

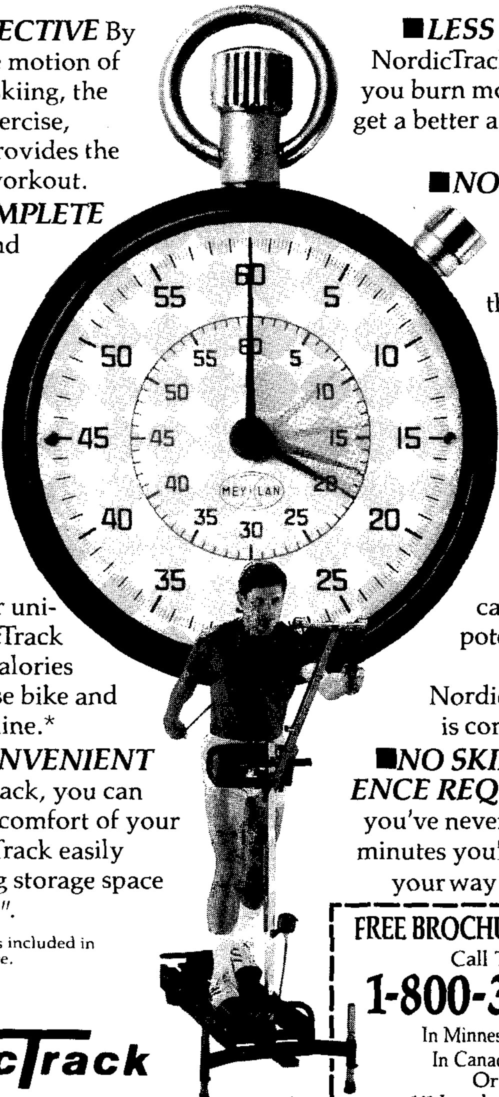
Zhao's tailoring aside, what was presented to the delegates at the beginning of the Congress and ratified by them at its conclusion was a decision to continue the direction that China has been following in the decade since the Cultural Revolution. First, farmers were to be permitted to retain the right to sell portions of their harvests, and merchants were to be allowed to establish "free markets." Recently, managers were encouraged to become entrepreneurs, and individuals to bid for the right to control struggling factories and distribution facilities and to retain over-quota profits. Now the Chinese are to have stocks and bonds, dividends and interest payments, insurance policies, real-estate leases, and even bankruptcies. While such things may make China's economy look suspiciously capitalistic, Zhao says that the country is in "the primary stage of socialism," and points out that the state will retain a majority ownership of both the land that is leased and the enterprises that are to be managed. A week or so after the Congress, he went out of his way to tell reporters covering the visit of an Ethiopian dignitary that it would be "impossible to carry out capitalist revolution" in China, even if he and his successors were of a mind to do so.

As a foreign observer here (I work on the English-language communications of a government ministry), I felt that the most important result of the Congress might have been a short colloquy that occurred during one of its early sessions and was later reported in *China Daily*. When Qiao Shi, a member of the Political Bureau of the Party's Central Committee, was speaking in favor of the new, less restricted economy, Li Qunrui, a banking official from Shanghai, interrupted to express the view that the five-year plans and production quotas traditional in socialist economies had benefitted businesses in his region, and to express concern that "every reform measure may be a blow to our city's economy." I was not surprised that the *Daily's* story went on to give Qiao, who is one of the five most important officials in the government, much the better part of the argument; what I found extraordinary was that the disagreement was reported at all. I don't recall ever before seeing in a Chinese publication a two-sided dialogue, pro and con, about established Party policy.

I was also heartened by the absence from the Congress of something I had expected—a strong official reaction to what the Chinese have traditionally regarded as insults to their sovereignty. The recent American reception of the Dalai Lama and the support given by several American congressmen to his proposals for Tibetan independence (the Chinese label the proposals "splittist") have drawn a good deal of Chinese indignation; it is the view here that this nation liberated the Tibetans from centuries of feudal oppression. Yet little was said about America at the Congress, and when Zhao, at the cocktail party given for the press, was confronted by an American reporter with a question about human rights in Tibet he gave a reply that I thought was both temperate and good-humored. "One of the things beyond my comprehension is how people in the United States Congress can support the restoration of serfdom in Tibet while setting themselves up as champions of human rights," he said. "Does serfdom accord with human rights? I hope the American journalist here will put my question to these U.S. congressmen." He then simply shrugged off a question about the American decision to suspend exports of "high technology" products to China.

ONE possible reason for China's moderate response to the suspension of these exports is that right now the country needs tourists more than it needs technology. Tourists pay "foreigners' prices," in specially denominated foreign-exchange currency—sometimes double the normal rates—for hotel accommodations, travel, admission to sites, and, in fact, just about everything. But it would be unwise to conclude from current policy any real relaxation of the social segregation that non-Chinese in Beijing are subjected to. More than a century of custom inhibits the Chinese from embracing Deng Xiaoping's recent doctrine of "opening to the outside world," and even if that custom was established by the foreigners themselves—it was the Western powers that in the eighteen-sixties excluded the Chinese from enclaves within their own country, after all—it doesn't make the deferential segregation now practiced against foreigners by the Chinese any less annoying. For example, foreigners are restricted to four hundred and thirty-six "open" localities within the country, and while this number is no doubt more than most of us could ever hope to travel to, the limitation seems to exist less for reasons of military security than out of national pride—a desire to keep from outside eyes poverty and living conditions that have been deemed "repugnant to foreigners."

Only a handful of foreign teachers and technicians working in China are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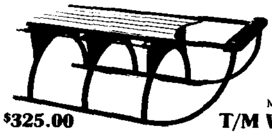
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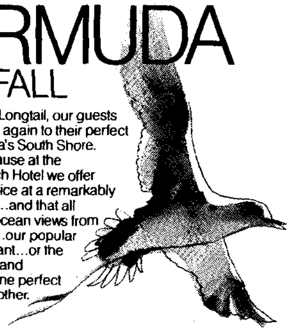
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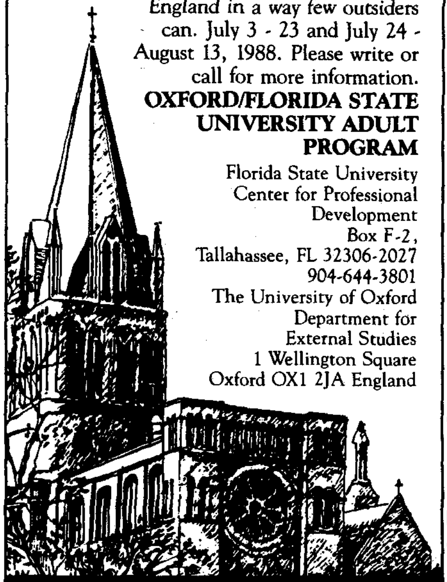

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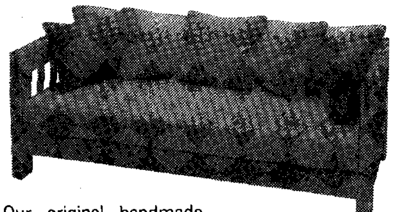

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allowed to live among the people, outside segregated compounds and hotels. The great preponderance of foreign businessmen, journalists, diplomats, and "experts" are quartered like tourists; they ride to and from their jobs in limousines, taxis, or sightseeing buses, and if they travel outside Beijing by train a guide who speaks English (or French or Spanish or German or Arabic) books them places in private, "soft-seat" parlor cars, for which they wait in segregated waiting rooms. Visitors to China are made very comfortable, and are treated very politely, but what foreigners experience—except, possibly, on their bicycles—is remote from the life of this city. With diligence and seniority, a foreigner may come to be regarded as a "friend of China"—a quasi-official designation—but it is made clear that the friendship will always be a formal and highly circumspect one. It is impossible for me to visit the homes of Chinese friends without being checked in and out by official "block watchers," and one of these, a middle-aged woman, one day chased me up four flights of stairs to see which apartment I was going to. She then insisted on knocking on the door and ushering me inside, and on remaining throughout my visit. It is even more difficult for Chinese friends to visit me. They must register at the gate of the compound that includes my hotel, and the record of their stay—time in and time out—is sent to their work units.

Unmarried sex is made difficult for everyone in this country, but unmarried sex between foreigners and Chinese is actually against the law. Agents of the Public Security Bureau broke down the door of one of my neighbors in the middle of the night not long ago and, finding their suspicions confirmed, took both the foreign man and the Chinese woman in for interrogation. Ultimately, the man was fined five hundred yuan (a hundred and thirty-five dollars); the woman simply dropped out of sight.

Marriage between Chinese and foreigners may be more readily tolerated, but it certainly isn't facilitated. It took more than two months for friends of mine, William and Ying Devney—he teaches at the Graduate School English Language Center of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, and she is a high-school teacher—to get a marriage license. Bill was required to obtain, from his home county, in Washington State, certification that records had been searched, back to six months

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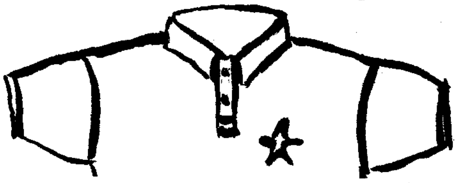

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before his birth, and that no evidence of prior marriage had been found, and Ying had to obtain the permission of her work unit. "Fortunately, Ying's was one of the liberal ones," Bill told me. "Some simply won't allow it. Then we had to get physical examinations, with blood tests and fluoroscope exams, and, finally, we had to take the results, along with two pictures of each of us, to a special section of the Beijing Civil Affairs Bureau Marriage Registry Unit, which marries only foreigners and overseas Chinese. We sat at a desk and an official read the marriage laws to us—to her in Chinese while I read an English translation. The only part of it that I remember is a provision forbidding me to sell my wife. And while this was going on a clerk at the desk was filling out forms and pasting our pictures on our marriage certificates, which he suddenly handed to us. We didn't have to recite any vows. Before I knew it, we were married. Ying began passing out candy, which is a Chinese wedding custom, and I didn't even get a chance to kiss the bride."

One group of non-residents who do not have to pay the double rate are visitors from Taiwan. The Nationalist government there, yielding to considerable pressure from the mainland, has recently begun granting its residents official permission to visit, ostensibly for the sake of reuniting families that were separated nearly forty years ago, when the Communists took over. As further encouragement to the Taiwanese (some of whom have been coming for years through the "back door" of Hong Kong), tours are being promoted to Qufu, in Shandong Province, the birthplace of Confucius, and to Fenghua County, in Zhejiang Province, where Chiang Kai-shek, the late Nationalist leader, was born. The General Office of the State Council also recently announced—a little disingenuously, I thought—that "there will be no restrictions on the amount of convertible foreign currencies Taiwan compatriots may remit and bring to and exchange on the mainland."

If the People's Republic of China is willing to rehabilitate Confucius—the symbol of the feudal system it denounces—and even to escort pilgrims to a shrine for the hated Chiang, whose regime it drove out, its reluctance to react strongly to a mostly symbolic cutoff of American high-technology exports and to a little China-bashing in Congress seems understandable. Since 1979, when the Cultural Revolution ended, this country has averaged a billion dollars annually in foreign tourist revenues. Beijing's millionth tourist of 1987—he turned out to be a retired French optometrist—came through in late November, and by that time the nation as a whole had welcomed nearly three million 1987 visitors. Travel connections are still a bit chancy (in Jinan recently, a tour group was asked by its official escort to pose for a picture beside the train it was about to board for Beijing, and while its members were still posing the train pulled out, leaving them stranded for six hours), but the government remains optimistic about a continuing increase in tourist numbers and income. Foreigners' prices or not, China is still an incredible bargain for tourists. You can get onto the Great Wall for two yuan (about fifty-four cents) and buy a "global"—all-exhibits—ticket to the Forbidden City for five yuan. And if, as the government hopes, you spend all the money you bring with you at the Friendship Stores, which sell exclusively to foreigners, or at the carpet and souvenir factories that you will be taken to in just about every city you visit, China will honor credit cards. The Bank of China accepts Visa and MasterCard, and it issues a Great Wall credit card of its own as well.

—FRED C. SHAPIRO

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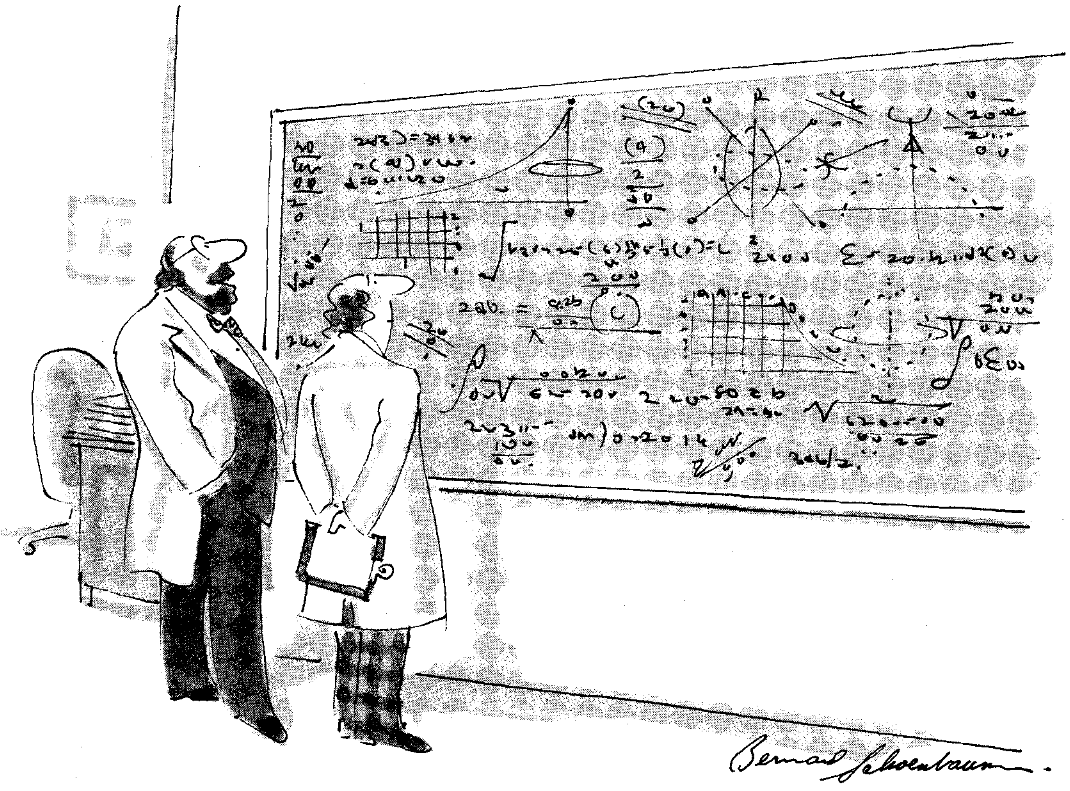
AROUND CITY HALL

LIFE IN THE PROVINCES

IT'S not a lot of fun to be mayor of the nation's largest city, grubbing around with its raft of gritty crises, in the same week that, two hundred miles to the south, mighty heads of state, surrounded by glitz and pomp and huzzas, sign an agreement that one of them, President Reagan, described as having, like the star on top of the White House Christmas tree, "lit the sky with hope for all people of good will." If Mayor Edward Koch was down in the dumps during the Washington summit, as he occasionally seemed to be, it could have been because he doubted the wisdom of the President's signing the historic treaty. Sitting in his City Hall office two days after General Secretary Gorbachev's arrival in this country, Koch said to Pietro Lezzi, the mayor of Naples, who had stopped by, "Do you trust Gorbachev? I don't." This skepticism did not surprise anyone who recalled that late last month Koch had described with satisfaction how last year, after he read to a band of visiting Soviet children a mayoral proclamation prepared by his staff "in recognition of the International Year of Peace Soviet-American Peace Child Tour," he turned on the children and told them that the Soviet government was "the pits." The current low spirits of a political figure who considers aggressive optimism an obligation of his office ("When I'm upbeat, the city's upbeat," Koch has said) could also have come about because during Gorbachev's three-day visit a series of unwelcome events that reflected many of the hard problems facing the city landed on the Mayor in force. In Washington, the story was about a satisfying beginning, the gratification of a new Era of Good Feelings, and the sharp upturn in the political fortunes of the principal players, none of which—and certainly not the widely used word "euphoria"—could describe developments on the local scene during the same three days.

The Mayor has usually read all four of the city's dailies by the time he gets to City Hall each morning; he has been known to take a reporter to task for some alleged journalistic offense before the reporter has had his breakfast coffee. ("My tone was *not* angry. You should have written, 'he said jocularly.' ") Any reader is likely to find more comfort in some news stories than in others, but the local papers on December 8th did not offer the Mayor a great deal to cheer about. Any reference in the press to continuing investigations of municipal scandals is, of course, bad news at the Mayor's end of City Hall, where the official position is that the scandals story is past history. That day, headlines reported the latest on Bess Myerson, the city's former cultural-affairs commissioner and the Mayor's longtime friend, and her lover, Carl (Andy) Capasso. Last June, Capasso, a contractor who had benefitted from a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of city sewer contracts in the past few years, began serving a four-year term in the federal penitentiary at Allenwood for tax evasion. He was transferred to the Metropolitan Correctional Center, just north of City Hall, last month, to be available to federal law-enforcement officials preparing the case against him and the former Miss America on charges of conspiracy, mail fraud, and using interstate facilities to violate bribery laws—charges on which they were indicted on October 7th. Miss Myerson visited Capasso in the correctional center almost daily, and no mischance caused her to run into the Mayor—who may be a prosecution witness against her—on his way to lunch. Local papers had recently reported that a grand jury had subpoenaed the financial records of Miss Myerson's relatives in order to judge whether she and Capasso should be indicted on the additional charge of racketeering. According to the December 8th papers, Capasso had set up a new corporation after his conviction, and it was still raking in money from city contracts. He had asked for a reduction in his tax-fraud sentence on the ground that his incarceration has had an "absolutely devastating effect" on his "personal, financial, and family life" and was hampering the preparation of his defense on the October 7th indictment—an argument that, the United States Attorney's office said, "seeks to reap the reward of an early release on the basis of alleged involvement in further criminal activities." In another December 8th bulletin from the local corruption front, there was news of Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, who has been Koch's closest ally in the New York dele-



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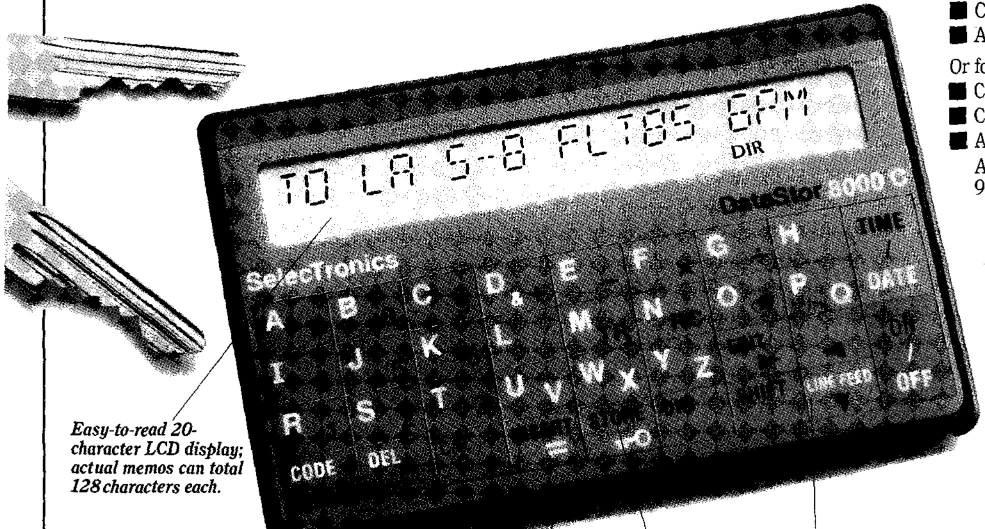

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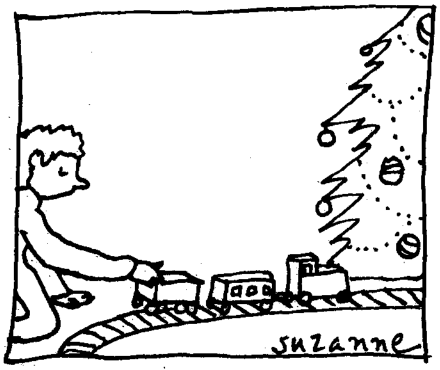
gation in the House of Representatives. Biaggi was sentenced last month to two and a half years in jail and a half-million-dollar fine for taking illegal gratuities in connection with legislation sought by a Brooklyn ship-repair company. Biaggi had now pleaded not guilty to an amended forty-nine-count federal indictment, charging him with obstruction of justice, extortion, and bribery in the case involving Wedtech, the small Bronx machine-tool company, now bankrupt, that for a time prospered mightily thanks to political figures (all allegedly well rewarded) who made arrangements for it to receive Pentagon contracts. The trial on that indictment, in which another of the Mayor's close political allies, former Bronx Borough President Stanley Simon, is also a defendant, is to begin on January 4th.

ALTHOUGH only Koch and his staff may have noticed it, there was a disappointing omission in the papers here on the day the summit began. Lately, the Mayor, possibly seeking a distraction from the city's problems and the long-running corruption story, has been trying to establish himself as a principal player in Central America, particularly Nicaragua. Last month, as a private citizen, he paid his first visit to that part of the world, accompanied by a delegation of New Yorkers, also private citizens, whom he had invited to come along, including his political supporters and campaign contributors. His conclusion at the end of the trip was that there was something to be said for the Contras and also for the Sandinistas. Though his December 7th schedule was crowded, as his schedule always is, he had taken part that day in a Center for Democracy dinner and a Mass at St. Patrick's, both honoring Costa Rica's President Oscar Arias Sánchez, who had stopped off in New York on his way to Oslo to collect his Nobel Peace Prize. The Mayor's presence at the two events was not mentioned in the local press. If President Arias had been irritated that during Koch's recent Central American tour he told President Duarte of El Salvador that *he* should have received the Peace Prize, Arias politely did not say so, and Mrs. Arias, also polite, did not complain publicly about her experience with the perils of life in the Mayor's city: after the St. Patrick's Mass, she found that her car, bearing diplomatic license plates, had been towed away, and when she went into a phone booth in search of other transportation someone snatched her wallet. Having his meetings with Arias ignored was Koch's second disappointment with the local press in two days. On December 6th, he had flown to Washington, had marched there in the National Summit Mobilization for Soviet Jewry, and had spoken at a "Freedom Sunday for Soviet Jews" rally. The *Times* covered both events, but it did not report his presence at either, although at the rally the Mayor had got a nice hand when he shouted "That's not *glasnost*. That's Joe Stalin" at the news that Jews protesting in Moscow against restrictive Soviet immigration policies had been arrested and roughed up by the Moscow police. When Gorbachev was asked about this event during the summit, he insisted that the protesters were arrested because they had broken local laws. On the same Freedom Sunday, about a hundred antinuclear protesters demonstrated at the construction site where the battleship Iowa and other United States Navy ships, possibly fitted out with nuclear weapons, will be based. "The U.S. and the Soviet Union are about to sign an agreement to get the missiles out of Europe, and the U.S. is trying to build a missile base here," said a spokesman for the Coalition for a Nuclear-Free Harbor. Eleven of the protesters were arrested—although not roughed up—by the New York police, for breaking the city's laws against trespass.

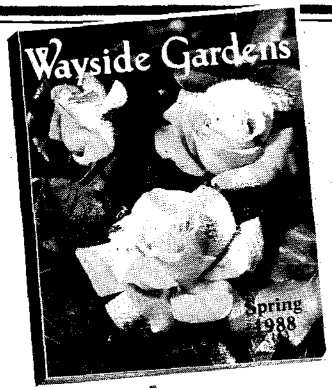
EVER since October 19th, the day of what a recent *Times* headline called "THE PLUNGE: A STUNNING BLOW TO A GILDED, IMPUDENT AGE" (which the paper also called "a new Gatsby age"), there has been a steady drumbeat of local news stories about layoffs by Wall Street firms. On the second day of the summit, the business pages reported that L. F. Rothschild Holdings, Inc., was laying off eight hundred employees, or forty per cent of its work force. Four days earlier, Kidder, Peabody had announced the dismissal of a thousand, and, not long before that, E. F. Hutton had said it planned to send pink slips to more than five thousand. In a letter to the *Post* on December 8th, Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins, the only black member of the Board of Estimate, pointed out that while in the previous seven years the city had gained ninety-seven thousand jobs in the financial, insurance, and real-estate sectors—for which the Wall Street acronym is FIRE—in the same period it had lost a hundred and eleven thousand manufacturing jobs, traditionally those in which unskilled workers, often blacks, can find employment. It has been estimated that fifty to seventy thousand FIRE jobs might be lost in the coming year, and thus both skilled and unskilled workers would be at risk. So would the city's revenues, which had swelled with the bull market. It was not only on Wall Street that the party was apparently over: eight days after Black Monday, Koch ordered a freeze on all new city hirings. As far as Wall Street was concerned, that many of the operators there got what they deserved is not a point that would be disputed by anyone who has seen Oliver Stone's movie "Wall Street." A onetime City Hall regular, who is now the head of Lipper and Company, an investment banking firm, had a role of sorts in the preparation of the movie. In 1982, when Kenneth Lipper, who grew up poor in the South Bronx, was the managing director of Salomon Brothers, he served as finance chairman—that is, chief fund-raiser—for Koch's ill-fated gubernatorial campaign. Late that year, Koch named him to the post of deputy mayor for finance and economic development. Lipper left city government in February, 1985, to run for president of the City Council, a race on which he spent two and a half million dollars, and lost to Andrew Stein, who spent even more. (This was the year when Koch laid out more than seven million on a reëlection campaign in which he had little opposition. Young Stock Exchange brokers won't be the only New Yorkers who will miss the free-spending Wall Street era.) Lipper served as a technical adviser on Stone's movie, and then wrote a novelization of the movie. In the small print of the "Wall Street" ads, a line says "Read the Berkley Book by Kenneth Lipper." On the evening before the Mayor went to the



inner for Arias, he was one of several undred invited guests from show usiness and the financial world at ipper's book party, held at Lipper's ast Seventieth Street town house. ipper was not the model for Gordon ekko, played by Michael Douglas, in Wall Street.” Some reviewers saw aces of Donald Trump in the charcter (Gatsby was also mentioned), ut Stone has said that Gekko's qualies and some of the dialogue were spired by the master arbitrageur van Boesky, and particularly by a 985 speech that Boesky made at a alifornia university in praise of greed. t was Boesky's appearance, in mid-ovember of 1986, at the office of nited States Attorney Rudolph Giuiani, with whose investigations he hen agreed to coöperate, that marked he beginning of the revelations of the nsider-trading scandals. In settlement f the civil charges against him, Boeky had agreed to pay a fine of a undred million dollars, which was aid to be the largest penalty in Wall treet history. In an effort to avoid a ail term on a single criminal count, he ad thrown himself on the mercy of ederal Judge Morris Lasker. It was asker who, in 1983, ruled that, argely because of overcrowding, conitions in the city's jails amounted to ruel and unusual punishment for the inmates, and who forced the release of more than six hundred prisoners awaiting trial—an action the Mayor denounced as an example of judicial “lunacy.” The Koch administration doubtless hoped this month that the problem of Boesky's sentence and other matters would preoccupy Lasker for some time, since the local jail population, about ten thousand in 1984, is now more than fifteen thousand.

IN this litigious society, bulletins from the judiciary are frequently in the headlines. On December 8th, there was news of actions taken by two other federal judges. In 1980, before the official 1980 census figures were released, New York City and State had filed a suit in federal court charging that the numbers reflected a disproportionate undercount of their residents, which deprived New York of at least one seat in the House of Representatives and of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of federal funds that are distributed according to population. The legal processes had moved very slowly, and the pace made it possible for the Mayor to suggest cheerily from time to time that the judgment might go in New York's favor. On December 8th, Judge John Sprizzo ruled that the Census Bureau had “correctly determined that an adjustment of the census is not technically feasible or warranted”—a ruling that at least temporarily deprived the aggressively optimistic Mayor of the hope of redress. The December 8th papers reported that a federal judge in New Jersey had approved an agreement between officials in that state and in New York City. For the past several years, exchanges between Koch and officials on the other side of the Hudson had been marked by frequent name-calling and insults as the Mayor accused the New Jersey officials of “pillaging” local industries—that is, trying to persuade them to move across the river. New Jersey's complaint had been of traffic in the other direction: the drifting of garbage from the Fresh Kills Landfill, in Staten Island, onto nearby New Jersey beaches—particularly those around Woodbridge. The December 8th papers reported that the city had agreed to pay Woodbridge a million dollars in damages and spend from ten to fifteen million dollars on measures to prevent further pollution. In the past, Koch had often conducted the rhetorical border wars personally, firing off charges during City Hall press conferences. On the day of the surrender, he sent his sanitation commissioner to sign the documents. It did not improve the Mayor's spirits that the federal judge who presided over the settlement was Maryanne Trump Barry, the sister of his celebrated non-friend Donald Trump, who in his book “Trump: The Art of the Deal,” published this month, said, “Koch has achieved something quite miraculous. He's presided over an administration that is both pervasively corrupt *and* totally incompetent.”

It is not unusual for commissioners in the city's criminal-justice system to join the Mayor for certain City Hall press conferences; at these, with the commissioners beside him, Koch outlines new initiatives designed to make the system work better or announces one triumph or another over the local criminal element. However, the news conferences of Correction Commissioner Richard Koehler and Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward which were reported in the press on December 8th were held not at City Hall but at the commissioners' separate headquarters; the Mayor was not in attendance. “You don't expect me to call you in to announce *bad* news, do



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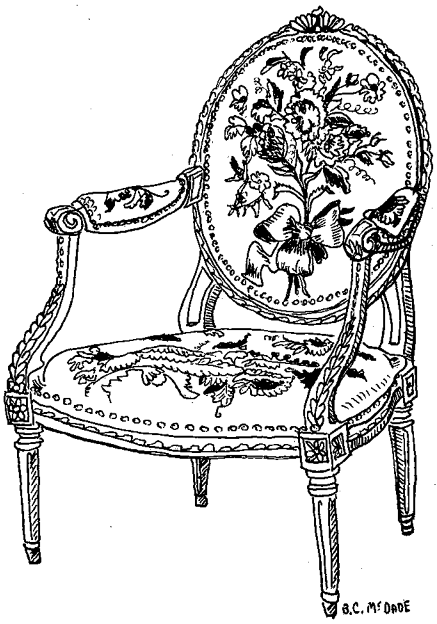
you?" Koch once asked reporters. The news from Commissioner Koehler was not good. Three inmates, including an accused killer, had managed to escape from the prison hospital on Riker's Island, although one of them wore a knee brace and another had two broken legs. "I'm not only embarrassed, there is no excuse I can give," he said, not offering even the valid excuse of overcrowding. He said that two of his top assistants would be demoted and a restructuring of the whole department was in order. The hacksaws with which the prisoners had sawed through a metal window grate had apparently been supplied by a civilian prison employee. Alarms had gone off, but no one had bothered to check the cells. The Mayor's absence from Ward's press conference was particularly notable. Since Ward took office, in 1984, the Mayor, whose relations with local blacks have not been of the best, and who is understandably proud of having appointed Ward as the city's first black police commissioner, had appeared with Ward at his side at every possible opportunity. Ward's press conference on December 8th was to announce that at least nine members of the Transit Police force (four had previously been identified) had, according to an official three-year-old Internal Affairs Unit investigation, regularly arrested subway users on charges of sexual molestation and sexual abuse—the kind of charge that accused offenders would be least eager to challenge in court—often without a signed complaint and with no other evidence, in order to build up the officers' arrest records, which, by their commander's practice, had won them additional vacation days and more advantageous work schedules. According to Lieutenant Thomas Dargan, who conducted the inquiry, the nine, whose unit had its headquarters at Union Square, had accounted, over a sixteen-month period, for fifty-one per cent of the sexual-abuse arrests of the thirty-five-hundred-member Transit Police force—a statistic that had escaped their superiors' notice. Although the internal report was given to these superiors, none of the nine were disciplined, and although the report was sent to Manhattan District Attorney Morgenthau, no one was prosecuted. At the press conference, the word "coverup" was inevitably used. After the story first broke, there had been extensive shredding of Transit Police documents—a popular occupation at many levels of government—but Ward said he had been assured that only duplicate records were involved. Grim as this version of local justice was, one aspect of the inquiry made it even grimmer: all the accused officers were white, and virtually all those they had falsely accused were black or Hispanic. Commenting on the revelations, Les Payne, a columnist for and an assistant managing editor of *Newsday*, and a longtime critic of the Mayor, said, "One must consider that New York City under the stewardship of Mayor Edward Irving Koch . . . has become the most racist large city in America." Unfortunately, the Mayor was in no position to suggest that the term "racist" should not be lightly thrown around. In 1985, he had denounced Payne, along with the *News* columnists Jimmy Breslin and Earl Caldwell, as racists. (It was pointed out at the time that there were then only two black columnists writing regularly for the city's dailies and that he had identified both of them—Payne and Caldwell—as too biased to be treated as credible witnesses.) In such harsh exchanges as those between the Mayor, on one side, and Payne, a succession of New Jersey officials, Donald Trump, and a number of judges, on the other, Koch could fairly point out that he hadn't always started it. Earlier this month at a meeting with *News* editors and reporters, he described most of the members of the city's powerful Board of Estimate—whose votes he must have if any of his programs are to go into effect—as, variously, rude, deceitful, panderers to the mob, and not overly bright. None of his listeners at the *News* got the impression that they should specify "he said jocularly." A question h been raised in some minds abo whether Koch's time at City Ha which goes into its eleventh year ne month, might eventually be memoria ized as the Era of Hard Feelings.



THE Mayor's official schedule f December 8th listed eleve events, the first at 9:30 A.M. and t last at eight-thirty in the evening. I cluded were ceremonies at which l swore in a special adviser on Hispan affairs, appointed a new member of t Board of Education, announced th a large corporation would not be moving out of the city, after all, appeare on a radio talk show, spoke at th retirement party for a former city administrator, dropped in at a dinn honoring the twentieth anniversary c the New York Urban Coalition, m with a community group in a middle class Italian section of Brooklyn, presided over a press conference on creative urban design with members of hi parks and transportation department presented the New York Lung Association with a scroll proclaiming December Christmas Seals Month, an pushed the button that lit the Cit Hall Christmas tree. In the middle o the morning, he held a press conference with Edward Regan, the stat comptroller, and Annmarie Walsh the president of the Institute of Public Administration, who presented separate reports discussing reforms i the city's contract-awarding process From revelations of the municipa scandals, which began to break in January, 1986, it was evident that a majo source of corruption had been the wa the Koch administration annuall awarded two billion dollars in no-bi contracts. The institute's report noted that the costly agreements were often parcelled out in accordance with unwritten procedures and sloppily worded guidelines, and that there was a lack of professional contract managers "at all levels in city government." This judgment was bad news for the Mayor, who was first elected in 1977 on a slogan whose tag line was "Why not try competence?" However, the press conference, for the most part, dwelt on the proposed reforms—the creation of firm guidelines, the setting up by the Mayor (at some time in the future) of a new Office of Contracts, with a full-time staff—offering some hope that, nearly two years after the scandal broke, a system would, before too long, be in place to prevent corrupt City Hall regulars from ripping off the city as many of them had been able to do in the past.

THE news in the December 8th papers that had caused the most consternation at City Hall was the decision of State Supreme Court Justice Edward H. Lehner, who declared null and void the contract the Koch administration had signed with Boston Properties, owned by Mortimer Zuckerman, to build two towers close to a thousand feet tall and offering almost three million square feet of space, on the old Coliseum site at Columbus Circle. Several civic groups, led by the Municipal Art Society, brought the suit that had now prevailed in court, arguing that when the city sold the site it had shown no concern for anything except the bringing in of the most money—the price was four hundred and fifty-five million dollars—without regard for the buildings' architectural qualities, their great density, or the shadows they would cast over surrounding areas, including Central Park, to the northeast. The confrontation had become, in the minds of many New Yorkers, a parable, with, on one side, heedless development encouraged by a government concerned only with the largest immediate financial return and, on the other side, the long-range interests of the city and the people who live here. The Mayor had denounced those who opposed the plan as "loonies" and "the parasol crowd"—referring, in the latter case, to the appearance on one occasion of hundreds of protesters carrying black umbrellas to dramatize the degree to which the towers would block out sunlight. (In his talk-show appearance on December 8th, Koch said that on hot days many people would *welcome* the shade the buildings would provide.) Noting that the city had traded a zoning variation for fifty-seven million dollars of the purchase price, Lehner ruled that the city "is prohibited from making what, in effect, is a cash sale of a zoning bonus"—that is, as the lawyer for the Municipal Art Society said (obviously taking the decision as a precedent for other land-use suits against the city), "the sole criterion in the development of public land cannot be cash." Although it had not been widely understood even by the project's critics, the Koch administration's interest had been not only cash but cash in hand. In years past, the Mayor has often referred with heavy sarcasm to the actions of previous mayors in using what should have been capital-budget money for day-to-day city expenses—a practice that, it is generally believed, led to the mid-seventies fiscal crisis. In the case of the Columbus Circle project, State Comptroller Regan pointed out that the Koch administration itself had planned to issue bonds for the four hundred and fifty-five million and was using the expected cash from the sale—two hundred and sixty-six million of it in its operating budget for the current fiscal year—for short-range expenses. As a result of the Lehner ruling, a revised plan for the Columbus Circle site will have to go back to the Board of Estimate, several of whose members have indicated that they now favor a sharply scaled-down project. Zuckerman, too, now appears to favor such a solution, part of his problem being that Salomon Brothers, which was his co-developer and major tenant in the proposed towers, had decided to pull out of the enterprise entirely after Black Monday. Some of the board members whose votes Koch must have to reach an accommodation that will save the two hundred and sixty-six million dollars—or a substantial part of it—that he is counting on in the current budget are the members he has been calling the worst names lately. However, if they vote against him there are political perils involved. Of City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, who is one of the loudest critics of the Coliseum deal—he is the board member whom the Mayor recently denounced as a "panderer to the mob"—Koch said, a few days after the Lehner ruling, "If the Comptroller wants to be responsible for the city's having to fire cops and firemen, that's up to him."

ON the day the account of the Lehner decision hit the front pages, the Mayor, knowing that he would face numerous awkward questions about it from the press, was, fortunately, able to make hurried arrangements for an added starter to his schedule. At noon, reporters called in to City Hall's Blue Room and found Koch there with Robert Wright, the president of NBC, at his side. On the podium in front of Koch was a three-note xylophone on which, with a big smile, he then played the notes that are heard before NBC program announcements. During much of this year, the network, whose leases at Rockefeller Center run out in 1997, had been making well-publicized threats to move from the quarters it had occupied

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for fifty-four years, possibly to New Jersey. Among the people who offered them houseroom was Donald Trump, who plans to build what he at that point called Television City along the Hudson, west of Columbus Circle. The rejection by the Mayor of his request for city-tax abatements for the whole cluster of buildings, not just the part that would have been occupied by NBC, led last May to the open rupture, accompanied by catcalling ("Piggy, piggy, piggy!" from one side, "Moron!" from the other), in what had been a rather friendly alliance between the Mayor and Trump. The Koch deal that had now been made to keep NBC in town—at Rockefeller Center, where it will greatly expand its quarters—provided seventy-three million dollars in real-estate-tax abatements; an agreement that the company will not have to pay perhaps twenty-five million dollars in state and city sales taxes on building materials; and up to eight hundred million dollars in financing through the city's Industrial Development Agency. By some estimates, it was the biggest package of incentives in the city's history. Asked about the outcome of the negotiations, the Mayor had been saying for weeks, "It ain't over till the peacock crows." The general opinion was that NBC had plenty to crow about. "They played him like a drum" was the comment from Trump. The Mayor had had the fun that day of keeping NBC and outmaneuvering Trump in one swoop. Asked by reporters whether NBC had been serious about moving across the river, Wright said that of course they had been—New Jersey taxes were much lower. However, it was noted that the company had let pass an inviting option offered by a New Jersey developer in the area of Secaucus. Wright said that, after all, the company had always been in the city, that many of the top people would not be happy about relocating, that in New York there was much greater access to news figures and talk-show guests. Koch himself had pointed out last spring that it was hard to imagine a show opening with "Live from Secaucus! It's Saturday Night!" Now, the Mayor asked, how could the city call itself the communications capital of the world if NBC had moved out? Immediately, the question arose whether the city would offer CBS and ABC similarly rich deals if they threatened to leave town. Considering this prospect, a *Times* headline called the agreement "a costly victory." A cartoon in *Newsday* showed a frantic Koch clinging to the gown of a fat lady whose luggage read "NBC." He was saying, "Oh please! Please don't go to New Jersey!! I'll give you all the money you want!" In the same paper, the economic columnist Robert Reno wrote that week, "The trouble with handing out ad-hoc public subsidies to private corporations like the National Broadcasting Co. is that it is like dealing with terrorists."

ON December 9th, the day after the intermediate-range nuclear missile treaty was signed in Washington, the Mayor's schedule began with his joining six thousand of the city's firefighters at the Brooklyn funeral of John J. Toomey, a veteran member of the Fire Department. (The Mayor cannot, of course, attend the funerals of all firemen, and he had not gone to the services for Lt. Joseph P. Faughnan, who died on November 17th. That evening, Koch's schedule had included an appearance at a benefit dinner for the widows and children of the city's policemen and firemen who had died in the line of duty. Just before the Mayor spoke, a priest told the gathering of Faughnan's death and said that it was a comfort to know that he "was going to a far better place." Rising to speak, the Mayor noted that his father had told him never to disagree with a rabbi or a priest. But, he said, carrying local boosterism to unusual lengths, even for him, "I can tell you there is no better place than New York City.") The Mayor's other obligations on December 9th included speaking at a reception to honor the chief judge of the Court of Appeals, the state's highest court. The day had been marred by the fact that that morning the *Village Voice* published a report that George Klein, who has been a big Koch campaign contributor over the years and is currently the principal figure in the two-and-a-half-billion-dollar Times Square redevelopment project, might have been implicated in the municipal extortion scheme that led to the conviction of Koch's former leasing director Alex Liberman, sentenced to a twelve-year term—since reduced to nine—in Allenwood. Koch's former commissioner of investigation, Patrick McGinley, had told the *Voice* that he had informed the Mayor of this possibility and had later been urged by City Hall to "go easy" on Klein. The offices of the two members of the City Council, two state legislators, and the members

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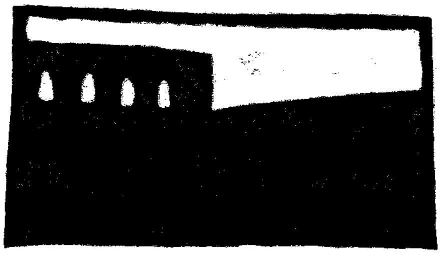
f Congress who represent the Times quare area issued a statement demanding that a hearing on the Times quare project be postponed until the harges were investigated. At sixhirty that evening, Koch was scheduled to speak at the opening of the torefront headquarters, on Hudson street, of Project First Step, an outeach program for homeless youths—n appointment he did not keep. By even-fifteen, he was at 30 Rockefeller Plaza in the Rainbow Room, which eopened that night after a twentymillion-dollar renovation restoring it o exactly the way it looked when it irst opened, in October of 1934—which was also not a good year for the stock market. Koch was so impressed by the restoration that, as he munched on malossol caviar on blinis, he said of Joseph Baum, who oversaw it all, 'I'm declaring Joe Baum a national treasure."

The day the Soviet General Secretary left Washington, December 10th, was expected to be a festive day for the Mayor: that night, he would be celebrating his sixty-third birthday (it was actually two days later) with a big fund-raising dinner. The Mayor insisted that he wasn't embarrassed at all by the fact that, by some mishap, those in charge of the party had waited too long to make arrangements at the Sheraton Centre where he usually held such affairs and so he would be celebrating instead at the Grand Hyatt on East Forty-second Street, which is owned by Donald Trump. It was understood that he did not consider a welcome birthday present the picture that appeared in full color on the front page of that day's *Newsday*. Donald Trump had been a guest at Secretary of State George Shultz's luncheon for Gorbachev, and the picture showed Trump shaking hands with the Soviet leader and pointing his finger at him in a rather peremptory way. Koch is noted for his skill at manipulating photo-opportunity situations and the like. On television, for example, he often turns to the camera and talks to the audience, leaving the interviewer on the sidelines. Trump had gone him one better. The builder explained to Barbara Walters on "20/20" two nights later that as he and Gorbachev shook hands he had pulled Gorbachev around so that he himself was in full camera view. During the day of the birthday party, the Mayor swore in a new fire commissioner and announced the appointment of a new commissioner of financial services and leaked to the *Times* the name of a new commissioner of investigation. (The turnover in his administration lately has been considerable.) At eleven, he met at Governor Mario Cuomo's office in the World Trade Center with the Governor and a number of state legislators and city and state officials for a discussion of a proposed restructuring of the city's Board of Education which would give the Mayor more power over the schools, there being a wide understanding that they are currently a major city disaster area. Shortly after noon, the Mayor was due at Gracie Mansion for a luncheon in honor of Lino Hernández, a Nicaraguan human-rights leader who had been imprisoned for a time by the Sandinista government, and whom Koch had invited to this country. At the luncheon, the plan was for Hernández to meet with some of Koch's political supporters as well as with the people who had accompanied him last month to Nicaragua—a group that, despite its private and unofficial status, he refers to as "my committee" or "the commission." (The *Times* has obligingly called it "the Koch Commission.") Unfortunately, the meeting at the Governor's office ran long; it was evident that the state legislators were not keen on giving the Mayor additional power. International responsibilities had to take second place to local concerns, and the Mayor never made the luncheon. When he got back to City Hall, it was to confront more problems involving the schools. According to a *Times* story by Jane Perlez that morning, most of the students at the Park West High School, in Hell's Kitchen, were worried not about what they were being taught but about whether they would make it through the day without being beaten or stabbed or shot. Knives, brass knuckles, and guns were carried about in book bags. In the first month of school, there had been four incidents in which students shot at each other. The principal, Edward Morris, was quoted as saying that the violence was nothing new: "Kids have been bringing weapons to school for years." Koch's response was that the principal's comment was "outrageous," and that he should be investigated. As usual, the conflicts at Park West often had a racial basis, but in this case resolving the problems between blacks and whites—the source of the ugliness at Howard Beach—would not take care of the matter. The day before, there had been a sit-in staged at Park West by hundreds of mostly Dominican students, who charged that they were regularly assaulted by Puerto Rican and American-born black students.



As the result of another mishap, the Mayor's sixty-third-birthday celebration was scheduled for the same night as the New York State Democratic Party forum featuring the six men who were then the Party's announced candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination; it wasn't until five days later that former Senator Gary Hart entered the race. Although Cuomo had overseen most of the arrangements and helped raise the hundred thousand dollars the forum cost, he declined to moderate the event, on the theory that pictures of him with the six would suggest—heaven forbid!—that he, too, was a candidate. "MAN WITH CLOUT: OUT" was the *News* headline about the forum the next day. Nevertheless, it seemed evident that it was not just because Cuomo was in his home city that the non-candidate's arrival at the Jacob Javits Convention Center, where the forum was held, caused the biggest stir of the evening. The chosen moderators included Bill Moyers, who said, apologetically, of the forum process, "We ask bumper-sticker questions to get fortune-cookie answers." The only real news made at the event was Tennessee Senator Albert Gore's statement that if Jesse Jackson were the nominee he would campaign in the South for the only black Presidential candidate. (Of the summit, Jackson's comment at the forum was "It's one small step for mankind and a giant step for Reagan.") As the result of the scheduling conflict, nearly every prominent New York Democrat who was interested in going to a political gathering that evening opted for what was inevitably referred to as "the Cuomo show," which drew a capacity crowd of twenty-five hundred. Across town at the Koch show, six hundred and fifteen people came to dinner, at a cost of up to two thousand dollars a plate; the Mayor had announced that, in accordance with his belief in the

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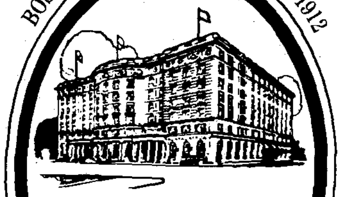

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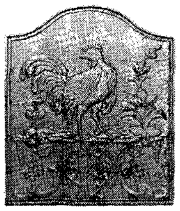

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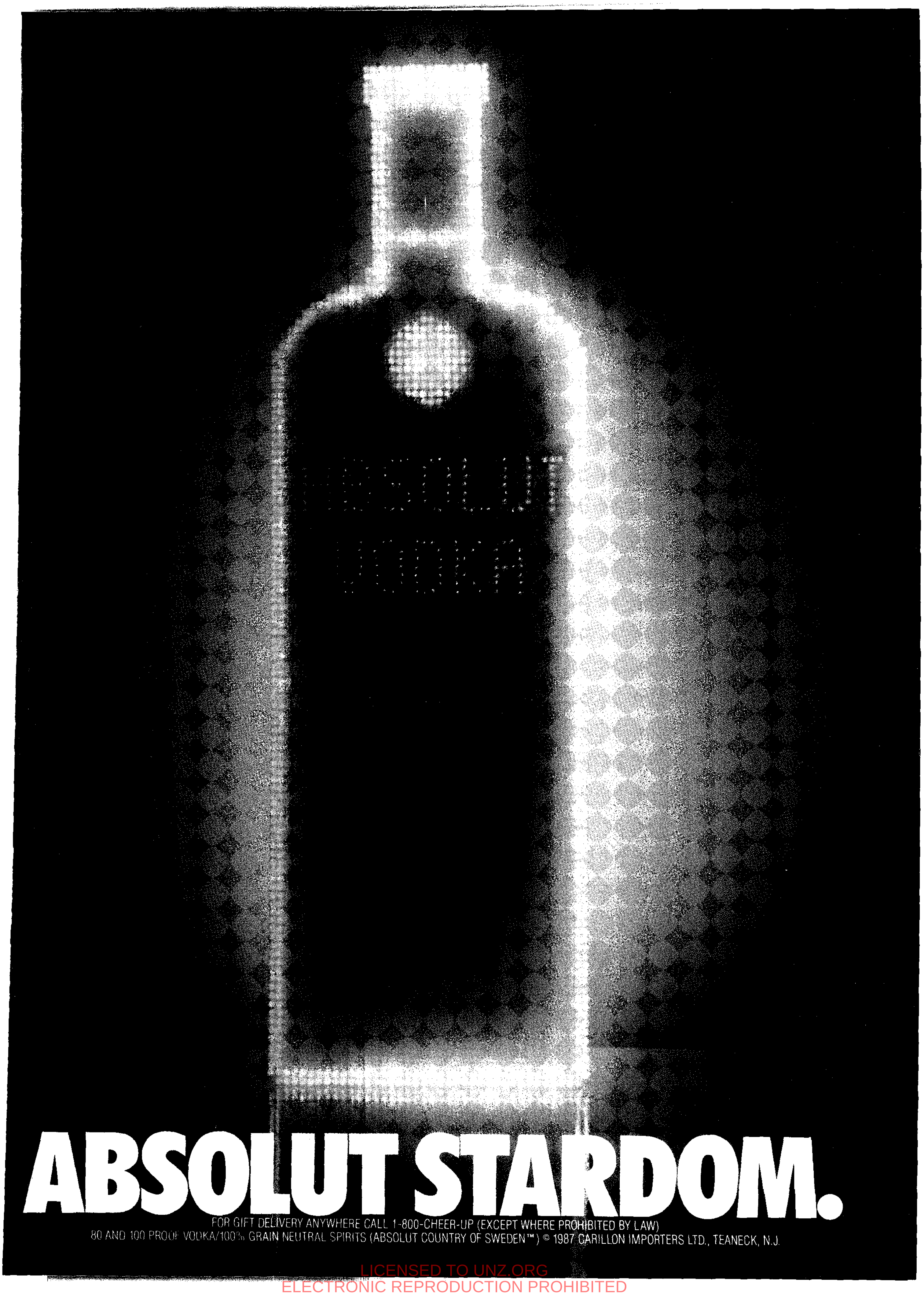
need to reform the campaign process, two thousand was the most he would accept this year. Outside the Grand Hyatt, a hundred or so demonstrators marched about carrying a figure of Koch hanged in effigy, along with signs that urged dinner guests to contribute their two thousand dollars to housing for the homeless. However, the Mayor did not comment on the protesters, as he had at a previous birthday party, when he had said to reporters, who asked him about a band of demonstrators, "You didn't recognize them? They're from Central Casting." An informal study of the congregation by Marcia Kramer, the *News* City Hall bureau chief, showed that it included not a single elected city official, in contrast to the squadrons who had turned out for past mayoral parties, and that a number of guests were non-paying city commissioners and aides. Nevertheless, Koch's birthday kitty came to eight hundred and forty thousand dollars—according to the party sponsors, a tribute that was credited variously to the Mayor's continuing popularity, despite the corruption scandals, and to the leverage of the head of a government that hands out two billion dollars in no-bid contracts each year. To no one's surprise, among the developers who were not present was Trump, who did not carry out his threat to stand outside his hotel and sell the guests copies of his book, "The Art of the Deal." On television the following night, asked by Barbara Walters what he would do if he didn't get the zoning rulings he wanted, he said, "I'll wait for a more progressive administration," giving the impression that he didn't think the arrival of a new administration at City Hall was too far off. He said also, "And, more importantly, I'll wait for bad times. When bad times come, then I'll get whatever I want."

In his thank-you speech at the party, the Mayor made a mildly conciliatory gesture toward the developer, saying that now that Trump had written a book (two hundred thousand copies of "The Art of the Deal" are now in print) they were, in a sense, brothers, and that if Trump were to write another book the Mayor would sponsor him for membership in P.E.N. Koch himself became a member of that literary organization in 1986, after the publication of his second political memoir, "Politics." (His first, "Mayor," had appeared a couple of years earlier.) He had said then that he looked upon his P.E.N. membership car as his most valued credential. At th month's birthday celebration, he didn promise to sponsor Kenneth Lipper fo P.E.N., although the author of "Wa Street" was a paying guest at the par ty, nor did he refer to Bess Myerson a sister and possible P.E.N. member although "Miss America, 1945, Bes Myerson's Own Story" was publishe last month. (In view of all this loca literary endeavor, it's hard to see how the canard, popular in some othe regions, that New York is losing it place as the center of the literar world ever got started.) The reaso for the Mayor's not offering t sponsor his former cultural-affair commissioner for P.E.N. membershi had nothing to do with the fact tha the author of record of "Bess Myerson's Own Story" is Susan Dworkin Tony Schwartz is, formally speaking the author of "The Art of the Deal.' For that matter, both Koch's book have a co-author, William Rauch who at the time of their publicatio was the Mayor's press secretary. Afte the Mayor dictated his observation into a tape recorder, Rauch would pu them in publishable form. The participation of the co-author is said to have had something to do with the fact tha Koch was originally turned down fo membership in P.E.N., a judgment tha was reversed after a protest by his friend Gay Talese. In his rave review of "Mayor" on the front page of the *Times Book Review*, in February, 1984, Talese mentioned that he believed that Koch was interested in being President of the United States. "Why not?" Talese asked, since the Mayor, he said, was "the only white man in New York in ten years to talk back to a black man." If Koch had been a Presidential candidate that year and had won, he would presumably have had a history-making—though not necessarily busier—time of it in the week of his sixty-third birthday. In his speech at the birthday party he did not mention the summit. Possibly he was recalling his conversation the day before with Lezzi, the mayor of Naples, to whom he had observed that he didn't trust Gorbachev. "Stalin killed those who were against him," Koch said. "Now they just leave them in jail. I don't see the difference. Of course," he added, after a moment, "it makes a difference to the person who isn't killed. What do you think?" "Unfortunately," said Lezzi gently, "I'm not the Prime Minister. I'm just the Mayor."

—ANDY LOGAN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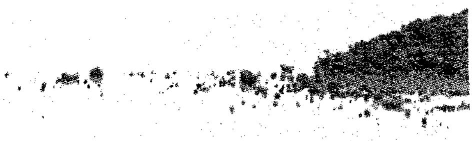

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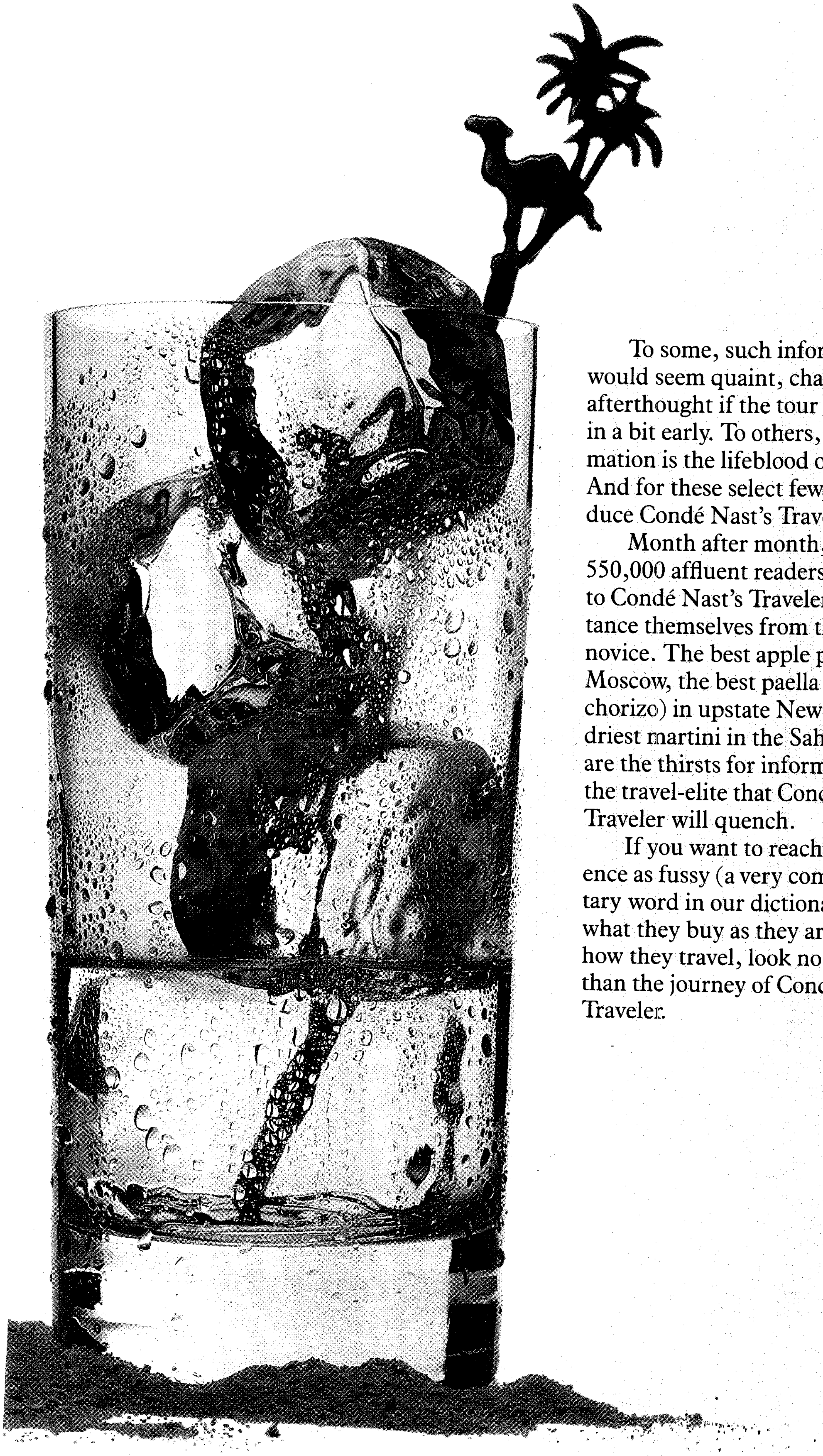

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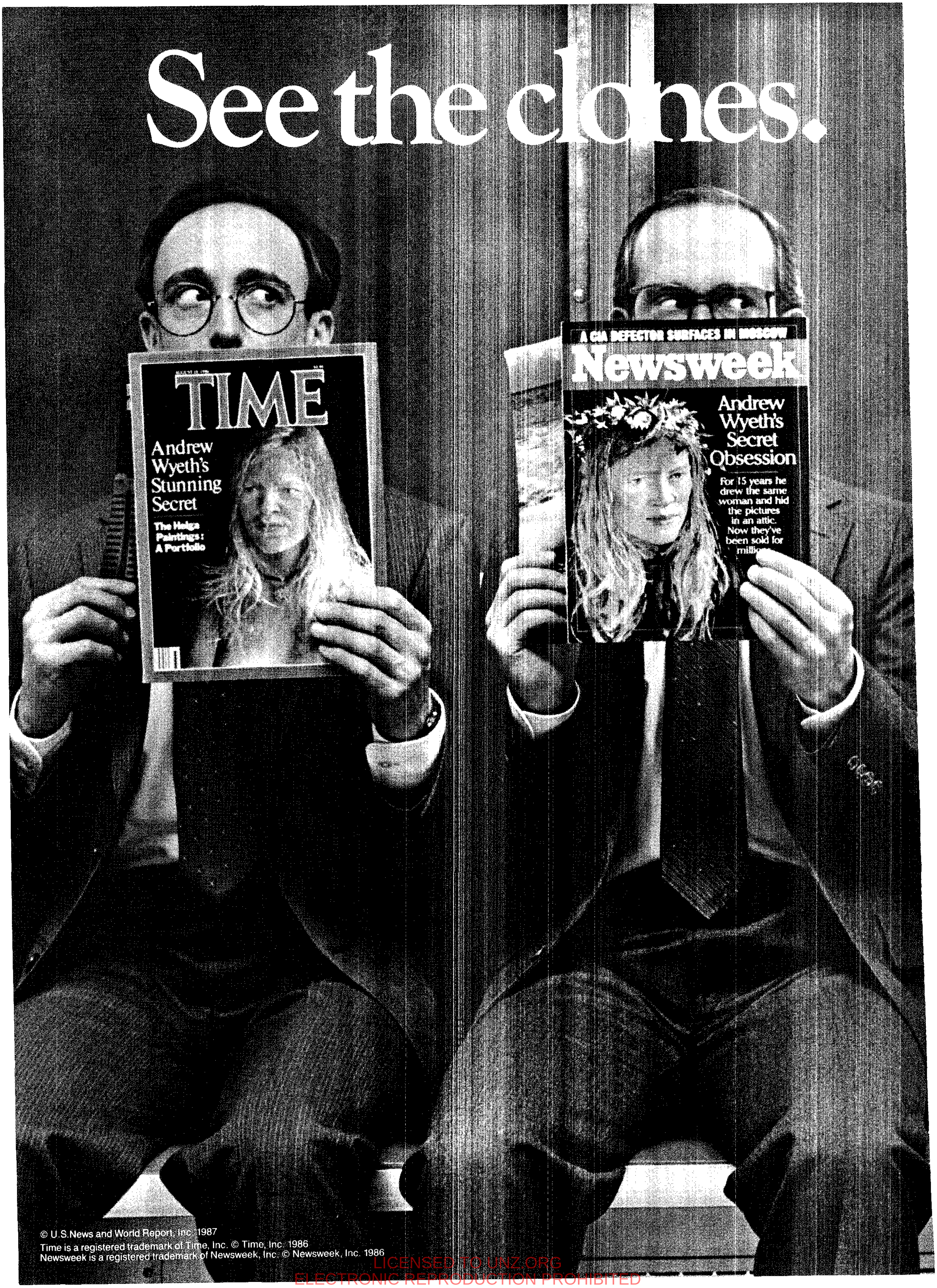
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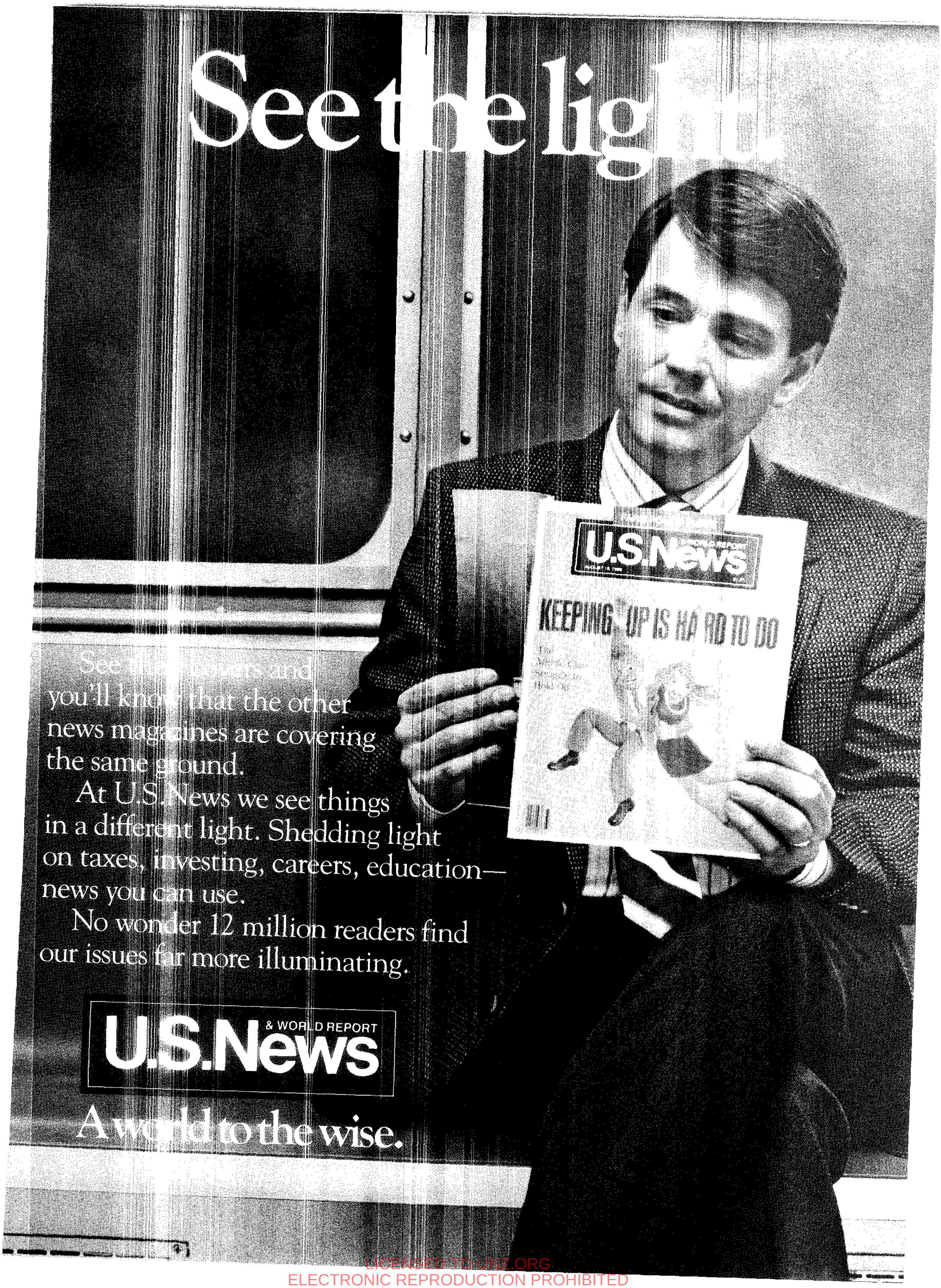
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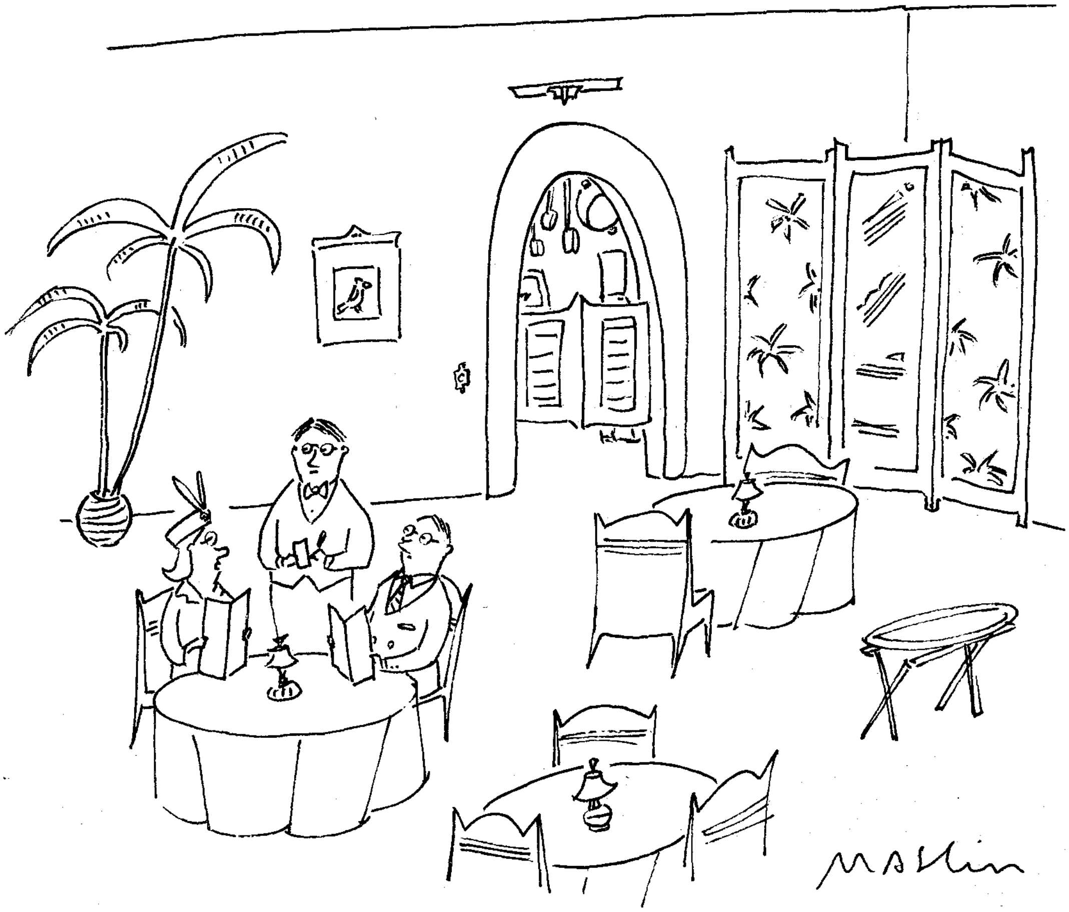
What You Deserve Is What You Get

Joyce Carol Oates, born in 1938, was perhaps born a hundred years too late; she needs a stier audience, a race of Victorian rd-eaters, to be worthy of her asunding productivity, her tireless gift self-enthrallment. Not since Faulkr has an American writer seemed so esmerized by a field of imaginary aterial, and so headstrong in the culration of that field. She has, I fear, ther overwhelmed the puny, parsionious critical establishment of this untry; after the first wave of stories d novels (most notably, "A Garden Earthly Delights" and "them") ashed in and swept away a debris of aise and prizes, protective seawalls ere built, and a sullen reaction set in. any of the critics began to treat Miss ates as one of her many scholar hernes, Marya Knauer, is treated by her ghth-grade instructor Mr. Schwilk:

> Finally, Schwilk said airily, "You have a ost *feverish* imagination," and handed e story back; and that was that.

The author could have been offerg a self-caricature when the hero of er third novel, "Expenve People," wrote, "Now at I'm started, now that ose ugly words are typed ut, I could keep on typing rever. A kind of quiet, lubbering hysteria has set ." Throughout the sevenies, the five-hundred-page ovels piled up numbingly; Do with Me What You Vill" followed "Wonderand" and was followed y "The Assassins," and n the eighties a trilogy f mammoth volumes in mitation of popular nineeenth-century genres—'Bellefleur," "A Bloodsnoor Romance," "Mysteres of Winterthurn"—lurred to near-invisibility he line between Miss Oates and the scribblers of othic romances. Her nove, in the late seventies, from a teaching position in Windsor, Ontario, across from Detroit, to a post in Princeton also helped demythologize her; New York critics were in awe of anyone who could live near Detroit, but felt they owed nothing to a resident of bucolic New Jersey. Through these vicissitudes of repute, and some of the harshest scoldings ever administered to a serious talent, Miss Oates has continued to devote her energy to literature in almost all its forms. Her short stories seem to be everywhere, from fledgling quarterlies to annual "best" anthologies. Her one-act plays have been produced Off Broadway. Her poems are being readied for a collected edition. Her criticism is generous and wide-ranging. With her husband, Raymond Smith, she edits the elegant *Ontario Review* and its line of books. Single-mindedness and efficiency rather than haste underlie her prolificacy; if the phrase "woman of letters" existed, she would be, foremost in this country, entitled to it.

As a reader and critic, I have been as overwhelmed as the next, and cannot offer to lay out for dissection the hydra-headed monster of Miss Oates' œuvre. But I can, and do, report that her latest novel, "You Must Remember This" (Dutton; $19.95), rallies all her strengths and is exceedingly fine—a storm of experience whose reality we cannot doubt, a fusion of fact and feeling, vision and circumstance which holds together, and holds us to it, through our terror and dismay. While some of her fiction appears to be built almost entirely out of projected anxieties, this book has a sentimental substance; its title (from, of course, the lyrics of "As Time Goes By," of "Casablanca" fame) might be addressed by the author to herself. It is a historical novel of sorts, centered on the mid-fifties, with traces of research in its passing references to Adlai Stevenson, Senator McCarthy, the Korean War, the Rosenberg execution, bomb shelters, the popular songs and prizefights and automobiles of the time. Some of the glimpsed headlines seem a touch opportune, and some of the historical themes (such as that of bomb shelters) feel rubbed into the plot with a bit too much determination, but the background events of the period are by and large feelingly translated into subjective experience, by an au-



"On second thought, I'll have sangria. I had rosé the last time we buried the hatchet."

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thor who was there. The advent television, for instance, into the Ame ican home comes back with a rush:

> Now the machine hummed nightly the shadowy living room, its small scre glowed with an eerie atomic radianc pale, bluish, ghostly, flickering. During tl daytime Mrs. Stevick set up her ironi board so that she could watch whatev chanced to be on . . . Her sister Ingr came over once or twice a week to watc Lizzie stayed home more often or met h boyfriends at other times, Mr. Stevick sat his old leather chair, a magazine or a boo open on his lap, yes he really was readi though he glanced up now and then to s what was going on, what sort of foole the studio audiences were in an upro about, there was Uncle Miltie simperin in a woman's taffeta evening gown, sta gering in spike-heeled shoes, there w Lucy fluttering her inch-long eyelashes Desi, there was Phil Silvers in his arm officer's uniform smirking and leerin there was Ed Sullivan rubbing his han together—like a funeral director, M Stevick said. . . . Evenings that winte Enid did her homework with the door t her room ajar so she could hear the soun of the television downstairs. . . . Sometime she looked up from her work, stricken wit a curious kind of happiness. Hearin laughter *downstairs—downstairs* at 11 East Clinton! It was amazing. It was unprecedented. It would not have been possible without television.

The stale little Stevick household—father and mother and three daughters, Geraldine and Lizzie and Eni Maria, and one son, Warren—is th core of "You Must Remember This,' and its central action is the affair between Enid Maria and her half uncle Felix, a former prizefighter who i sixteen years older than she. The setting is one that has figured in Mis Oates' fiction from the start—a tough small upstate city, here called Por Oriskany and situated, like her nativ Lockport, on a canal. Her authority within this city, her ability to move through its schools and streets and stores and bars, evoking a gritty social grid on which individual lives and dreams and passions bloom and quickly wilt, is grimly absolute. A shifty wheeler-dealer called Al Sansom, in bad trouble with both the I.R.S. and his gangster colleagues, insists that Felix meet him at a tavern and then talks drunkenly about flying saucers:

> Wide dark nostrils more prominent than usual, waxen sheen to the nose, a light coating of sweat on his forehead and Felix supposed he was tasting fear like scum in the mouth—Felix knew just how that tasted. He interrupted Al, saying abruptly, "Did you want us to get together to talk about that shit?" and while Al stared hurt he felt the impulse to laugh, adding, "or some other kind of shit?"

Al, with "the look . . . of a man in

rapidly falling elevator," decides ainst confessing his soon-to-be-fatal oubles, and they step out onto the nowy cindery" parking lot. "There as a hard stiff wind from the lake sting of cold, of snow, an underlying emical smell from somewhere close ." The olfactory detail seems sim- e, but in the context of what has one before—a ruined man groping r sympathy and getting none—the emical whiff amid the snow and ld goes through us like a verdict of ecution, and seems the breath of a ajestically indifferent environment. aturalism, the tradition that nurtures iss Oates' best instincts, always re- orts this indifference in our environ- ents. What is compelling here (as in ome of Jayne Anne Phillips) is the idity with which the characters' irits attempt to feed on this basically edible stuff, making dreams of machines and canals and railroad bridges, r staggering with a pitiable soft- ess ("As Al Sansom got drunker his in got softer, pulpier, like whitish ough") out into the cinders and snow nd chemical smells.

Miss Oates knows her protoplasm. he sees our dark softness churn like ame. The novel begins with one of er ominous prologues, all in italics her publishers, by the way, should nd a better italic face for her; it is so uch lighter than the roman face that he words whisper when they mean to hout)—a string of one-sentence para- raphs describing fifteen-year-old nid Maria Stevick happily attempt- ng suicide by ingesting forty-seven spirin tablets. In these days of not ncommon but still shocking teen-age uicide, this fictional example, dated une 7, 1953, enlightens us; we are dmitted to the seethe of passion, de- usion, and calculation that rages be- ind the façade of a bright middle- lass girl, and are shown how thin he membrane is between her erotic nd her self-destructive compulsions. When she masturbates, it is felt as a flirtation with death: "How hard the heart could kick yet not burst: a muscle gone mad. Like the secret muscles between her legs frenzied and racing, contracting against her fingers. Each time Enid Maria thought she would die but she never died. There would be no end to it." She flirts, too, on the trampoline at school, bouncing "high and higher still, risking her neck," so that the gym teacher rebukes her; and in the swimming pool, "a place where Death was possible," diving and swimming underwater to exhaustion, so that afterward "nothing could startle or hurt, for hours;" and by shoplifting downtown; and by losing herself in contemplation of her room's intricately patterned wallpaper, "feeling her soul slip thinly from her into the wallpaper where there was no harm, never any danger;" and by being drawn to the steep-sided canal that flows through Port Oriskany, and the narrow footbridge that crosses below the railroad trestle—"the footbridge was maybe five feet wide and shaky and if a train came by the noise was deafening, terrifying, the planks of the footbridge vibrated and it was natural to think the bridge would fall apart and you'd fall into the canal far below and drown . . . the canal walls were thirty feet high just solid rock face and nothing to grab hold of except scrubby little trees that would break off in your hands. It had the look of a nightmare and Enid dreamed of it often."

Her affair with her uncle, too, is a flirtation with nothingness, beginning with a clumsy assault in a deserted Adirondacks hotel:

> Still he said nothing. He seemed hardly aware of her except as a presence, a body giving him some small unwitting resistance, his will was dominant, all-obliterating. Enid understood that he was detached from her and from the rather anguished mechanical act he had performed, even as he stood swaying drunken against her, his arm crooked around her neck locking her in place, his hot shamed face in her hair, still he was somehow separate from her, saying her name, her name, so sweet so sweet so sweet—he swallowed a belch and Enid smelled beer.

She accepts the obliteration, writing him, *"Anything you do to me—it's what I want."* Her attempted suicide, insofar as it is a romantic stratagem, demonstrates to him her toughness and places them on a plane of equality as death-defiers, as familiars of violence. Felix recognizes this: "He didn't love her but there was this connection between them now, this bond. A blood bond as if between two men who'd fought each other to a draw." He was, when younger, a promising boxer; Enid, at the age of nine, was taken to see him box, "a man in a white silk robe trimmed in gold his face crosshatched with blood whom she didn't know and who didn't know her." With a child's sharp eyes she sees amazing things at the prizefight: "Enid, squinting through her fingers, transfixed, saw a blow of her uncle's strike the other man on the side of the head, a terrible blow so that sweat flew like sparks in the bright lights." She sees Felix's opponent hit by the knock-

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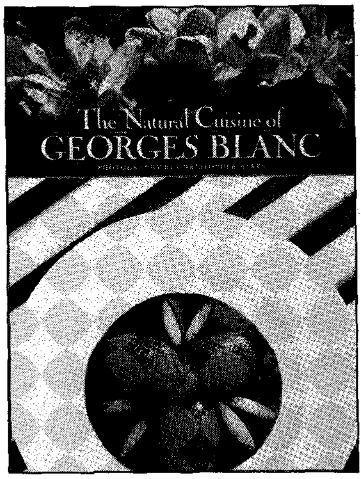

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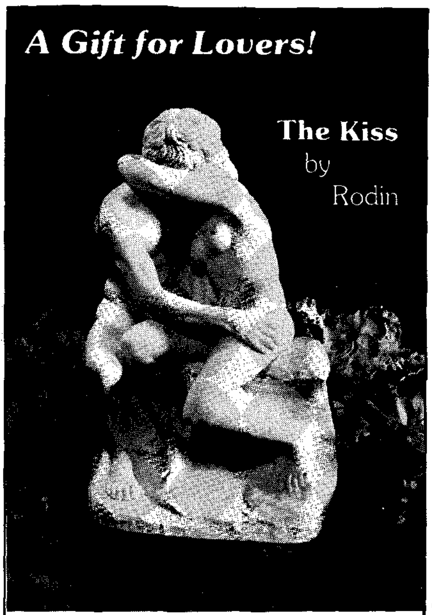

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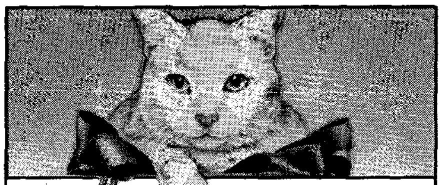

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out left hook, "lifting his chin from beneath, shaking free a rainbow of moisture, a flying skein of blood." She "felt her bowels cramp thinking it was something you shouldn't see but there it *was*," and afterward in her dreams she "could taste the trickle of blood, the back of her tongue was coated with something slimy and red, she couldn't swallow."

Violence is not just the projection of inward tumult and fear; it *exists*—"there it *was*." Joyce Carol Oates, both the writer and the person, is drawn to boxing as a curiously intimate, visible, regulated, caged yet living specimen of the nightmare that surrounds our fragile shelters and delusively peaceful lives. Like Hemingway and Mailer, she suggests that violence is uniquely authentic. But Mailer's writing on boxing is sports journalism compared with the fight descriptions in "You Must Remember This"—especially the terrific pages (246-252) that show the destruction of young Jo-Jo Pearl by an older fighter, Byron McCord. Miss Oates' comma-stingy, onrushing style pays off in such runs as "and there suddenly was Jo-Jo staggering back into the ropes unable to fall and McCord hammering away at him to the heart to the gut to the head slicing him open around the eyes and mouth in a matter of seconds as if he'd taken a razor to the flesh." A dreadful beauty, an illumination of what men can endure, attaches to a sentence like "Jo-Jo continued to circle him bouncing on his toes and feinting as if his body performed by rote while his head rang, aglow with pain so intense it had no name." We learn that a boxer goes for the other's eyes, with the thumbs and laces of his gloves; we learn that a hazard of ringside seats is having your camel-hair coat spattered with blood; we experience a young boxer's childlike daze as he sinks toward death of "subarachnoid hemorrhaging." As far as this reader is concerned, the sport could be outlawed on the strength of this single horrendous, yet briskly factual, fight scene.

Sex, too, in Miss Oates' telling, is a nightmare come true: "She heard herself cry out helplessly, crazily—the delirious words *I love you I love love love you* or no words at all, only frightened sounds like those of a small child being beaten." Unblinkingly the processes are detailed whereby an adolescent girl is loosened up by red wine and vodka and enjoyed in a succession of motels, and initiated into the full

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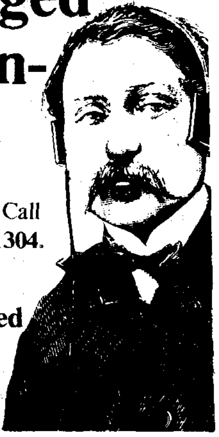

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nge of sensual possibility, and so
bituated to lying that she comes to
ke it, and kidnapped from her high-
hool lunch hour by her jealous older
ver in his cream-colored Cadillac
ldorado, and impregnated in their
otic fury, and then subjected to an
ortion. The abortion is as harrow-
g, and as calmly detailed, as Jo-Jo's
ght. All earthly experience, it comes
seem, except for Enid's homework
d her piano lessons, is founded on
me basic desecration. Not only
emical smells haunt Port Oriskany
t Roman Catholicism, a creed
unned by most of the characters yet
resent in whiffs, as when Enid
inks, "Whatever happened she de-
rved. She knew she deserved it be-
use it happened." This echoes a say-
g of Nietzsche's that appears in Miss
ates' "Marya," a recent book of
nked short stories that presents, as it
ere, the academic, intellectually
chieving aspect of Enid: "Marya
oted a chilling aphorism of Nietz-
che's. *Terrible experiences give one*
ause to speculate whether the one
ho experiences them may not be
omething terrible." Victim and crimi-
al, death and love, dream and reality
an fuse when subjectivity, instead of
eing regarded as a mere epiphenome-
on within objective reality, is granted
power of its own. Miss Oates, her
arlier jacket flaps told us, majored in
nglish at Syracuse University and
ninored in philosophy; quotes from
eraclitus, Spinoza, William James,
nd others offer to orient us in
er seething fiction. Something Neo-
latonic, of Berkeley's *esse est percipi*,
icenses her visionary outpouring. Her
ictional worlds exist to be consumed
y her characters' passions and percep-
ions; the universe has no meaning
eyond its uses by the feverish human
spirit, and does not receive, therefore, the kind of artistic homage that imitates its enduring structure. Her plots suggest not architecture but cloud formation, beginning and ending in air; there is rarely a sentence that arrests a moment for its own cherishable sake, in a crystallization of language. All is flowing, shifting context. Her worlds refuse to enclose, to be pleasant. Prayers arise from them, but no praise.

"You Must Remember This," away from its consummate portraits of two violent wills, is relatively thin, but solid enough to frame those portraits. Lyle Stevick's tatty secondhand-furniture store and his jumbled timorous mind convince us; his obsession with a back-yard bomb shelter seems somewhat allegorical. His three daughters neatly enact, as in a fairy tale, three possibilities open to girls in the fifties: Geraldine marries into a local life of chronic pregnancy and domestic drudgery; Lizzie becomes a singer, an entertainer, and possibly a hooker in New York City; and Enid goes off to college. Their brother, Warren, a Korean vet and early antinuclear protester, is complex and almost interesting enough to deserve a novel of his own. In this novel, Miss Oates does a daring amount of male stream of consciousness; she lets us know how men feel battering at each other in a prize ring, lusting after hat-check girls, watching each other financially sink or swim, speeding along in their fancy cars, and struggling against their wandering thoughts to maintain an erection during lovemaking. A very full model of Port Oriskany (O, any risk!) is clairvoyantly, affectionately constructed, so we can watch it burn.

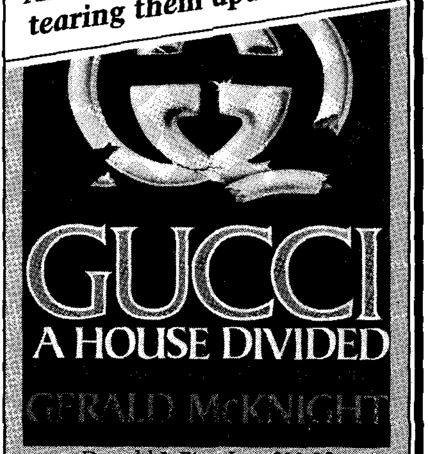
—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Zions Cause (1920-1950), by Jim Peyton (Algonquin; $14.95). A wonderful first novel, composed of twelve almost independent episodes, set in Zions Cause, the narrator's old Kentucky home, and then in New Zion, two miles away, after the T.V.A. covers Zions Cause with a lake. The narrator is an orphan, and his guardian, Mr. Hayes, owns the general store. Many of the episodes raise a cloud of dust in front of the store's porch, where Mr. Hayes and his neighbors can be found when they are not off in pursuit of whatever has just flashed past: a gaseous mule, perhaps, or a naked man running toward the church, or a crowd running toward the railroad station. Even in 1950, people in New Zion mean Zions Cause when they talk about "here," and no one seems to notice that Big Jack's blacksmith shop has become a gas station. Jim Peyton's vision is akin to Buster Keaton's: blessed with ingenious clowning and erratic locomotion, and riddled with minor miracles you want to witness again and again.

I'm Dying Laughing, by Christina Stead (Holt; $19.95). Christina Stead (1902-83) began this novel in the late forties and worked on it sporadically for more than a quarter century. It's nearly plotless and has



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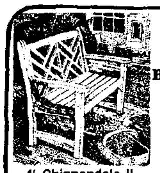

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only two characters to speak of: Emily Wilkes, a knockabout journalist and writer of humor pieces *who hails from some undelineated* sector of the American backwoods, and Stephen Howard, a Marxist pamphleteer descended from Chicago aristocrats. He's tall and narrow and dour, said by Emily to resemble an El Greco saint ("those long folds and lemony look"), and she's plump and rollicking, said by herself to be a person whom only Rabelais could appreciate. Their marriage, which lasts from 1935 to 1950 and takes them from New York to Hollywood to New Canaan *to Paris, produces several sketchy* children, a couple of tepid affairs, a fair amount of lucrative writing, and torrents of political and literary talk. Some of Miss Stead's headlong brilliance is apparent in the Howards' debates, but her admirers won't find it easy to put up with this bloated, lurching book for long.

Saints and Scholars, by Terry Eagleton (Verso/Methuen; $14.95). "Why don't we talk about real people for a change?" asks Leopold Bloom near the end of this slim, astute guide-in-disguise to some of the roughest back roads of twentieth-century politics, literature, linguistics, and philosophy. The setting is a cottage on the west coast of Ireland in 1916; a botched anti-English uprising in Dublin has just proved how cheap fine words can be. Bloom addresses his question to a trio of real people: James Connolly, a honey-tongued Irishman wounded in the uprising; Nikolai Bakhtin, a nihilistic Russian gourmand; and Bakhtin's friend Ludwig Wittgenstein, the ascetic Viennese engineer turned philosopher, who fled in disgust to Cambridge only to find the intellectual fare there as decadent as *Sacher Torten* and *Schlag*. Terry Eagleton, an Oxford fellow, conjures up this fictitious colloquium (in which even Bloom's question proves to be problematical) after taking the reader on a first-class whirlwind tour of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Cambridge, and Dublin.

GENERAL

And the Band Played On: Politics, People, and the AIDS Epidemic, by Randy Shilts (St. Martin's; $24.95). This uncompromising book—a decade's worth of stories about the deadly effects of the AIDS virus, the people it has

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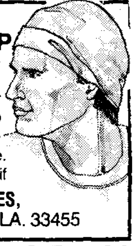

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struck, and the sociopolitical circus that surrounds the search for a cure—is an effective rendering of a national nightmare made worse by ignorance and prejudice. Mr. Shilts, who has been reporting on the AIDS epidemic for the San Francisco *Chronicle* since 1982, has found much to criticize—the response of the gay and the straight communities, the bureaucratic red tape that hinders coöperation among the agencies that constitute the United States Public Health Service, the Reagan Administration's slowness to push for or finance AIDS research. The anger he displays in his reporting sometimes gives a reader the impression of conclusions drawn prematurely, but he leaves no doubt that the failure of government, scientific institutions, and, particularly, the press in handling the disease needs to be redressed. And his deft balancing of governmental mismanagement and human tragedy makes for a powerful account of what happens to people when a system works against them.

THE FORDS: AN AMERICAN EPIC, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz (Summit; $22.95). The team that has written biographies of the Kennedys and the Rockefellers investigates a different kind of rich family—one whose generations have been dominated by the family business. Henry Ford, the founding father, a farmer's son and precocious tinkerer, was obsessed by the vision of mass-producing a good cheap automobile. His achievement was rewarded by wealth and worldwide admiration, but success soured him in a manner at once painful and incomprehensible; he destroyed his only child, Edsel, and almost ruined his own business. The authors are sensitive and astute; although the Ford family's reticence, not to mention its destruction of personal papers, makes certainty impossible, they plausibly suggest that Edsel, a talented man with taste and judgment, was doomed to ineffectuality because he genuinely adored his father. The hero of the volume is Edsel's son, Henry II, whom the authors describe as a complex, if not cultivated, man who was widely undervalued as he dedicated himself to restoring the failing company.

THE HUNTING OF THE QUARK, by Michael Riordan (Touchstone; paper, $9.95). Michael Riordan has a great advantage over most semi-

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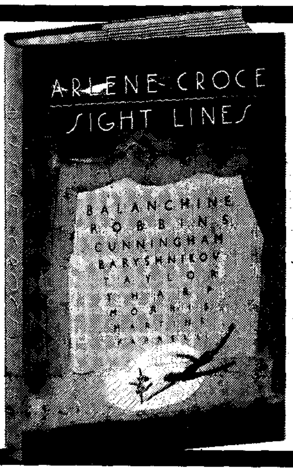

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popular writers on this subject: he actually participated in experiments to find the elusive quark. The quark is the fundamental building block of the other elementary particles, but it has the odd property of refusing to show itself alone. The experiments done by Mr. Riordan did not reveal any quarks; they did show that ordinary material particles behave as if they had quarklike lumps in them. Needless to say, Mr. Riordan, who is now affiliated with the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center, understands the physics, but he also has an eye for the human comedy associated with the work. The result is a fine book on elementary-particle physics.

ECONOMICS IN PERSPECTIVE: A CRITICAL HISTORY, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). A primer for grownups. After outlining mercantilism and physiocracy—it was the Physiocrats who coined the term "laissez-faire"—the book gets down to business with Adam Smith, the founder of what is now called classical economics. Mr. Galbraith tells us how, from the eighteenth century to the present, Smith's heritage has been refined, improved upon, and taken as dogma, only to be refuted by events in the real world, and he explains why: classical economics held that equilibrium was the norm, in contrast to the economics of Marx, who learned from Hegel that everything changes. (Mr. Galbraith thinks this is one of the few matters Marx got right.) Mr. Galbraith's tour takes account of the diverse schools of economics down to Keynesianism, whose fall was the most recent shock to economic theory. As ever, the author is witty and candidly opinionated, and has an unmistakable core of earnestness.

ATHLETES: PHOTOGRAPHS, 1860-1986, edited by Ruth Silverman (Knopf; $35). An assembly of pictures of people engaged in or resting from just about every recreational physical activity known to man. Nineteenth-century baseball players and balloonists, Limey kids skinny-dipping in a river, sumo wrestlers, canoeists, and Olympic decathlon contenders are all here. A common denominator is the distinction of the photographs, either for their appeal as documents or curiosities, such as the shot of a wheelbarrow race in a small town in 1907, or for their graphic qualities, as in photographs by Garry Winogrand, Ans Adams, Brassaï, and Gjon Mil Although there are some stars an celebrities among the athletes, mo are anonymous; it is the picture that count, and they are breathtaking.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

WHEN THE FAT MAN SINGS, by William Murray (Bantam; $14.95 The fat man is a world-famou Italian tenor and compulsive gambler named Fulvio Gasparini, an he is singing for easy big money i Las Vegas, and losing much of at the casinos, when Mr. Murra introduces him to the attractiv hero of "Tip on a Dead Crab" an "The Hard Knocker's Luck"—Shifty Lou Anderson, professiona magician and ardent horseplayer Shifty joins Fulvio's entourage as kind of gambling adviser, and, o course, is at once involved in som dangerous monkey business, wit roots in a Neapolitan vendetta. Th scene this time is mostly New Yor City, mostly at the Met and a Aqueduct, and that gives Mr. Murray the welcome chance to entertai us with lore of the opera and th racetrack as well as with blood murder.

TALKING TO STRANGE MEN, by Rut Rendell (Pantheon; $16.95). Tw groups of teen-agers, students a rival public schools in an English town, engage in a competitiv espionage game—codes, drops, safe houses. A mild man in his forties, grieving for his wife, who left him for another man, discovers one of the secret drops and sets about breaking the code, believing it to be the work of a criminal gang. Miss Rendell develops these matters, draws in an ancient strangling and a child molester, and gives us a game of wits as sharp as that played by her brilliant schoolboys—and, this being contemporary England, a brilliant schoolgirl.

•

The prosecutor has asked for the death penalty for Schiavo, 59, who also was found guilty on charges that he had run a drug-manufacturing operation. In the trial's penalty phase, which is to begin today, the 12-member jury is to decide whether the sentence should be life in prison or death. If sentenced to death, Schiavo would not be eligible for parole for 30 years.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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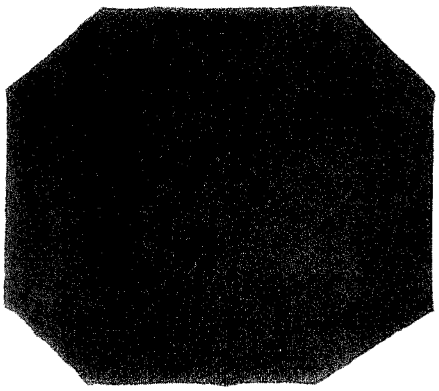

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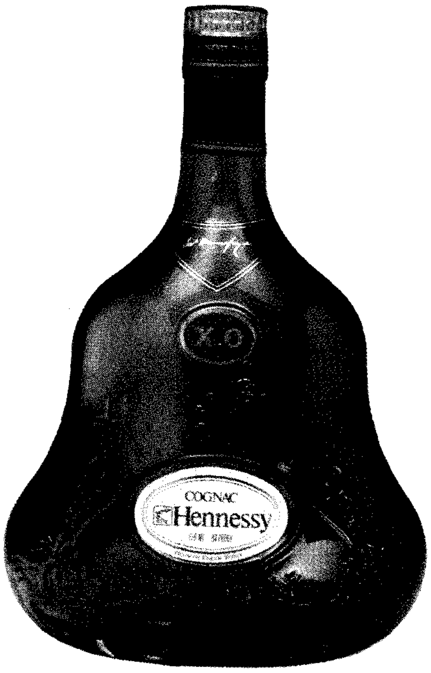
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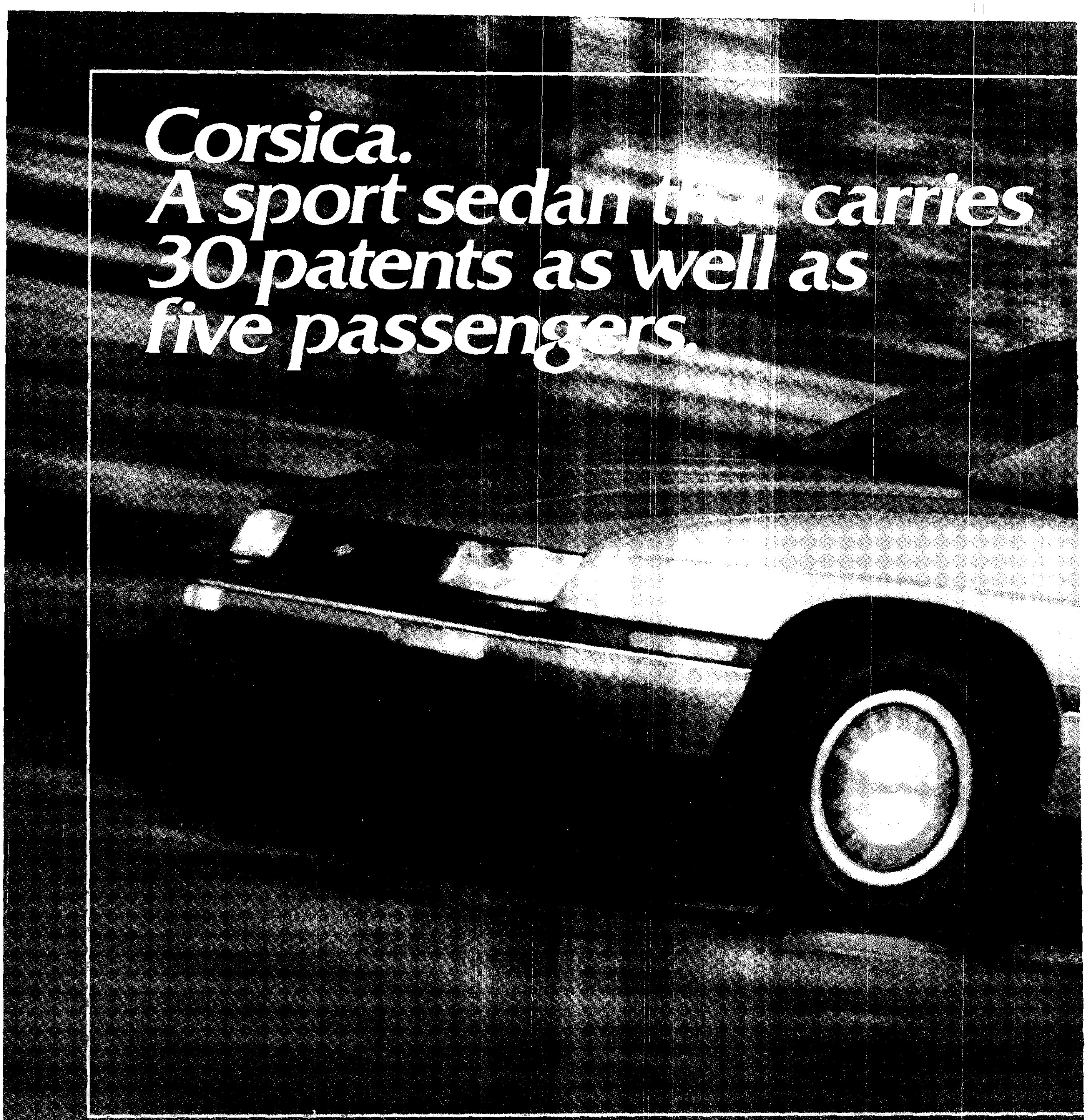

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